MAY 2 1 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST

May 25, 1957 — 15¢

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I Call on Groucho
By PETE MARTIN

How Will America Behave IF H-BOMBS FALL?

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STORE EASY... SEE EASY... REACH EASY!

new Foodarama '57 by Kelvinator

Only Kelvinator gives you these great new *store-easy*, *see-easy*, *reach-easy* features: the transparent Tilt-Out Crisper and the great big super shelf for tall bottles, for turkeys, watermelons and other bulky foods.

The only upright refrigerator and upright freezer combination ... with exclusive tilt-out crisper and huge new super shelf!

WHAT A JOY to have this spacious automatic defrosting refrigerator in the same cabinet with a big, upright home freezer. Huge 16 cubic foot capacity—yet the handsome cabinet is only 47 inches wide.

Everything about this fabulous foodkeeper is carefully planned to make all foods *easy to store*, *easy to see*, *easy to reach*. For example, you never have to "make room" for bulky foods, such as turkeys or watermelons; the huge new super shelf handles them easily, keeps them in plain sight and easy reach. That big crisper at reach-easy height simply *tilts* out when you put something in or take it out.

Breakfast Bar for bacon, eggs and juices; Handi-Chests and Handi-Tray; Dispenser Rack for frozen juices and soups; unrefrigerated space for bananas... all add to the store-easy, see-easy, reach-easy convenience. New safety doors open as easily from inside as from outside. See the new Foodarama '57 in your choice of 8 customer-approved colors and white at your Kelvinator dealer's now.

Big savings during
KELVINATOR TRADE WINDS SALE!
Your local dealer is now offering Special Spring Values in Kelvinator Appliances!

Kelvinator

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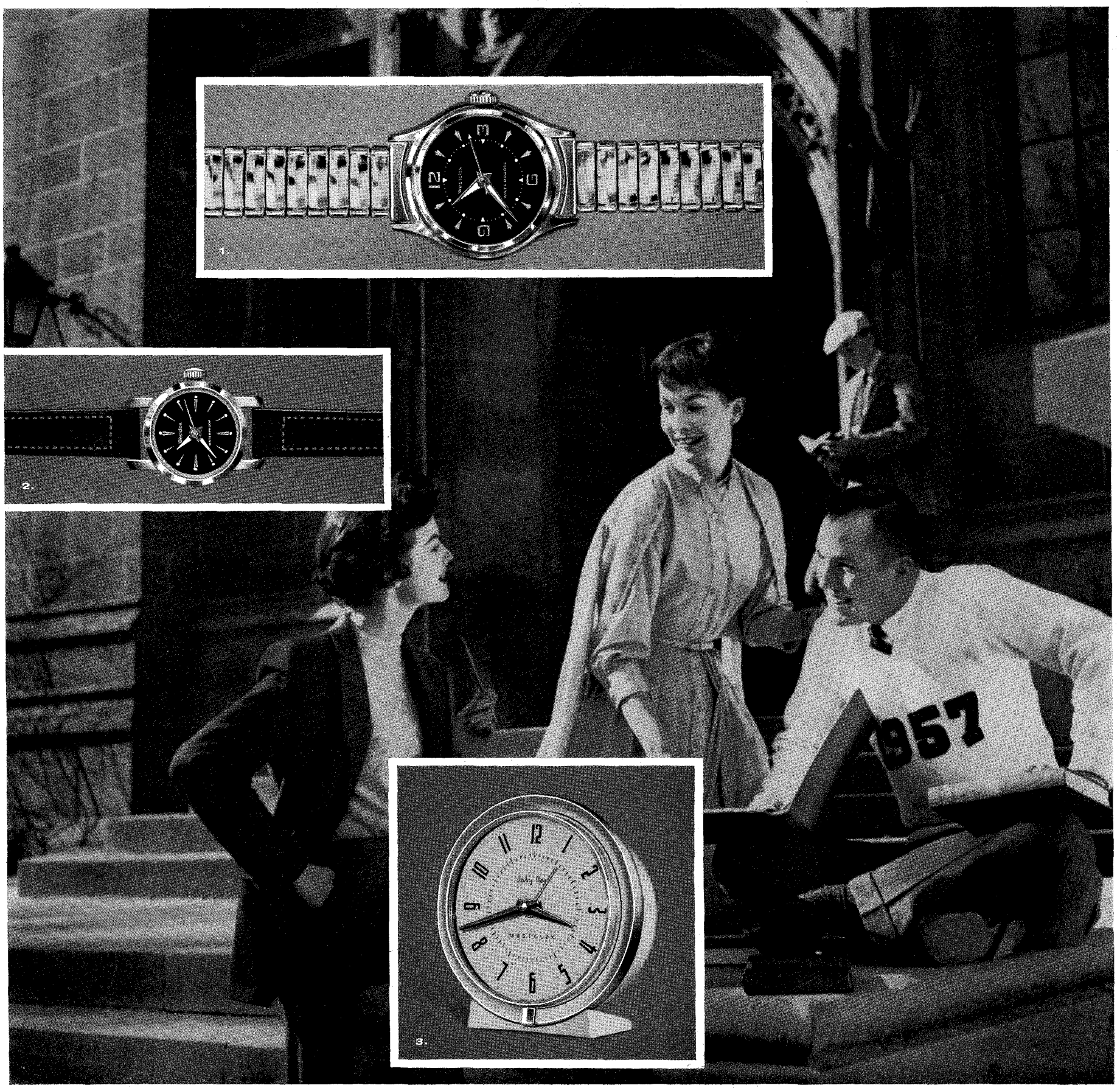

1. **"WRIST BEN WATERPROOF" FOR HIM.** He can show off this "Full-time" watch any time, anywhere! In a sleek chrome finish case, it's waterproof and dustproof*, shock resistant, anti-magnetic...has stainless steel back, modern luminous dial. With smart expansion band, $10.95.

2. **"COQUETTE" FOR HER.** She won't have to pamper her dainty "Full-time" watch. At last, here's a completely feminine watch that's waterproof and dustproof*! Shock resistant and anti-magnetic, too...with stainless steel back, high-styled luminous dial. $12.95.

3. **"BABY BEN" ALARM CLOCK.** World-famous standby for new job-holders and homemakers—and now even more attractive with new cone shaped crystal, sweep alarm indicator on dial, new finishes, gold color trim. Spring or electric, $6.95. Luminous, a dollar more.

Prices quoted do not include tax.

**Stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.*

...AND TO CONGRATULATE YOUR GRADUATE

Westclox has the gift!

Want to hear lots of "oohs" and "ahs"? Here's the entirely new and exciting idea young moderns are keen about—Westclox "Full-time" Watches. Sturdy watches styled to look right for work or play or dress. See how handsome they are for any occasion! (Sensibly priced, too.) And another timely tip...every graduate needs a dependable little alarm clock for a bright and busy future. *Any* Westclox you give will be long remembered, through every minute of every hour of every day.

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A major reason that Roman civilization endured so long—say historians—was the mobility resulting from its network of roads. Many can still be seen.

Best road tax news since the Days of Rome

Guided mostly by rule of thumb, ancient Roman engineers built history's most remarkable highway system. It can be argued that they built *too* well.

Lacking instruments to pre-determine strength in relation to use, Roman engineers had to allow a wasteful safety factor. Their materials and effort could have built more roads to more places.

Today, as we begin the biggest construction job in history—a 41,000-mile highway network—Shell research scientists have developed an instrument which will help highway engineers build more miles of velvet-smooth road per tax dollar.

Called a *sliding plate micro-viscometer*, Shell's invention applies a principle, which was first conceived by Sir Isaac Newton, to the job of selecting asphalts for a road. Using only minute samples, the highway engineer can now determine in a matter of minutes how any given asphalt will perform in a finished road.

Armed with facts which Shell's research makes available for the first time, engineers can specify asphalts more exactly. And you, the taxpayer, get more miles of road for your money, through more efficient use of man-hours and materials.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to better products—more for your money

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Well, look who's in formal raiment and seventh heaven—if it isn't Jack and Jill from over on Next Street, U.S.A.! Norman Rockwell swears they are both fourteen, yet wasn't it only last year that they were a callow boy and a tomboy? So here they are dropping in at a nightspot after the ball, to sup on ambrosia and champagne (alias hogies and milk). Graciously the headwaiter eulogizes the lady's corsage; and she and her gentleman are very sophisticated, very much in young-love, and the charm of this night will linger in a nook of memory whether someday they marry each other or two other nice people. . . . By the way, that's the same Mr. Anonymous, on the stool, who posed for the left side of Rockwell's March 2nd baseball cover; he must feel right at home over there.

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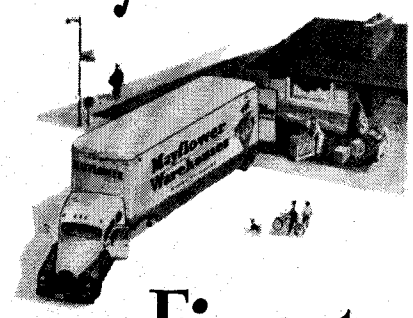

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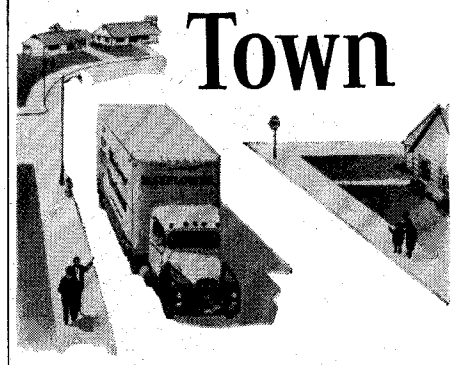

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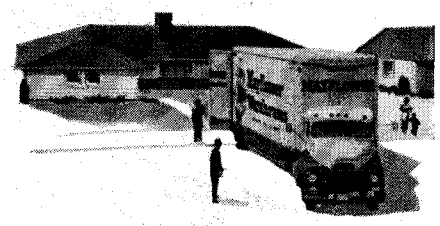

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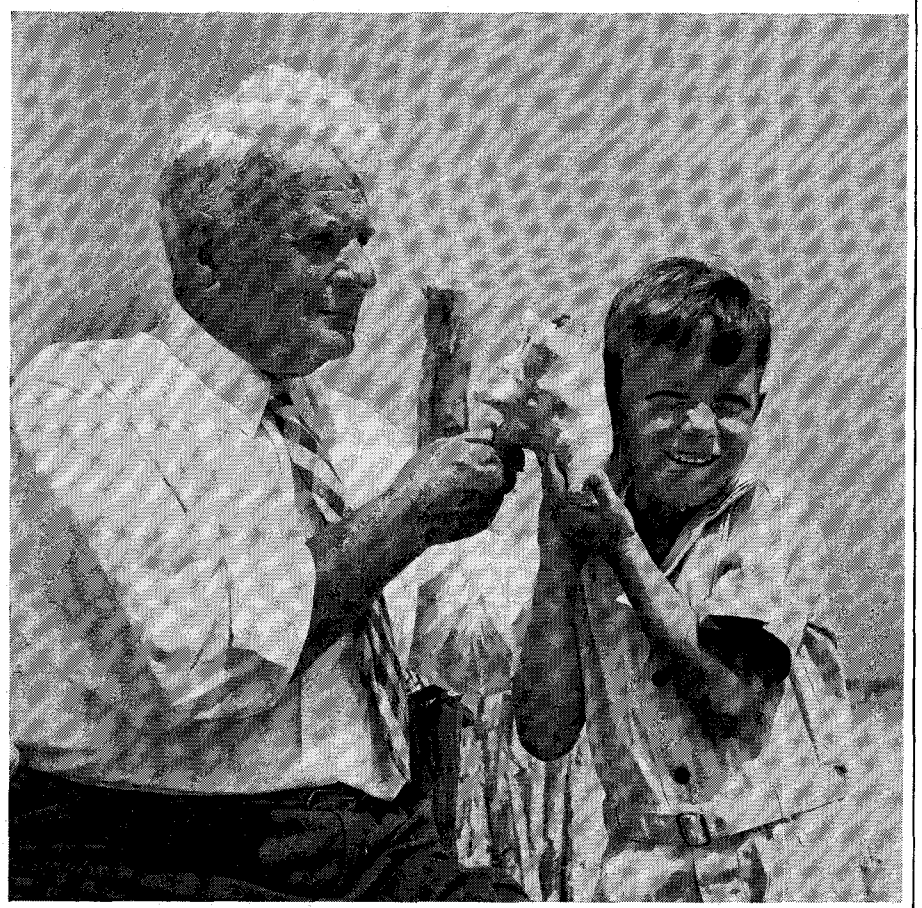
makes you
FEEL BETTER FAST!

And it's one thing most everyone can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!



MINOR PAINS OF ARTHRITIS? FEEL BETTER FAST—Don't let minor pains of arthritis or rheumatism keep you from having fun with the youngsters. Just take Bayer Aspirin, and you'll get temporary relief that's amazingly fast! And this highest-quality aspirin also comes in a wonderful flavored form for children. It's Flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin—the best-tasting aspirin that money can buy!

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Everyday household chores can often give you a tired, headachy feeling. What to do about it? Just take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your headache... sit down for a few minutes... put your feet up... and *relax!* You'll feel fine in practically no time at all—able to enjoy an evening of fun with your family!

Don't Pay Twice the Price of Bayer Aspirin for ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"! What is aspirin "in disguise"?... a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin, yet combines aspirin with such non-pain-relieving ingredients as magnesium carbonate or aluminum compounds—and it costs you twice the price of Bayer Aspirin! So buy Bayer Aspirin. It's all pain reliever—100%!

Letters

Price of Divorce

Dear Sirs:

You are to be congratulated for publishing the article YOU CAN'T AFFORD A DIVORCE, April 20.

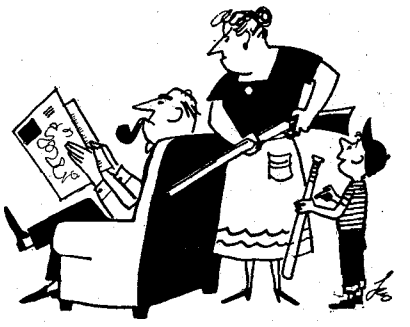
We have allowed our young people to enter marriage secure in the belief that if the going gets rough, divorce is the quick and easy way out. And then they find out in bewilderment, in sorrow and in despair that divorce is anything but the quick and easy way out. . . .

Not only is it necessary to stress the financial aspect, but we need also to instruct our young people in the heartache and loneliness which is an inevitable aftermath of divorce.

MRS. HAROLD HAFFORD
San Lorenzo, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Your article was devastatingly accurate. Six years ago, when I first threw the bum out, I took home $277 a month and



paid $100 of it a month for child care. Living on $177 per is a bitter experience. Next time you write a divorce article, please entitle it "You Can't Afford a Divorce, So Murder the B—— Instead."

NAME WITHHELD
Sherman Oaks, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Moral: Never marry a nitwit woman; or, more explicitly, just never marry!

CARL PORTZ
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Your article is very biased in that it so painstakingly chooses to dwell on the phenomenon of divorce while ignoring the phenomenon of remarriage. Divorced persons quite often marry other divorced persons and form new family units, you know.

MRS. HELEN W. WILLIAMS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am strengthened and fortified *anew* in belief that divorce just cannot ever be that "easy way out"!

MRS. CLARENCE W. MCKEE
Brunswick, Me.

Whose Treachery?

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your enlightening article HOW OUR ALLIES TRICKED US, April 20th.

I have long wondered how we could co-operate with the British, whose principles and procedures differ so fundamentally from ours.

MRS. FLORENCE H. GEERTZ
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

One notes that the author conveniently ignored Dulles' "master stroke" of withdrawing the previously offered aid for building the Aswan Dam. This, and many other blunders . . . have their importance in recent Middle East history, and should not be ignored by so experienced an observer as Demaree Bess.

DAVID ROWAN
Hanover, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Our allies did not trick us. On the contrary, we let our friends down. Nasser had no more right to seize the Suez Canal than Panama has to seize our canal.

We had to stick our big nose adversely into the exclusive affair of our friends when we should have stood on the side lines and cheered them to victory. If we have had dumped into our lap the Middle East mess, it is our own fault.

ROBERT K. CROW
Wills Point, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . A firm grip on my emotions is responsible for a mild one-word impression of Mr. Bess' article—humbug!

ALLEN HICKLIN
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

"Perfidious Albion" again. Demaree Bess' article is most able.

GEORGE J. SCHARSCHUG
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Demaree Bess . . . brought tears to my eyes. Poor Mr. Dulles! Deceived by Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal, deceived by the British, French and Israelis in Egypt and deceived by the Russians in Hungary. The next thing he knows it may be the Democrats.

Anyway, neither Mr. Bess nor J.F.D. needs to worry any longer. Britain and France are both on the skids, Israel is back behind the eight-ball and Nasser and the Commies aren't tricking the U.S., they're telling 'em!

F. G. FLYNN
Montreal, Canada

Dear Sirs:

It cleared up a lot of fog and shows where the signposts really are.

WILLIAM C. S. PELLOWE, D.D.
Adrian, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . is clumsy, illogical and devoid of valid argument.

W. B. YARCHO
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I do not believe a word of it. If I am wrong and the article is even remotely true, then Dulles and Eisenhower are unfit for the positions they hold.

JOSEPH J. SHIELDS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I for one, although I have read your magazine for over forty years, will not do so again, and this must be true for many thousands of other readers throughout the world. Possibly, however, the loss of readers from freedom countries will be more than offset by the orders from Communists,

(Continued on Page 6)

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Brightest, smartest refrigerator idea in America!

TODAY'S HOTPOINT IS RICH IN COSTLY ALUMINUM...
BECAUSE ALUMINUM SERVES YOU BEST !

Strong, beautiful, so easy to keep shining bright, aluminum neither rusts nor tarnishes. And it gives you a much more *efficient* refrigerator too.

YOU KNOW, from experience, how much better aluminum is than other materials. That's why our designers insist so much aluminum be used for Hotpoint Refrigerators—

IN SHELVES, for strength and rustproof cleanliness.

IN DOOR SHELVES, for beauty and lasting durability.

IN FREEZER AND COILS, for 4-times-faster cooling.

IN TRIM, inside and out, for ever-new gleaming beauty.

No wonder these Hotpoint Refrigerators *keep* their beauty under the hardest use. No wonder they keep your food so fresh and appetizing. No wonder they are so easy to keep shining clean.

Every newest convenience feature, too, including the Light-Touch *Safety* Latch. Look into Hotpoint now. You'll find it rich in aluminum everywhere aluminum *counts*. This extra aluminum is an important HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE.

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Refrigerators • Food Freezers • Air Conditioners • Ranges • Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers • Customline • Dishwashers
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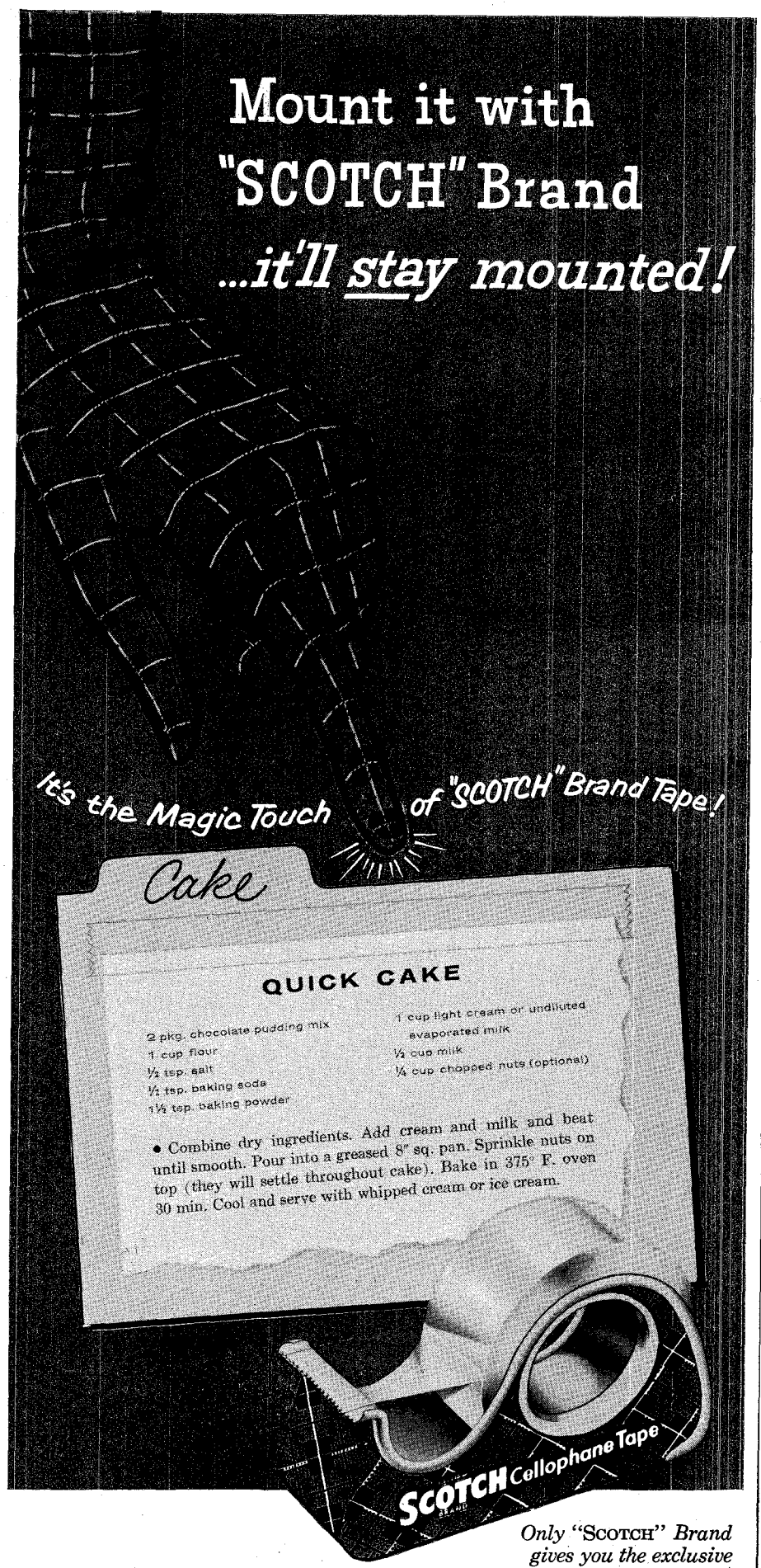
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...it'll stay mounted!
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Cake
QUICK CAKE
2 pkg. chocolate pudding mix
1 cup flour
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking soda
1½ tsp. baking powder
1 cup light cream or undiluted evaporated milk
½ cup milk
¼ cup chopped nuts (optional)
• Combine dry ingredients. Add cream and milk and beat until smooth. Pour into a greased 8" sq. pan. Sprinkle nuts on top (they will settle throughout cake). Bake in 375° F. oven 30 min. Cool and serve with whipped cream or ice cream.
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Only "SCOTCH" Brand gives you the exclusive Magic Touch Adhesive

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

who will greatly appreciate this article for propaganda purposes among their own masses. . . .

No wonder the U.S.A. is losing friends faster than her costly air programme can make them. At a conservative estimate, your stupid article has cost your country 100,000 friends and a billion dollars.

R. STRUMP
Toronto, Canada

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to The Post for publishing the article, and to Mr. Bess for his very able analysis of the "Suez situation."

Quite a contrast to those American vocal downgraders, who belittle "American Policies," and laud the actions of the three nations who were so quick to use "The Gunboat Diplomacy" of the 19th century.

FRED G. HANEY
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

You seem to forget that it was John Foster Dulles who withdrew the American offer to build the Aswan Dam, which led to nationalization of the Suez Canal, which in turn led to the Anglo-French invasion.

JOHN H. GIESE
Ontario, Canada

Dear Sirs:

I wish to compliment you. . . .

I hope that the article is widely read and studied by thoughtful people who really want to get a better understanding of our very complicated foreign affairs.

H. E. ORBISON
Walnut Creek, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Do write another article soon on this subject. Mr. Dulles needs more defenders.

EDWARD C. PARKER
Metamora, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

We have no policy with regard to Egypt, the canal, Israel or the Arab nations. Mr. Dulles improvises from day to day. . . . His improvisations have been hesitant, vacillating and downright cowardly.

HENRY I. BAKER
N. Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The article is strictly right-wing Republican Party propaganda, and not too smart at that. . . .

How sophomoric does Bess believe SatEvePost readers are?

H. J. HARRIS
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

It looks like we have in effect exchanged the friendship and good will of our two most powerful and dependable allies for the phantom friendships of Mr. Nasser and his satellites, something like swapping Fort Knox for a kettle of rotten fish.

A. W. STEWART
Lakeland, Fla.

The Facts of Life

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed THE COURTSHIP OF SERGEANT POSTLE (April 20) but someone should acquaint James Warner Bellah *with some of The Facts of Life.*

H. T. PAINTER
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

Does writer James Warner Bellah . . . really believe that a woman can have a baby at the age of 58? That is what he has Abbie doing, according to my figuring; for the sergeant had been away for forty years, enlisting after his sweetheart had taken a whip to him in a burst of temper. She would at that time possibly be eighteen years old.

WILLIAM F. UPTON
St. Eustache sur le Lac, Canada

Dear Sirs:

Bellah is back! Back with . . . a superbly plotted, peopled, motivated and climaxed short story; and funny! A short story with more top-kick humor than most of our professional humorists can crib and cram into a $3.00 book-of-blah.

LOUIS DEJEAN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Who Was First?

Dear Sirs:

In the issue for April 20, the article THE SENIOR CLASS GOES TO WASHINGTON by Rufus Jarman . . . is this statement: "The seniors of Central High, Trenton, New Jersey, pioneered the trip-to-Washington movement. That was in 1910."

I graduated with the class of 1909 from Clinton (Mass.) High School, and our class, in April, 1909, made the trip to Washington; a week's all-expense trip for $25.00! And High School Senior Class trips to Washington were not *new* in 1909. Classes from Clinton and other Massachusetts schools had made such trips before 1909.

HOWARD F. PARKER
Millington, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Every year our Senior Class goes to Washington, and it certainly is nothing like your article.

The students act like ladies and gentlemen. There are no wild hats, no Bermuda shorts, no running or screaming. All students dress and act like the adults they are.

SUE ANN TILL
Waterloo, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I hope your article will change the mind of anyone who is against these Senior Trips. They're well worth working four years for.

MRS. JOHN PUTNAM
Caro, Mich.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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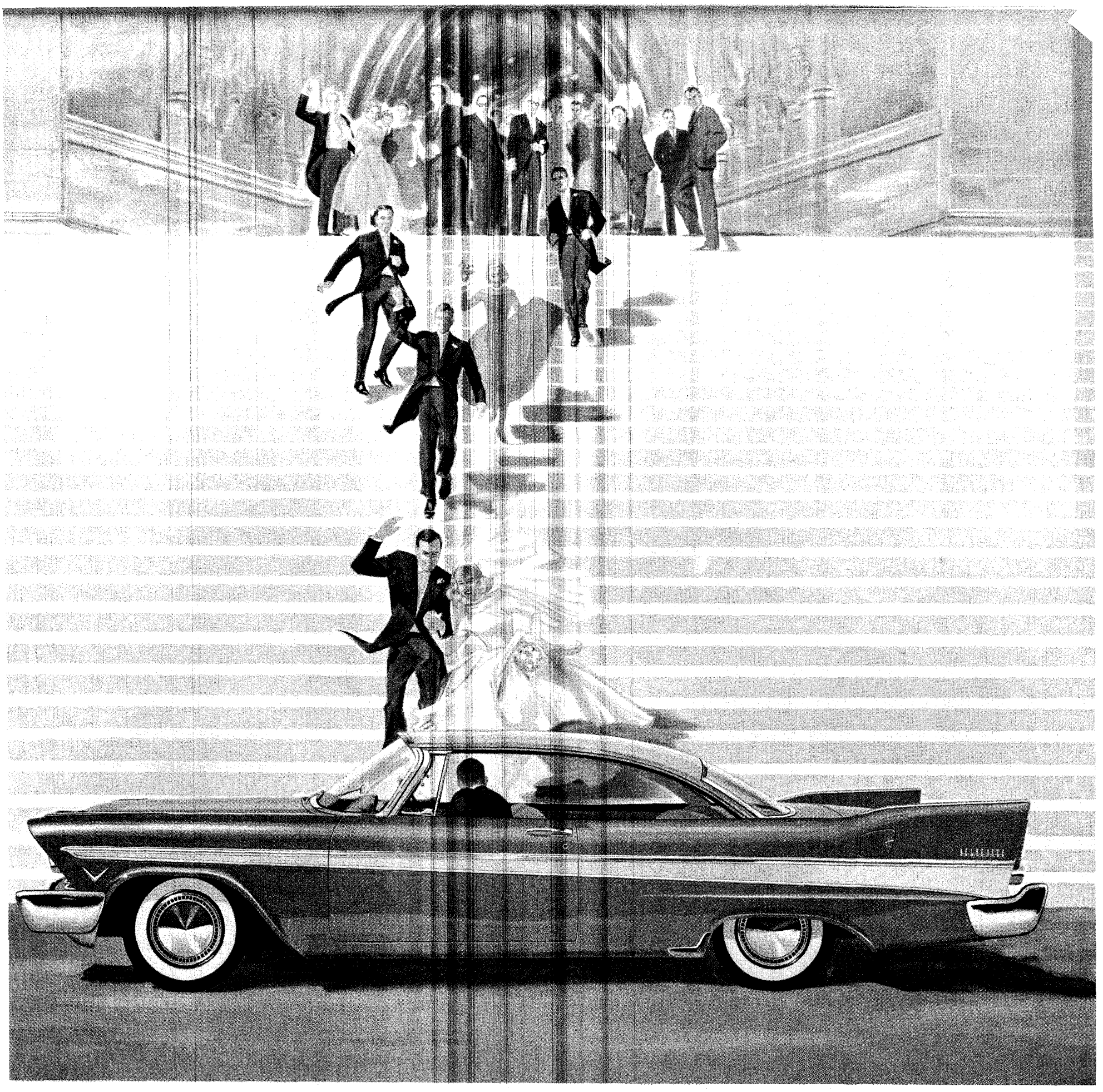

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Her love of beauty and comfort . . .

are "married" in the years-ahead *Plymouth*

3 full years ahead of the "other two" with revolutionary new Torsion-Aire Ride . . . super-powered for safety, up to 290 hp with the terrific new FURY V-800 engine . . . new sports car handling . . . Flight-Sweep Styling, the new shape of motion. *See it today at your Plymouth dealer's!*

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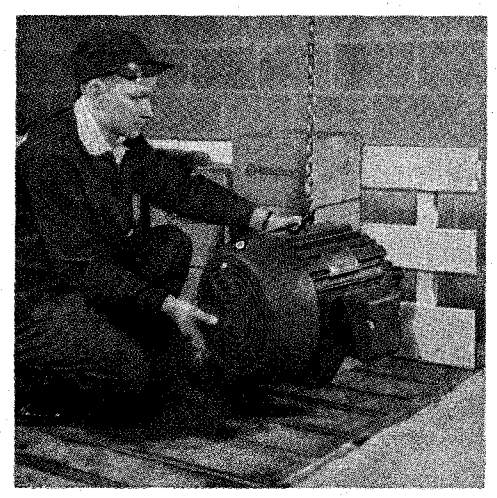
Midnight missio

Specialized application help Knowing the field he serves enables the Allis-Chalmers dealer or distributor to offer valuable guidance on both equipment and methods.

Teamwork in training Co-operation between Allis-Chalmers, its dealers, distributors, and customers, assures well-trained servicemen and well-cared-for equipment.



Complete service for industry New equipment, parts, or certified service are always available close at hand from the men serving users of Allis-Chalmers machinery.

"On call" in shop or f Wherever Allis-Chalm products are at work, t are qualified local busin men nearby... ready to se

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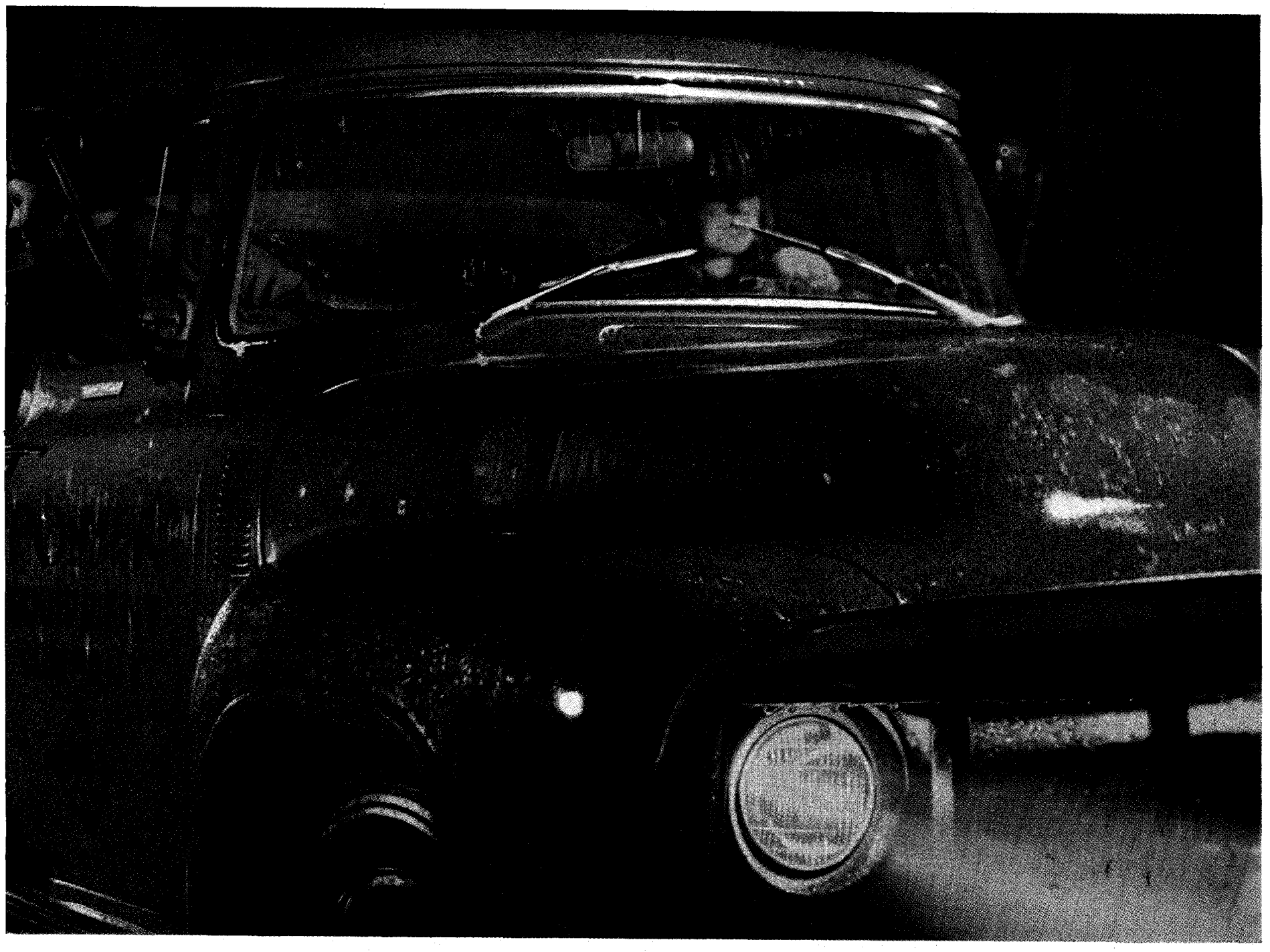

for men always 'on call'

In emergencies or day-to-day counsel and service, a vast network of independent equipment dealers and distributors teams up with Allis-Chalmers to help keep industry humming.

"Okay . . . let 'er roll!"

This answer to an emergency call could happen in your town tonight, or in any of thousands of others where distributors, dealers and certified service shops help Allis-Chalmers serve the basic industries of the world. Two p.m. or two *a.m.*—these are the men who provide the local lifelines of service and supply.

Behind many activities in your community . . . construction, manufacturing, public works, farming . . . chances are you'll find one or more of these independent businessmen, each with his own specialized knowledge, skill and equipment.

Wherever Allis-Chalmers machinery is used, qualified dealers and distributors are part of the "Engineering in Action" team to back it up. Joining men in over 100 Allis-Chalmers offices around the world, they play a vital role in keeping the pulse beat of industry sure and steady.

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Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

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Editorials

Let's Give the Inventor a Break on His Patents

By RICHARD SPENCER

Back in 1931, the dictator of the Soviet Union, Joseph Stalin, warned his party members: "We are from fifty to a hundred years behind the rest of the world in technical knowledge. We must catch up and surpass them. Either we do or they will smash us."

Twenty-six years later, we hear and read daily such news as this: "Soviet Russia is rapidly overtaking the United States in scientific development and is easily ahead of us in some vital fields."

What's the reason for the most powerful nation on earth lagging in technical and industrial development? A major part of the answer can be found in what's been happening to our patent system. Since around 1930, it has taken a beating that few people of this country know about.

In framing the Constitution, our Founding Fathers provided for a patent system. On recommendation of President Washington, Congress passed the first patent law in 1790. Under its protection, inventive genius flourished. The patent system offered the rewards that brought forth a mighty tide of new machines and processes to lift the burdens of backbreaking toil. It fostered the genius of Robert Fulton, Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas A. Edison, the Wright brothers, and millions of obscure inventors experimenting in shops and homes. It helped make the United States the greatest industrial nation with the highest standard of living.

Around 1930, an antipatent movement got under way in this country. Certain groups took the position that patents were being used by corporations to increase unduly their concentrations of economic power. Some critics called them barriers to trade. A few, inspired by the new ideology, wanted to help Russia close the gap. Others insisted that technical progress was advancing faster than society could adjust to it, and that to overcome this "social lag" a brake should be put on invention.

In line with this thinking, the Federal judiciary, led by the Supreme Court, began hammering at the patent right by holding many patents invalid and by coining new defenses to protect infringers. Certain committees in Congress got in their licks by hostile investigations of patent holdings. The Justice Department launched its attack by antitrust suits against firms with large patent holdings. Approximately a hundred firms, including the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and International Business Machines Corporation, for example, were forced by such suits to throw open their patents to all comers. As a result, many firms have found their former efficient operations hampered. They no longer care to spend millions of dollars in the development of new commercial products and processes, since competitors would be free to copy them. Much of the hope of personal reward has been taken out of technical research and discovery.

As a result of the beating which our patent system has been getting, invention has been drying up. There are changes and improvements in existing products, but few basically new items are on the market. We lag in the production of new machines and processes, for peacetime uses and for national defense. In the Soviet Union, inventors are preferred citizens. They receive all sorts of special economic and social benefits and are frequently decorated as heroes.

Let's keep our antitrust laws, but let's stop using them as clubs to regulate the patent system. In no sense should we legalize patent practices that restrain competition or perpetuate monopoly. But in an antitrust attack, the abuse should be the target, not the patent itself. If a manufacturer is guilty of a monopoly, courts do not order his plant destroyed!

Legislation is needed that will strengthen every incentive to get the inventor back to work. One improvement would be to make the Patent Office an independent agency of the Government. Members of the patent-examining corps—a hard-working crew—should be stimulated to make their work a career. A better system of information for the use of our examiners and patent officials is needed. Normal patent rights should be granted in the field of atomic energy—as in all other free countries.

A new viewpoint more favorable to patents should be adopted by some of our judges. It must be made clear that we shall be unable to retain technological leadership in any field without a strong patent system. In these days of political uncertainties we must remain a strong nation; no matter what turn our political destiny takes, we must round the corner as a going concern fit for the problems that lie ahead.

Whether the inventor is working for himself, in a basement workshop or in a plant, full time or part time, whether employed by a corporation as big as General Motors or DuPont, let him understand that from now on, when he comes up with an invention and secures a patent, he can obtain all the historic rights contemplated by the Constitution and the patent laws. If we do that, we shall enter the greatest age of progress mankind has known. And no totalitarian regime will outstrip America in anything.

Editors' Note: Mr. Spencer is a former First Assistant United States Commissioner of Patents. He is now a patent attorney in Stamford, Connecticut.

Hasn't a Labor Leader as Many Constitutional Rights as a Pinkish Bureaucrat or Professor?

It's like waiting for the boarder upstairs to drop that other shoe, this suspenseful vigil lest we miss the first "liberal" outcry against Senator McClellan for speaking unkindly to Teamster Boss Dave Beck for hiding behind the Fifth Amendment. To be sure, Beck isn't a Communist, isn't accused of belonging to any Red-front cell and seems to have voted Republican in 1956. But surely even such a man has as much right to "take the Fifth" without premature judgment of guilt. Nevertheless, as far as we have noted, none of the zealots who suffer acutely when a subversive professor is asked unpleasant questions has even hinted that Dave Beck may have been pushed around a bit too.

Can it be that men suspected of betraying their country are entitled to more constitutional rights than properly belong to a labor czar with big ideas on the expense account? From the stony "liberal" silence which has greeted the buffeting of Dave Beck by Senator McClellan's subcommittee, it might be assumed that such is the opinion in progessive circles. Anyway, we await the word on "liberal thought" on this issue.

And another thing! According to Gwen Gibson, in the New York Daily News, "informers" who tipped off the revenooers to people who cheated on their income-tax returns received the sum of $563,979 in rewards during the calendar year 1956. How about the taxpayer's right to be "confronted by his accuser"? Can't the liberals work up a sweat about that? Or is a Communist agent, trapped by FBI agents, entitled to privileges which are denied the taxpayer who didn't know that his bank teller, his legal adviser, or maybe even his wife, was an "informer"?

There must be a "liberal" answer to questions like these. For our part, we are consumed with curiosity as to why there is never much liberal complaint about the violation of anybody's constitutional rights by congressional committees until a Communist or fellow traveler lands on the carpet. Then one might think the police state had taken over. But a high-flying unioneer (unless a lefty) or an erring taxpayer—let the thumbscrew team take over, for all the liberals care. It's material for a Ph.D. thesis by somebody interested in Fractured Ethics.

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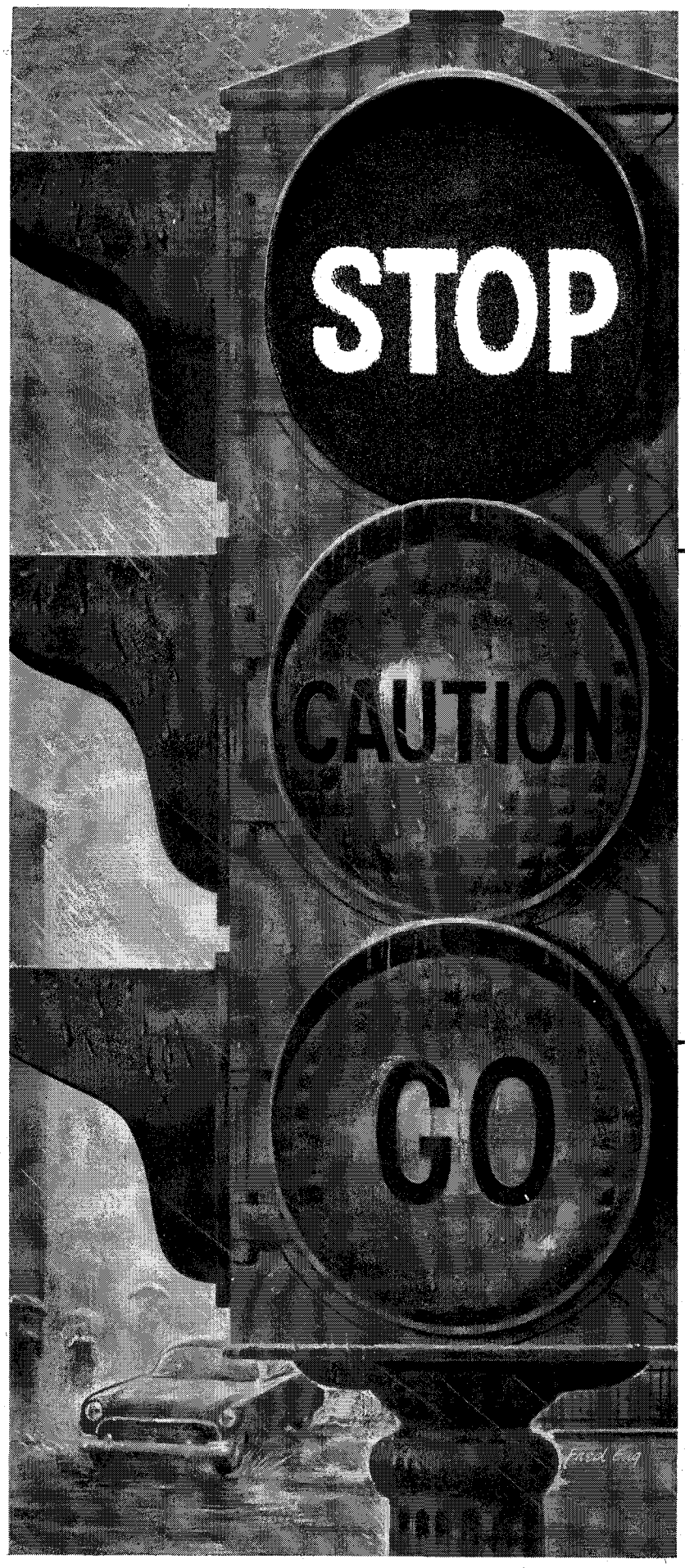

. . . and ask yourself this question:

"AM I A SAFE DRIVER?"

You <u>are</u> a safe driver if you . . .

- always observe traffic regulations, especially about speed
- watch other cars and try to anticipate what their drivers will do
- drive extra-carefully when pedestrians, especially children, are about
- know distances required to stop your car completely at various speeds
- never drive when you are fatigued, ill or upset
- lower your speed as darkness approaches
- signal other motorists in ample time before stopping or turning
- keep your car in top mechanical condition

You <u>are not</u> a safe driver if you . . .

- fail to observe right of way
- follow too closely behind the car ahead
- weave in and out of traffic lanes
- pass cars on hills or curves when there is no clear view ahead
- do not adjust your speed to weather and traffic conditions
- fail to lower your headlights at night when a car approaches
- take chances or trust to luck in hazardous situations
- feel over-confident or believe accidents happen only to the other fellow
- speed through traffic lights on the yellow signal
- mix alcohol and driving

Always drive as if your life depended on it. It does!

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Summertime...livin' is easy in these neat, cool wash 'n' wear slacks

Hot weather coming! Want comfort? Neatness? These lightweight slacks give you both, plus wash-and-wear convenience. Made with 65% "Dacron"* and 35% cotton, they're easy to wash by hand or machine, and they drip dry on a hanger—neat, unwrinkled, ready to wear. And "Dacron" helps your slacks *keep* their neat good looks through many wearings. These advantages last for the life of your wash-and-wear slacks when they're made with 65% or more "Dacron" polyester fiber. Pick up a pair for casual wear this summer. Most clothing stores offer a variety of styles and colors.

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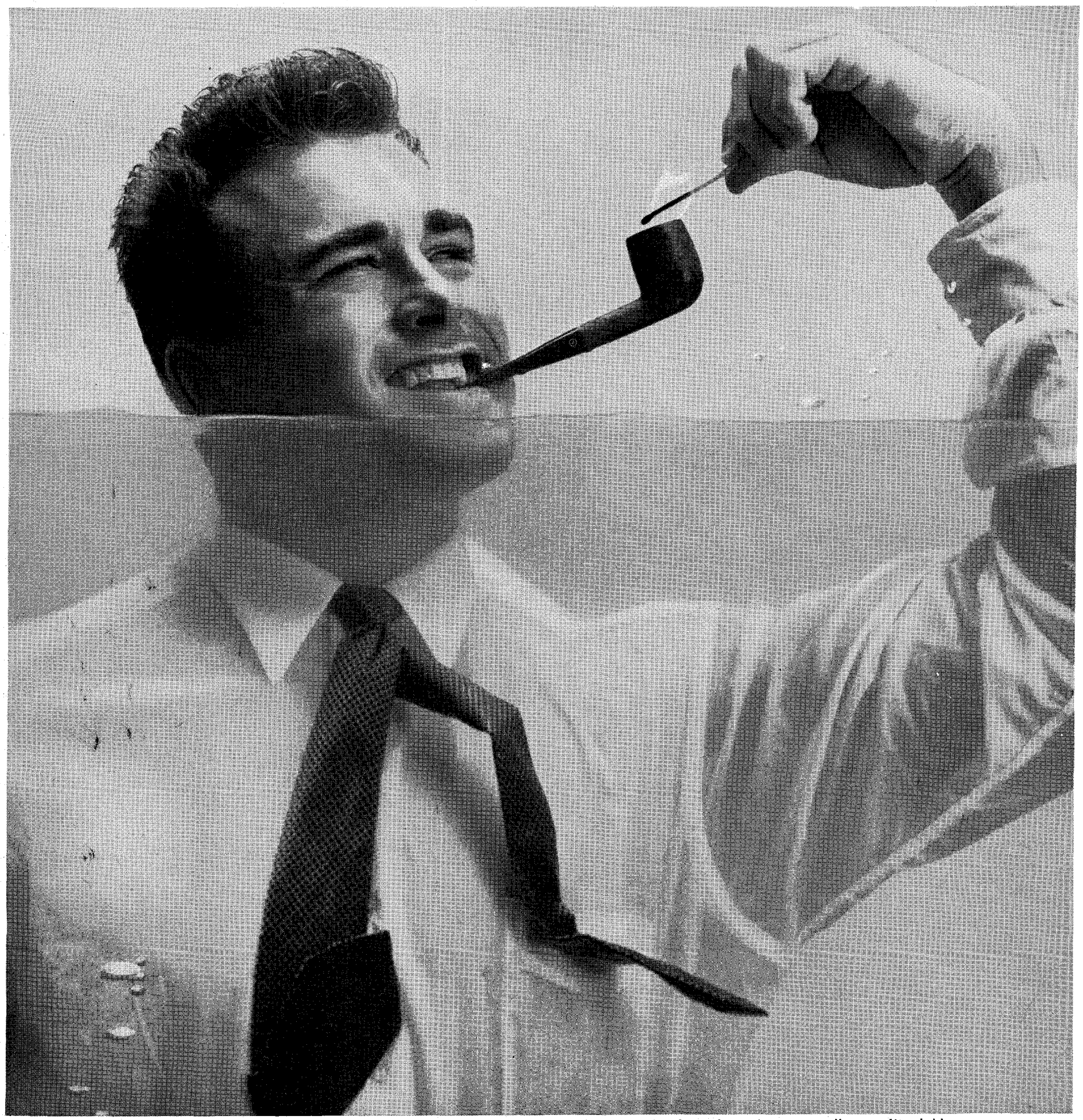

Van Heusen Century Sheer Shirt is worn under water for one hour in unprecedented test to prove collar won't wrinkle.

UNDERWATER TEST PROVES THE SOFT COLLAR ON VAN HEUSEN® CENTURY SHEER SHIRTS

Nothing—neither water, nor weather, nor work—can wrinkle this fabulous soft collar! Thanks to its revolutionary one-piece construction, it won't wrinkle . . . and it outlives the

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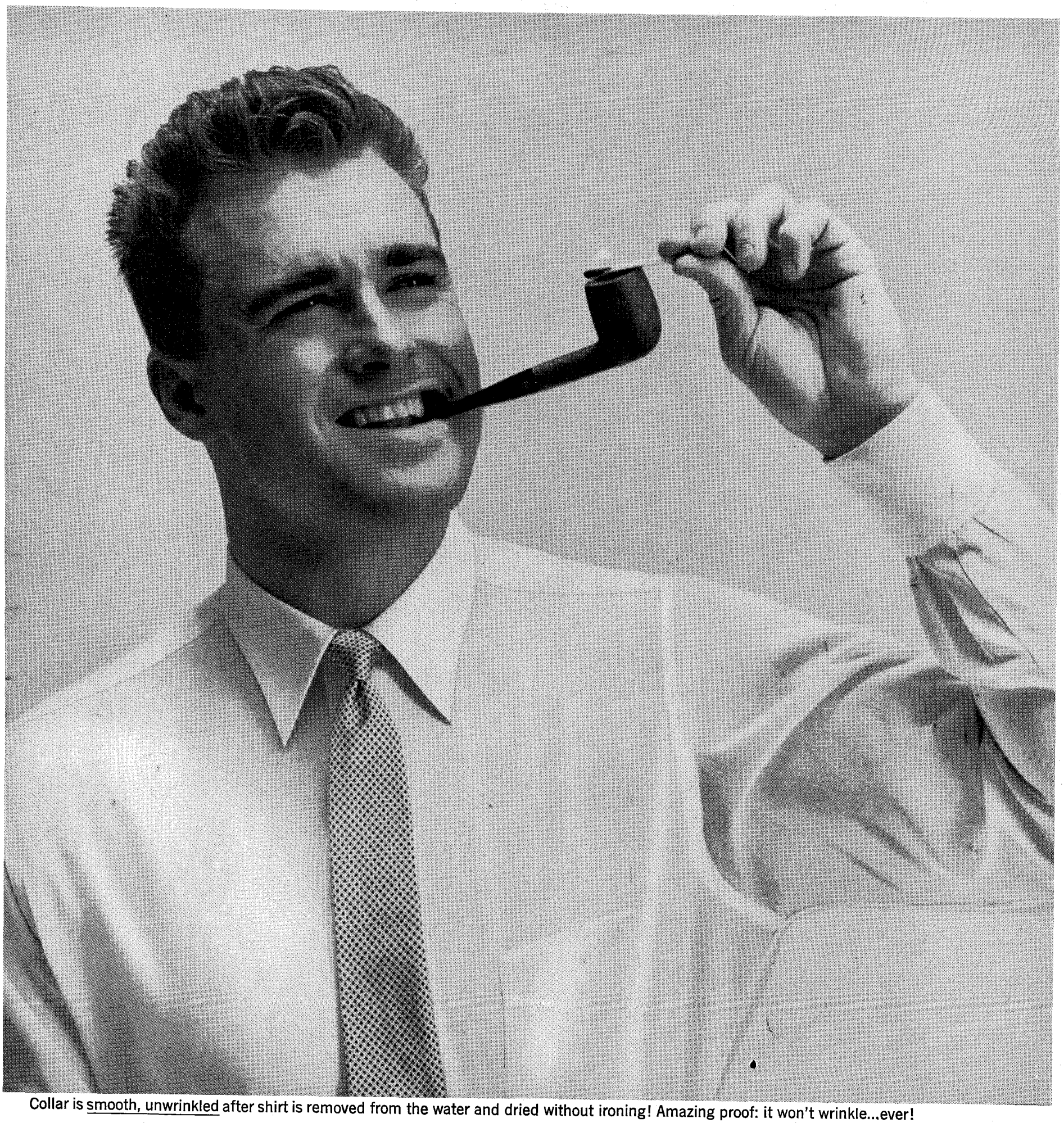

Collar is smooth, unwrinkled after shirt is removed from the water and dried without ironing! Amazing proof: it won't wrinkle...ever!

body of the shirt! And, because it never needs starch, it's always soft and luxuriously comfortable to wear. Collar irons flat in one fast stroke, flips perfectly into place because the fold line is woven right in! Smartly tailored in a cool, airy fabric. 4 new collar styles $4.00. All silk, spot-resistant, water repellent Shirtmate tie $2.50 by **VAN HEUSEN.**

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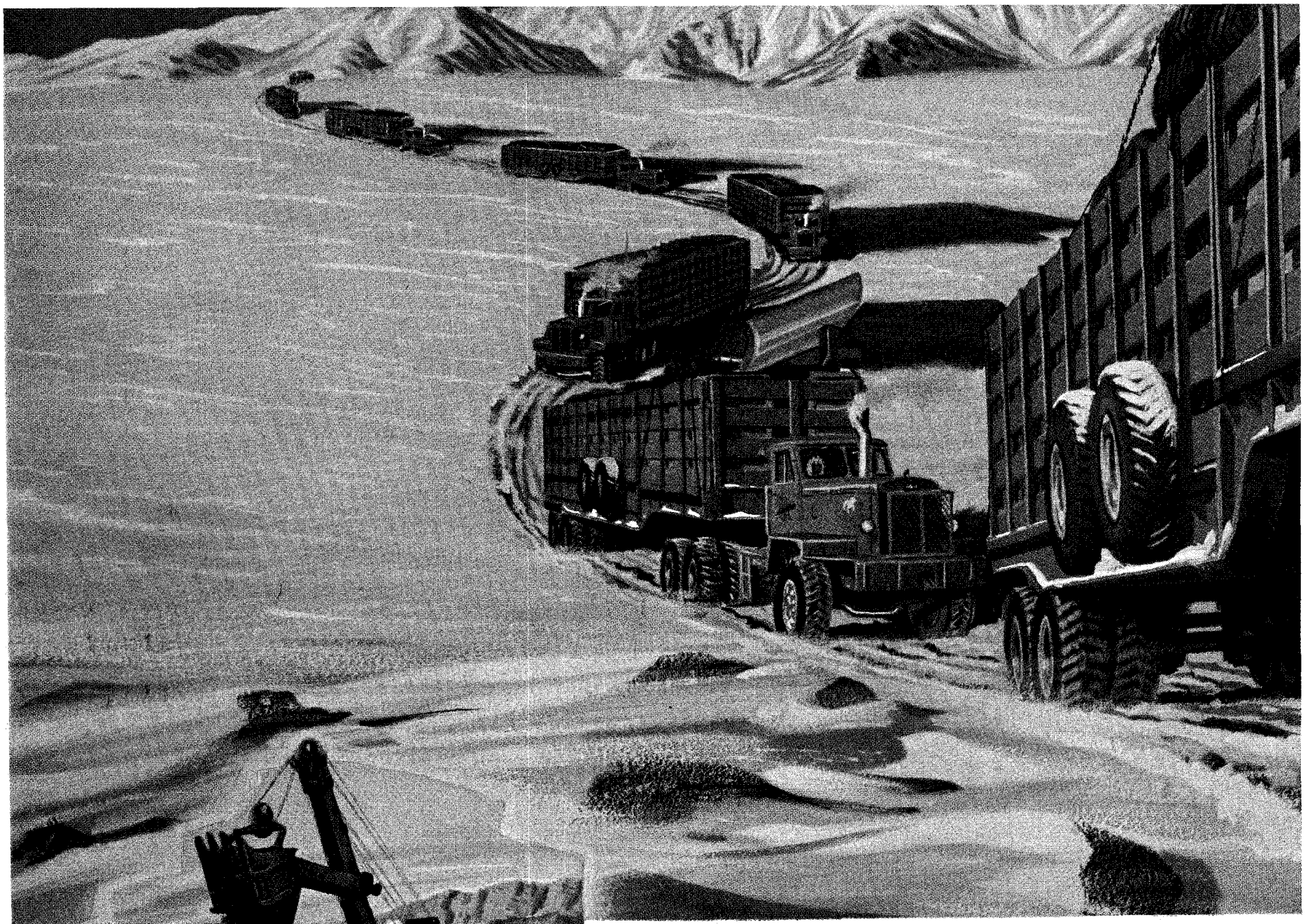
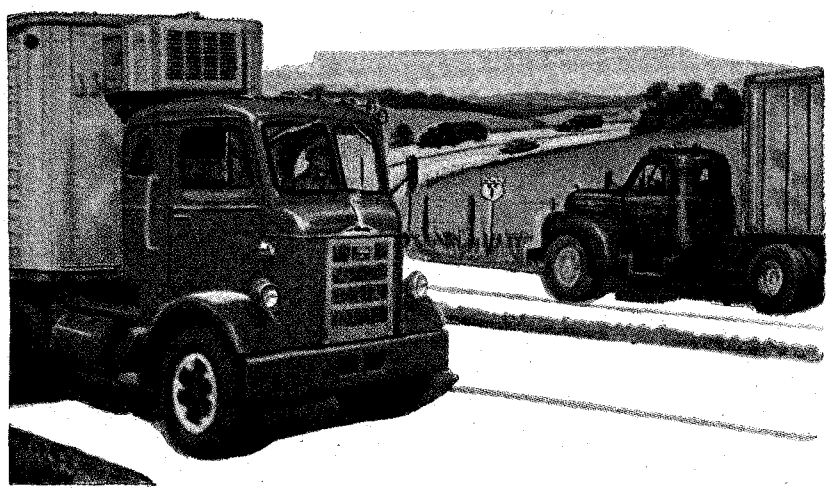


SEAWAY

Speeding operations on the St. Lawrence Seaway, Mack 6-wheel dump trucks come through where other trucks often bog down . . . thanks to the Mack-built Balanced Bogie with Power Divider—the flexible, four-wheel rear-axle drive that transmits power to the wheels with traction.



ORANGE JUICE

Some Macks move mountains; others . . . frozen orange juice. While perhaps not as dramatic as the big off-highway projects, distributing highly perishable foods over long routes also puts to the test a truck's reliability. The frozen foods industry, among many others, makes good use of dependable Macks with their proved ability to make light of the long haul and deliver on time . . . *every* time.

where dependabl

Macks

Next time you see America's important c goes—products, produce or raw materials moving down the highway . . . look for t Mack bulldog! Next time you see big co struction trucks in action—re-shaping t landscape, carving out craters, moving mou tains . . . look for the Mack bulldog!

You'll start seeing Macks everywhere! I

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hauling counts the most...

HANDLE THE IMPORTANT JOBS!

cause all over the world, more and more truck users are discovering that "Built like a Mack" spells out the ultimate in clockwork schedules under demanding service, in years of trouble-free durability, in long, long vehicle life and in solid earning power.

Why not find out for yourself? Give Macks an inspection in depth. Measure the capabilities of their superbly engineered transmissions, engines, axles and differentials against the toughest hauling jobs you're likely to run into. You'll find out why Macks are more in demand than ever before . . . why Mack sells more diesel-powered trucks, year after year, than any other maker. Mack Trucks, Inc., Plainfield, New Jersey.

DEW LINE

Building America's line of Arctic radar stations called for an unparalleled transport argosy across the howling, roadless roof of the world. Pitting their giant strength and endurance against this incredible terrain . . . driving through bitter blizzards, over icy mountain passes and across the frozen Arctic Ocean . . . standing up to temperatures of 80° below and gales of up to 100 mph . . . huge Mack tractors, each grossing over 164 tons, forged through to deliver the construction materials—perhaps the toughest 1,500 miles ever faced by wheeled vehicles.

IT'S PART OF THE LANGUAGE...BUILT LIKE A

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PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN FLORIDA, SILVER SPRINGS

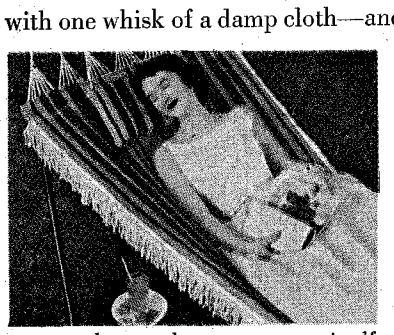
We dunked this chair in a lake to prove Velon is absolutely waterproof

You probably do most of your relaxing above the surface of the water. We just wanted to demonstrate that the gay, colorful good looks and firm, resilient comfort of Velon webbed summer furniture isn't hurt in the least even by a long and thorough soaking.

Leave Velon outdoors all summer long, rain or shine... wipe it clean with one whisk of a damp cloth—and there it is, fresh and bright again.

Everything made of Velon offers the same wonderful advantages . . . beautiful color, rugged durability, easy washability. Velon makes so many different things you'll find it everywhere.

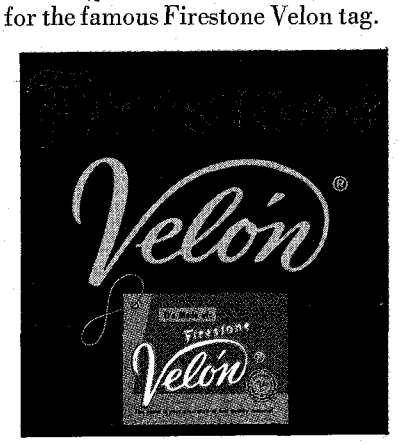
So whether it's outdoor furniture, baby pants or tidy closet accessories, if it's made of Velon, it'll make life easier. Whenever you're looking for the pretty *and* practical, look for the famous Firestone Velon tag.



RESTFUL hammock, gay as summer itself in colorful Velon. It offers cool relaxing support, and, being weatherproof, can hang outdoors all season long and still be fresh and gay and inviting as ever.

NEAT and pretty way to keep your closets in order and protect your precious furs and woolens from dust and moths. Velon seals out every speck of dirt and drop of moisture, every threat of moths.

COOL, flexible Velon pants provide "social security" for your wee one with maximum comfort. Velon is waterproof and washable—and many weights of Velon can even be sterilized by boiling.



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Freshness is something you can *see* for yourself in a Delco Dry Charge battery.

Your Delco dealer stocks this revolutionary battery bone dry, so it can't get old before it's sold. When you buy it, you see him pour in the fluid. At this instant (and not a second sooner) your Delco Dry Charge springs to life. You see it happen, so you *know* you're getting the freshest power money can buy. You get all the power you pay for—all the value that has made Delco America's No. 1 battery.

Delco Dry Charge batteries are backed by General Motors warranties, good all over the United States—and in Canada, too. There's a size, and type, priced to fit your needs. Distributed nationally by

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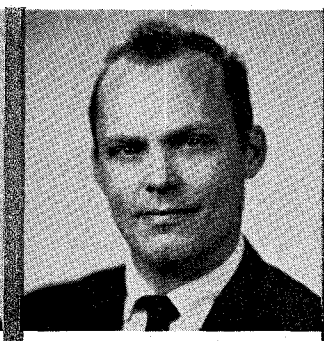

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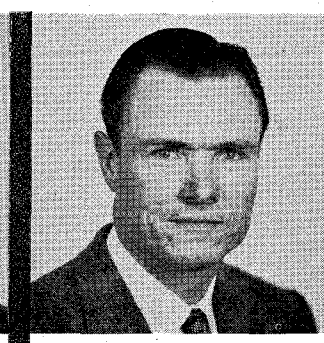

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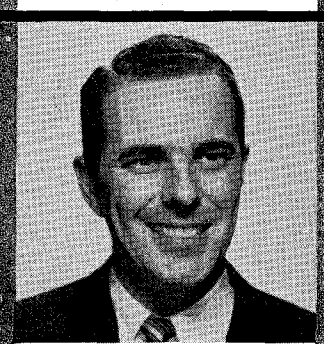

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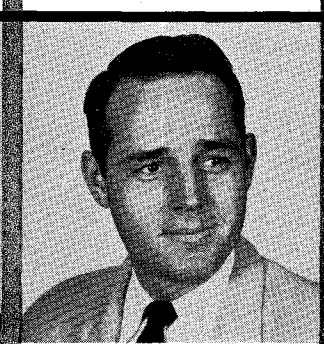

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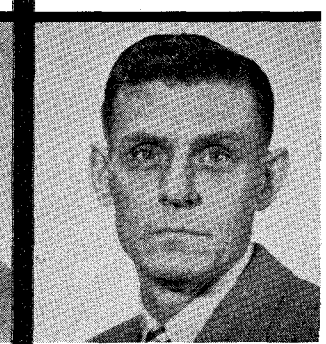

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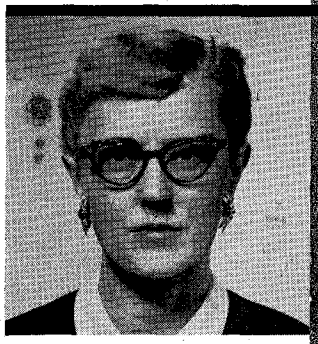

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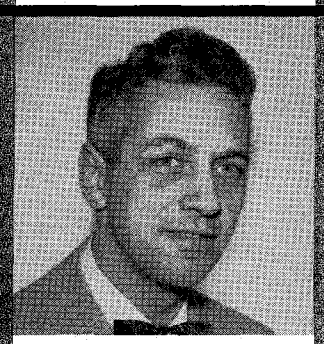

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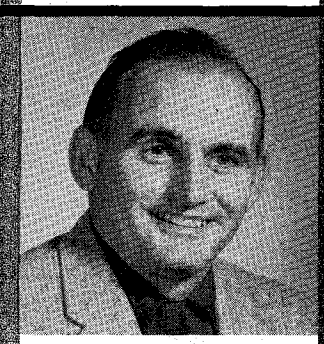

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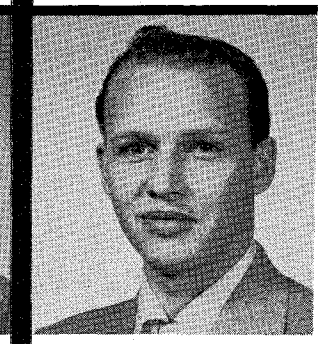

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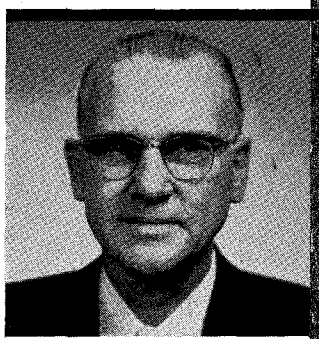

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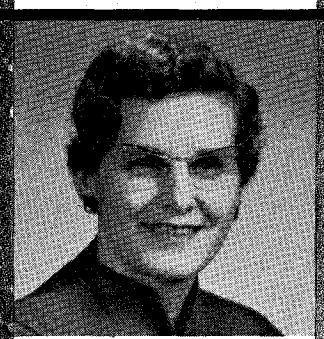

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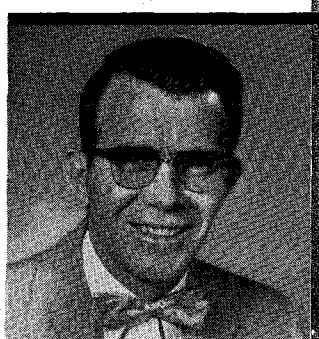

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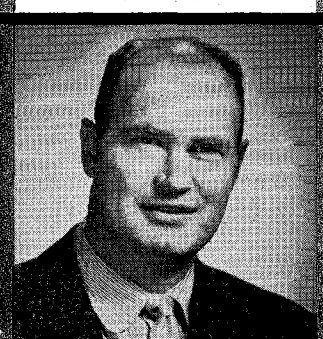

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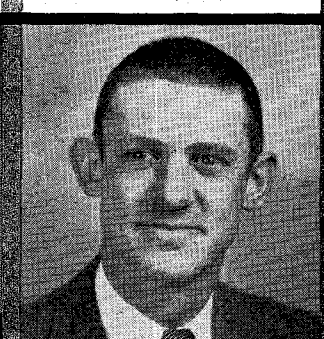

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BURLINGTON, VERMONT

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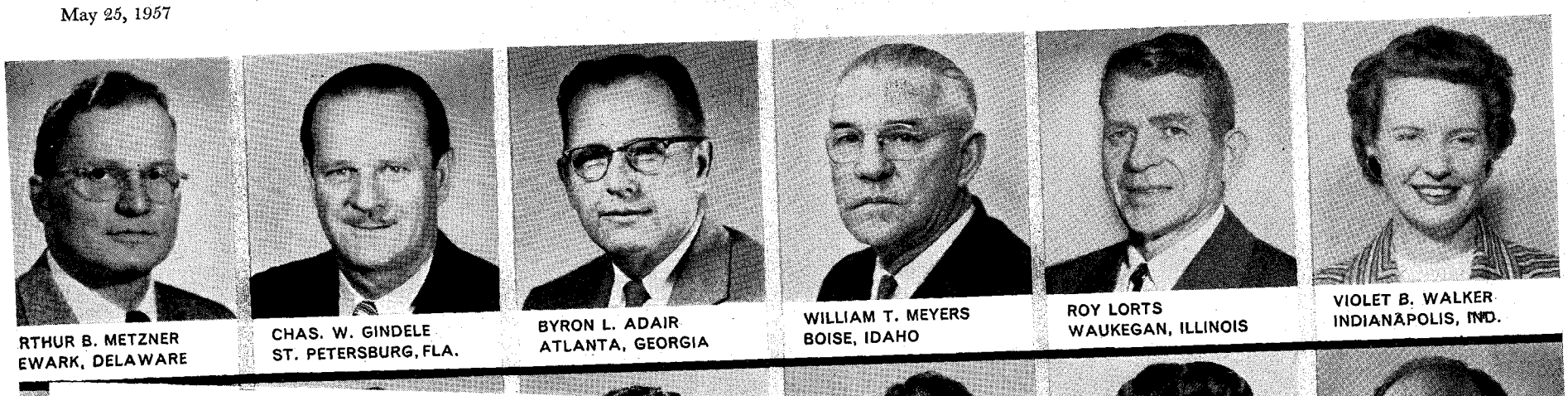

RTHUR B. METZNER
EWARK, DELAWARE

CHAS. W. GINDELE
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BYRON L. ADAIR
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WILLIAM T. MEYERS
BOISE, IDAHO

ROY LORTS
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VIOLET B. WALKER
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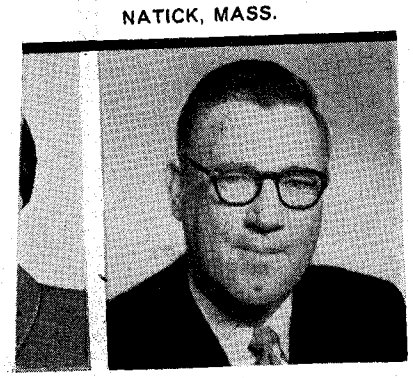
H. J. TOMPKINS
NATICK, MASS.



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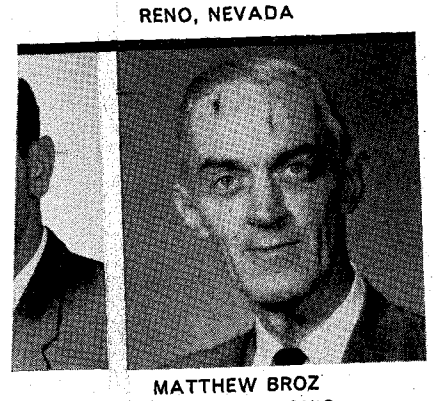

MATTHEW BROZ
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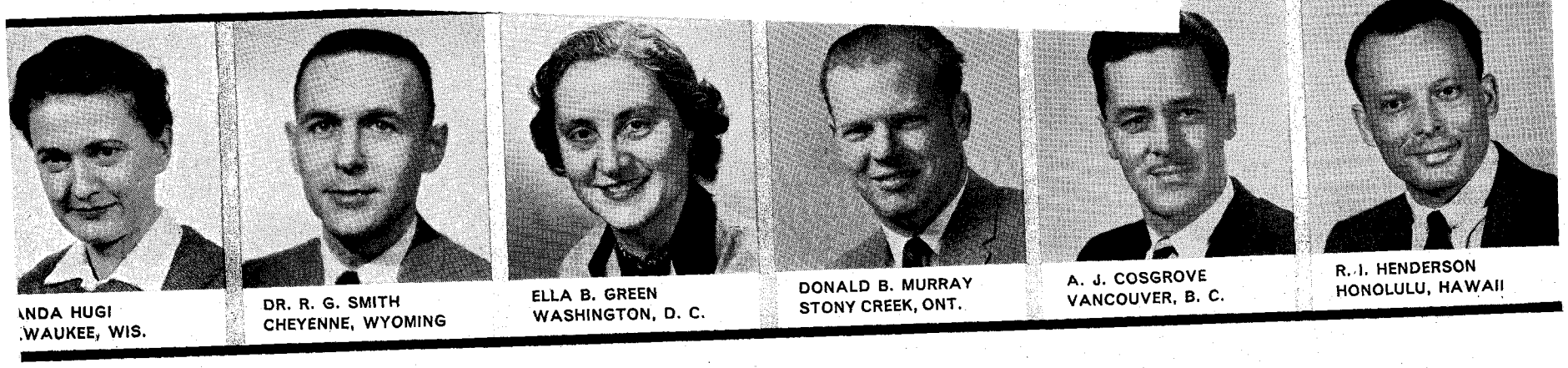

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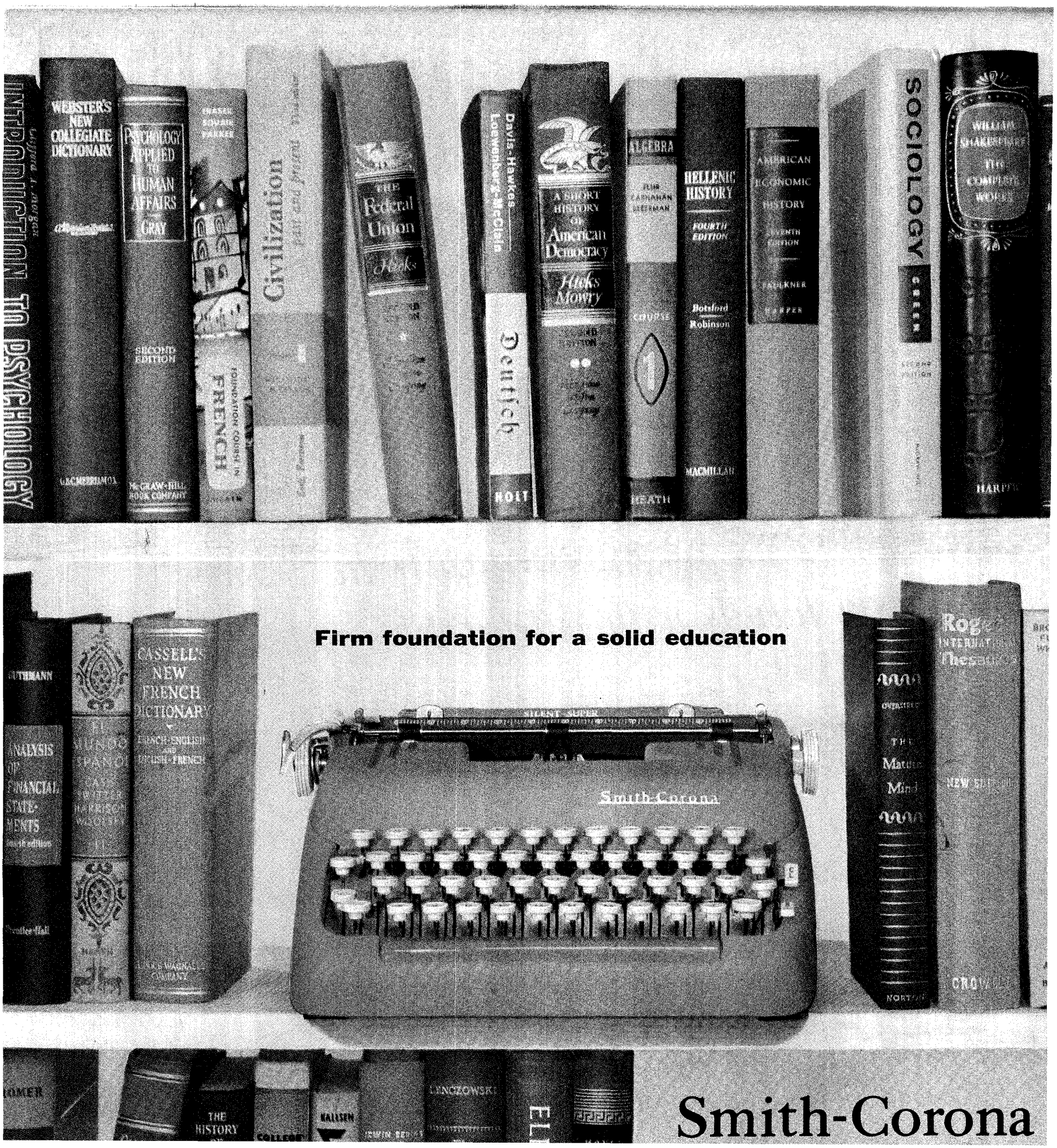

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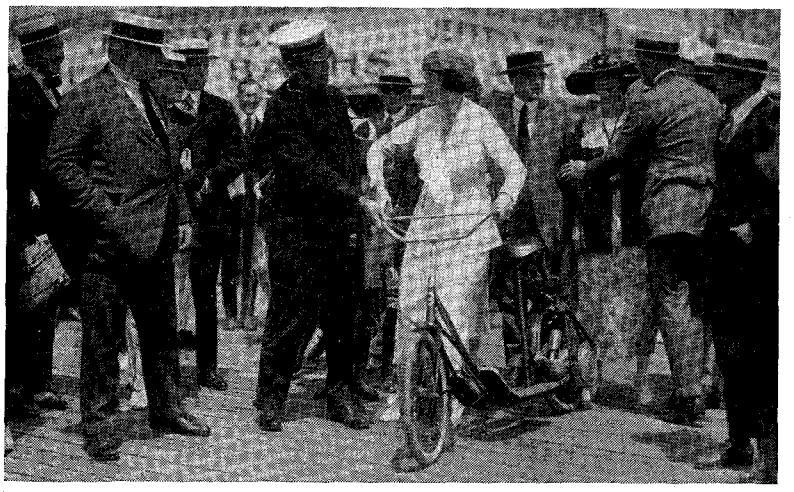
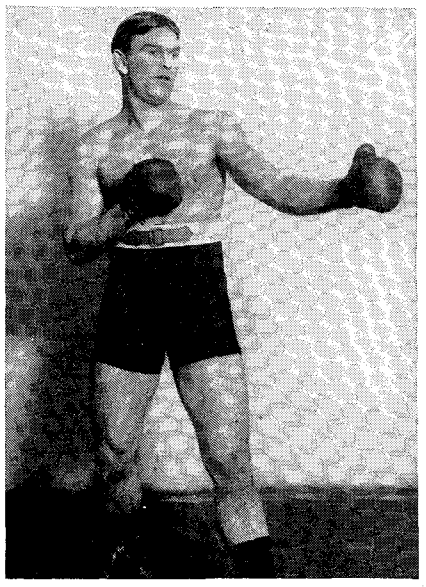
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



REMEMBER when the motor scooter was a novelty? Here's the first ever made in this country. Actress Rae Samuels rode it on the Atlantic City boardwalk during the 1923 bicycle-trade convention and, inevitably, got arrested in front of a straw-hatted crowd and press photographers. At the time, the motor scooter was billed as "a popular society fad" in England. F. O. TAUGHRAFF



REMEMBER the everlasting argument over whether a good wrestler could beat a boxer? It goaded Frank Gotch, champion wrestler, into fighting Frank Slavin, a weary Australian heavyweight, under boxing rules, at Duluth in 1904. Here Gotch poses with his mitts up. For five rounds, as he admitted, "Slavin hit me with everything but the water bucket." Enraged, he hurled Slavin from the ring—and lost the bout on a foul. A. P. MACDONALD

MOVIE production never looked symbolically purer than at this moment in 1925. Surrounding Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., the muscular star in the blazer, are movie czar Will Hays, bullwhip in hand, and two top Boy Scout leaders: Chief Scout Executive James West, formal in morning coat and striped trousers; and E. B. DeGroot (rear), Los Angeles Scout executive. Hays and the Scout leaders went to see Fairbanks about making a Scout film after he completed his movie, Don Q. The bullwhip belonged to Doug, even though Hays appears to hold the whip hand at the moment. P. THOMPSON

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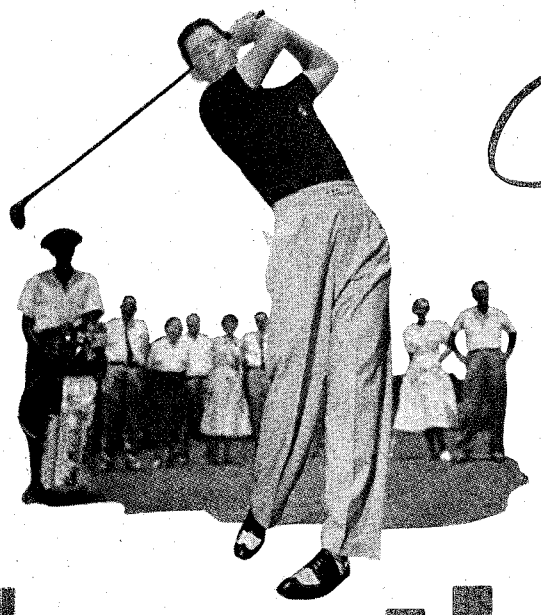


Cary Middlecoff, **GOLF CHAMPION, SAYS:**

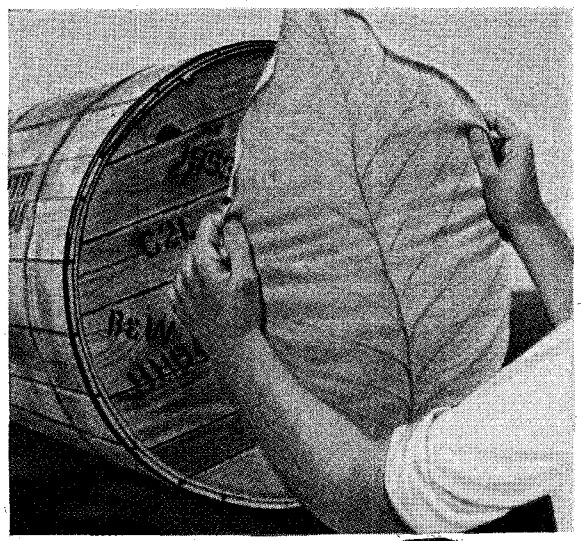
"Viceroy has the smoothest taste of all!"

Smooth!

From the finest tobacco grown, Viceroy selects only the Smooth Flavor Leaf. No other will do!

Extra Smooth!

Each Smooth Flavor Leaf is specially Deep-Cured, golden brown through and through, for *extra smoothness!*



Super Smooth!

Only Viceroy smooths each puff through *20,000 filters* made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!

Cary Middlecoff
shares his Viceroys with fellow golf champion, Sam Snead. Says Cary: "Here's the smoothest smoking ever!" Says Sam: "It's my brand, too. I like 'em rich and full flavored and smooth. That's Viceroy!"

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

A few of the victims of America's most devastating peacetime explosion—the 1947 Texas City blast—await identification in a makeshift morgue.

IF H-BOMBS FALL...

By DONALD ROBINSON

Exactly how would Americans behave under a thermonuclear attack? A special disaster-research team has come up with these surprising answers to an urgent question.

Down from the north streaks a fleet of Soviet bombers, hundreds of them. Our fighters zoom up to do battle, but some of the big, red-starred planes get through and fan out toward our major cities to drop their frightful loads of H-bombs.

It is estimated that one such attack might kill or wound 56,000,000 people in the United States. The Pentagon expects that sixty-nine of our largest cities would be blasted into bloody, radioactive rubble. The areas around them would be so poisoned by fall-out they'd be unlivable for months, perhaps for years.

How would the American people take the blow? Would we crumble mentally amid the heaps of blackened corpses? Would we have panic, looting, chaos? Or would we rise from the ruins and start rebuilding our civilization? Would we ignominiously surrender to the Communists or fight on to preserve our freedoms?

Answers to many of these questions are now possible. It can be disclosed here that for the past five years the National Research Council has been conducting a nationwide study to determine the probable behavior of the American people during and after a thermonuclear assault. At the urgent request of the armed forces, it established a special unit known as the Committee on Disaster Studies and named twelve of the country's top psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists as members. Pentagon officials call this project one of the most important defense efforts of recent years.

The way the Committee on Disaster Studies operates is fascinating—and macabre. Tucked off in four dingy rooms of a Washington office building, the staff awaits word of some new, horrible catastrophe, like the explosion which tore Texas City, Texas, to bits, or the tornado that pulverized a sizable portion of Worcester, Massachusetts.

The moment such a disaster occurs, Dr. Harry B. Williams, the brilliant, thirty-six-year-old sociologist from Topeka, Kansas, who heads the staff, rushes teams of specialists to the scene. These may be either members of the committee's staff or experts from organizations like the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center or the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago. These specialists interview victims and their families, public officials, rescue workers and others involved. (Continued on Page 105)

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Governor Edmund S. Muskie, 43, and his wife, Jane, 30, on the steps of the capitol in Augusta, Maine. Their official residence, Blaine House, is behind them.

So We Moved Into the Governor's Mansion

By JANE MUSKIE, as told to Roul Tunley

The first lady of Maine reveals the problems she faced as the youngest governor's wife in the land. Here's how she brings up three lively children in a formal—and public—mansion.

It was six A.M. the morning after the election, and my husband and I had been in bed only a half hour. Suddenly the phone rang. I picked it up and heard the voice of our five-year-old son, who'd been temporarily staying with his grandmother.

"Mummy," he asked, "did daddy really win?"

"Yes, Stevie, he did."

The next question was not unexpected. "Have I gotta go to school?"

"No, dear," I said. "You and your sister will be coming over here for the TV cameras."

Up until that moment, I guess I hadn't really believed it was true. But somehow, explaining it to the children now made the unbelievable real.

Whoever heard of such a thing? My husband, Ed Muskie, an unknown lawyer in our little town of Waterville, Maine (population: 19,000) had just been elected governor of the state. The strange thing was that he was a Democrat. It was the first time anything like

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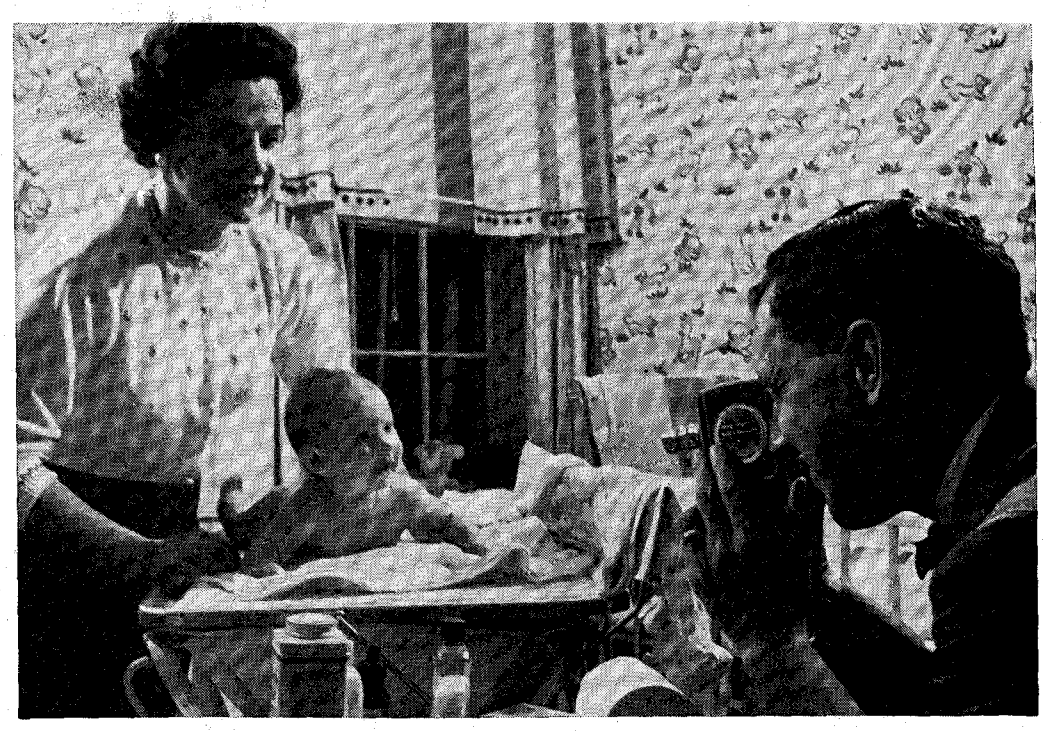
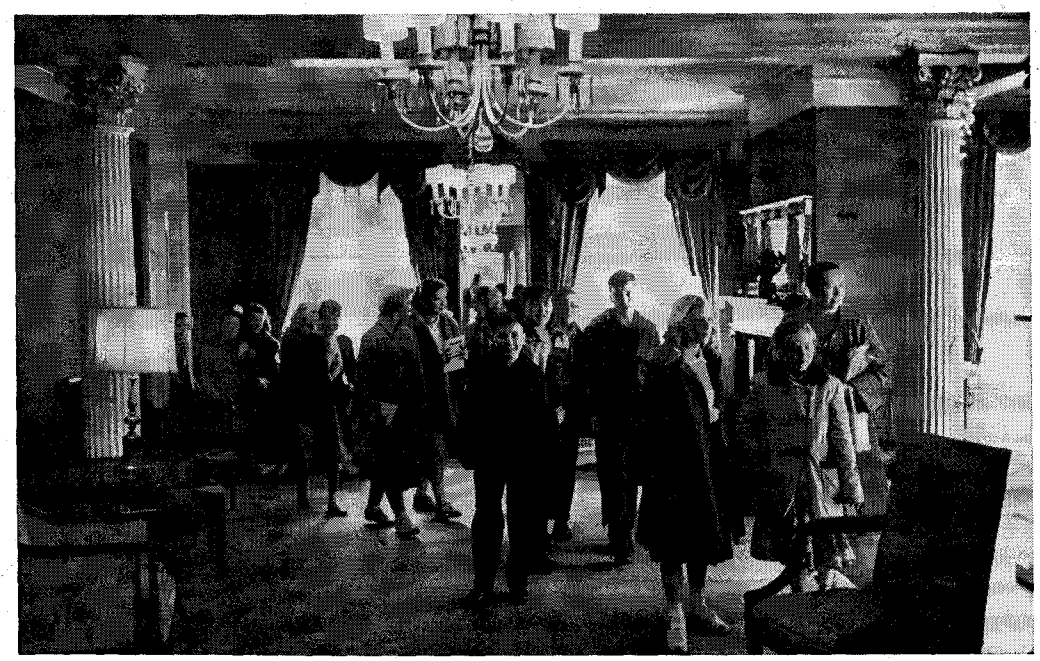
Steve and Ellen (Sissie) Muskie: Sissie once jazzed up a Blaine House musicale by roaring down this banister with cap guns blazing.



Proud papa Ed Muskie takes home movies of 5-month-old Melinda, who smiles like a veteran politician. Jane Muskie picked out the bipartisan nursery wallpaper, which features both donkeys and elephants.



The 28-room governor's mansion is maintained by public funds, and every afternoon visitors wend their way through its formal rooms. At Jane's first official luncheon, she played hostess to 275 persons.

that had happened in rock-ribbed Maine in two decades. Furthermore, he was a Roman Catholic. And no Catholic had ever been elected governor in the state's history!

At the moment, however, there was no time to think about history. I had scarcely put down the phone before the doorbell started to ring. First, there were three reporters. They had made the trip all the way from Boston to get the story. They were followed by more reporters, and then by photographers and radio and television people. The phone rang constantly. As a result of one call, Ed and I agreed to go to New York City to appear on a television network. I tried to get dressed and make coffee at the same time. I hadn't quite finished either when the children—Steve and Ellen, who was three—came home. Steve was shouting to everybody, "My father's boss of the whole state!"

It was obvious to all of us that the walls of our four-room, Cape Cod cottage at 17 Silvermount Street had suddenly turned to glass. And during all the (Continued on Page 130)

The political phenomenon of "rock-ribbed Republican Maine": Ed Muskie is the state's first Democratic governor in twenty years, and is now in his second term.

June 27, 1955: The Muskies posed with two Republicans, the President and Maine Senator Margaret Chase Smith, when Ike was touring New England.

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Good-by, Grandma

It was a very sad occasion— for everyone but Grandma.

By RAY BRADBURY

She was a woman with a broom or a dustpan or a washrag or a mixing spoon in her hand. You saw her cutting piecrust in the morning, humming to it; or you saw her setting out the baked pies at noon or taking them in, cool, at dusk. She rang porcelain cups like a Swiss bellringer, to their place. She glided through the halls as steadily as a vacuum machine, seeking, finding, and setting to rights. She made mirrors of every window, to catch the sun.

She strolled but twice through any garden, trowel in hand, and the flowers rose their quivering fires upon the warm air in her wake. She slept quietly, and turned no more than three times in a night, as relaxed as a white glove to which, at dawn, a brisk hand will return. Waking, she touched people like pictures, to set their frames straight.

But now?

"Grandma," said everyone. "Great-grandma."

Now it was as if a huge sum in arithmetic were finally drawing to an end. She had stuffed turkeys, chickens, squabs, gentlemen and boys. She had washed ceilings, walls, invalids and children. She had laid linoleum, repaired bicycles, wound clocks, stoked furnaces, swabbed iodine on ten thousand grievous wounds. Her hands had flown all around, gentling this, holding that, throwing baseballs, swinging bright croquet mallets, seeding black earth, or fixing covers over dumplings, ragouts, and children wildly strewn by slumber. She had pulled down shades, pinched out candles, turned switches, and—grown old. Looking back on thirty billions of things started, carried, finished and done, it all totaled out; the last decimal was placed, the final zero swung slowly into line. Now, chalk in hand, she stood back from Life a silent hour before reaching for the eraser.

"Let me see now," said great-grandma. "Let me see."

It was almost spring. And with no fuss or further ado, she traveled the house in an ever-circling inventory, reached the stairs at last and making no special announcement she took herself up three flights to her room, where, silently, she laid herself out like a fossil imprint under the snowing cool sheets of her bed and began to die.

Again the voices: "Grandma! Great-grandma!"

The rumor of what she was doing dropped down the stairwell, hit, and spread ripples through the rooms, out doors and windows and along the street of elms to the edge of the green ravine.

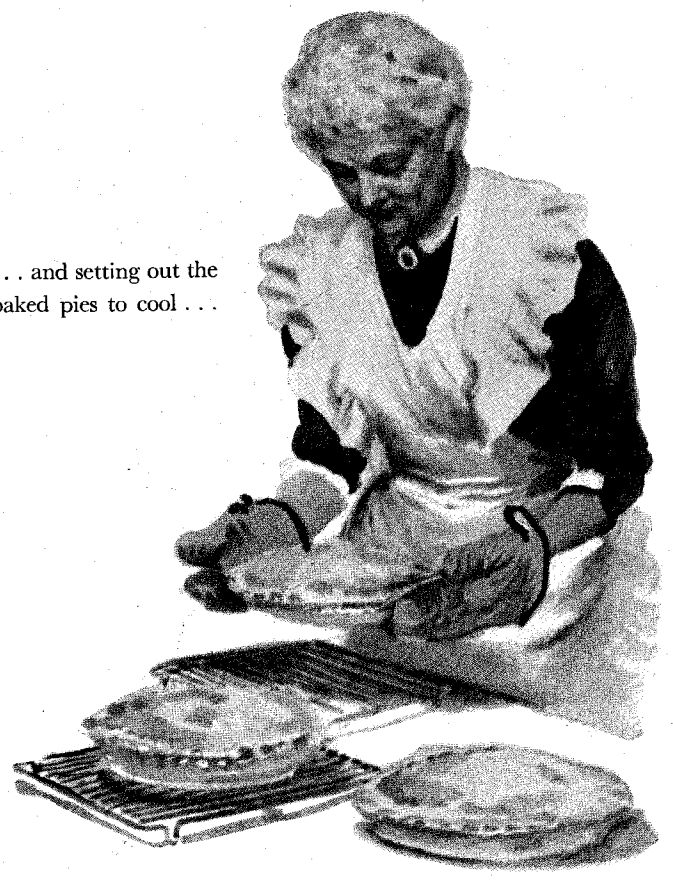
"Here now, here!"

The family surrounded her bed.

"Just let me lie," she whispered.

Her ailment could not be seen in any microscope; it was a mild but ever-deepening tiredness, a dim weighting of her sparrow body; sleepy, sleepier, sleepiest.

She spent her lifetime fixing covers over children



. . . and setting out the baked pies to cool . . .

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In April you thought you heard
woodpeckers tapping the housetop.
But no, it was grandma replacing shingles.

As for her children and her children's children—it seemed impossible that with such a simple act, the most leisurely act in the world, she could cause such apprehension.

"Grandma, now listen—what you're doing is no better than breaking a lease. This house will fall down without you. You must give us at least a year's notice!"

Great-grandma opened one eye. Ninety years gazed calmly out at her physicians like a dust ghost from a high cupola window in a fast-emptying house. "Tom?"

The boy was sent, alone, to her whispering bed.

"Tom," she said, faintly, far away, "in the Southern Seas, there's a day in each man's life when he knows it's time to shake hands with all his friends and say good-by and sail away, and he does, and it's natural, it's just his time. That's how it is, today. I'm so like (Continued on Page 91)

Illustrated by
Peter Stevens

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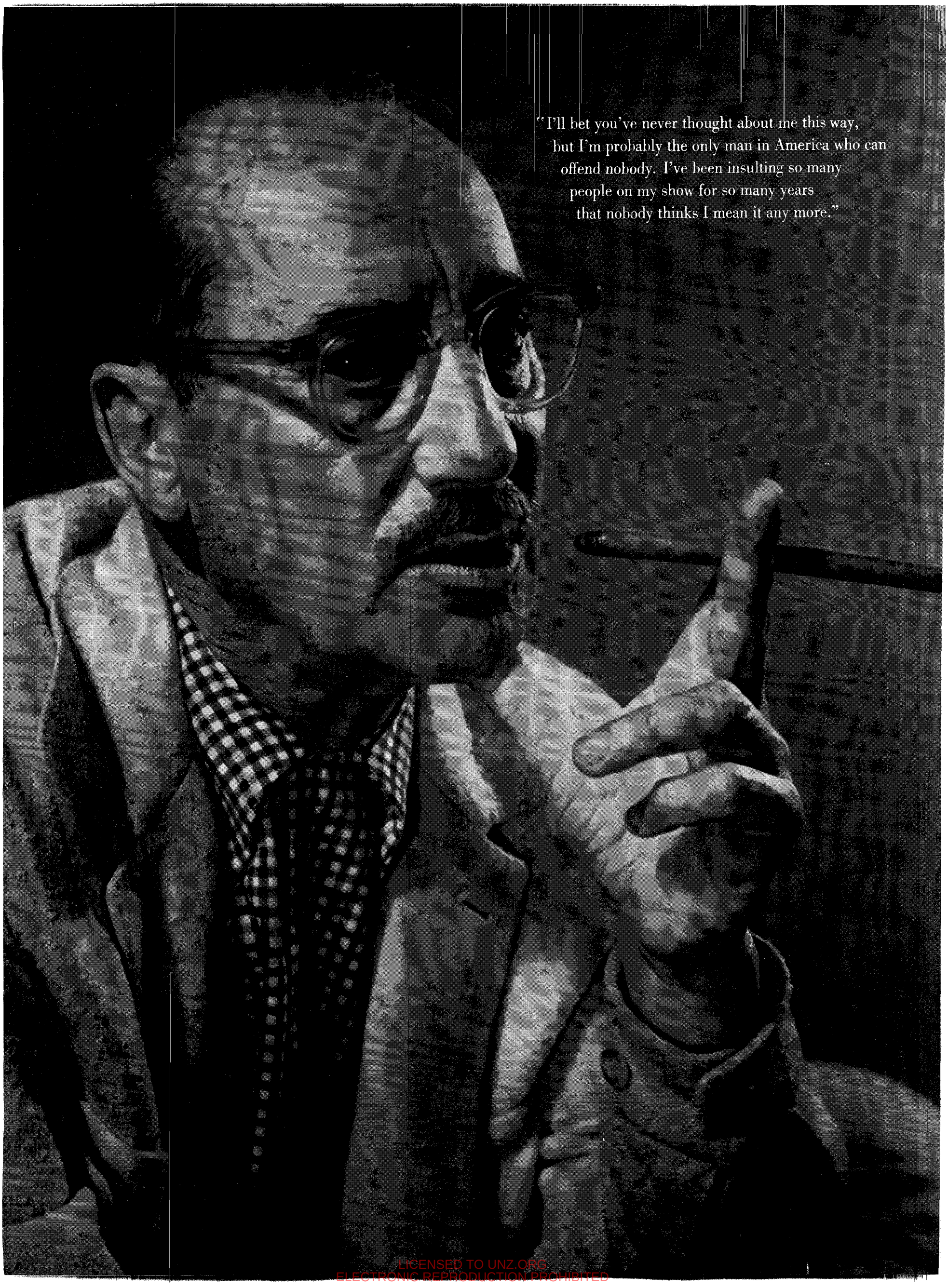

"I'll bet you've never thought about me this way,
but I'm probably the only man in America who can
offend nobody. I've been insulting so many
people on my show for so many years
that nobody thinks I mean it any more."

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I CALL ON GROUCHO

TV's master of the insult gives with some candid and corrosive opinions on high-brow programs, audience ratings and quiz shows.

BY PETE MARTIN

I poked the button beside Groucho Marx's front door. Groucho himself opened the door and greeted me. "You were supposed to be here at noon," he said sternly; "you're twenty minutes late. I have a date at one o'clock. You've already deprived yourself of twenty minutes of conversation."

I explained that I had gotten a little mixed up; that I hadn't been sure whether he'd expected me at twelve or at twelve-thirty, so I had tried to time my arrival between the two.

"I don't give many interviews," he told me. "When I do, the interviewer is usually mixed up at the end. You are mixed up at the beginning. This session of ours is going to be a dilly."

Feeling flustered, I sat down in his living room, tried to pull myself together and remember two or three of the questions I had thought up to get our talk out of the starting gate. Sensing my difficulty, Groucho sat sidesaddle on his divan, crossed his legs and brought forth a pronouncement. "I seem to hear your opening question," he said. "It's this: 'Groucho, to what do you attribute the success of your television show?'"

I admitted that I had had something like that in mind, but that I had hoped to put it into more provocative words.

"I take it that by 'provocative' you don't mean 'provoking,'" he said. "Don't forget, I'm the only one who's supposed to be provoking around here. But, provocative or not, I've asked myself that question from time to time. And I've come up with a satisfactory answer. At least it's satisfactory to me, so it ought to be satisfactory to you unless you're a captious interviewer. I'll tell you whether you're captious or not when our interview is over. My answer is, I'm lucky enough to have a different cast for my show each week. You don't know who you're going to see on your screen with me, do you?"

When I said no, he said, "Neither do I. The big thing I've got going for me is that people are interesting. One week I had a man on my show who was a hundred years old. When I asked him to what he attributed his mellow age, this codger told me, 'My philosophy is: when a man gets up in the morning he has two choices. He can either be happy or unhappy. He makes his own choice. The more times he chooses happiness the longer he'll live.'"

Groucho flickered his eyebrows up and down at me and said, "The trouble with that old boy's philosophy is that it's difficult to sustain. It's hard to choose happiness when you get up in the morning with a hang-over or the market has dropped down a hole and taken your lifetime savings with it.

"Not sleeping well can spoil a day for you all by itself," Groucho went on. "I can sleep almost everywhere but in bed, but lately I've made a discovery. If I turn on my TV set, I can sleep even in the sack. If your brain has been active all day, it's hard to turn it off at night. My wife keeps asking me, 'Why don't you calm down? You're too geared up.' And I keep asking her, 'How can I make a living unless I'm geared up? Show me an actor who's usually languid and I'll show you an actor who's usually lousy. If I'm not tense I'll soon be in the past tense.'"

"You seem calm and relaxed enough during your show," I said.

Pete Martin's next report in this occasional series will be on Wyatt Earp, TV's doughty marshal of Dodge City, as played by actor Hugh O'Brian. The article will appear in our issue for June 15. —THE EDITORS.

He explained, "All I have to do on my show is talk, and for me that isn't difficult. As long as my guests talk, too, it's easy. My show depends upon how my guests react. Luckily for me, most of them are exhibitionists. You don't find many hermits hunting for a TV spot so they can help thirty or forty million people invade their privacy. I did have a hermit as a guest once, but my hermit was a switch on the usual anchorite. He loved yakking it up, and it was clear that he was glad to bust out of his mountain cell and spend an evening away from the birds and the trees."

Groucho's cigar bobbed in his mouth as he said, "The world is full of eccentrics. If at times I seem to have a sprinkling of characters on my show culled from the lunatic fringe, at least they're always interesting. It's obvious to my audiences that they're not professional entertainers and that for the most part what they're telling me is true."

He said that he thought his guests were attracted to his show not so much by any dough they might chance to take home as by the hope that somebody would look at them. "It's the chance for them to grab off a little acclaim," he said. "Being in front of a television camera gives them an opportunity to prance around in the spotlight before millions of people."

I said that I was sorry I had missed the waiter from the Hollywood Brown Derby who had been a guest on one of his shows. "Everybody says it was one of your best," I said.

Groucho corrected me, "He wasn't a waiter; he was a Greek maître d', but I know where you got your waiter idea. When I asked him where he was born, he said in Greece, and I said, 'Do you mean Greece, the country, or grease, the cooking fat? I want to make sure just what kind of waiter you are.' After we had that settled, I asked, 'Why did you leave the Acropolis?' and he said, 'I was in love with a horse.'

"'What were you?' I inquired. 'A centaur?'

"'What's that?' he wanted to know.

"'A half man and half horse,' I told him.

"'No,' he said, 'it wasn't that. The government was requisitioning all the horses because there was a war going on, and I had this horse I'd hidden and I figured that it was only a question of time before they found him, so I decided that if they were going to take my horse away, there was no use staying. It was then that I left for America.'

"When it came time for me to hurl my queries at him," Groucho said, "this Greek maître d' selected Greek mythology as his question category. One of the first questions I asked him was, 'What is a centaur?' This should have been duck soup for him, but he'd already forgotten what I'd told him about a centaur earlier in the show.

"I didn't need to be very clever to guess that Romanoff's and Chasen's were going to have their biggest year. That maître d' muffed so many of my questions that for his sake I hoped the Derby management wasn't listening in, but in spite of his failure to show as a genius on my quiz program he got promoted to vice president."

The quips stopped flowing for a moment, and Groucho said, "Joshing aside, that show was a pretty good ad for the Brown Derby."

He remembered a couple of his other prize guests for me. There had been the taxi driver from Oakland, California, who had tried to drive his taxi across San Francisco Bay without using a bridge, and there had been his entertaining woman guest, Esther Bradley, a worker for the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Before going to work for Lockheed, she had held a series of jobs, but she had lost all of them because of a succession of disasters.

"One of the jobs she'd lost was with a lipstick factory," Groucho told me. "The empty lipstick containers passed her on a kind of continuous-production-belt line. It was her job to shove a lipstick (Continued on Page 85)

Photograph by Gene Lester

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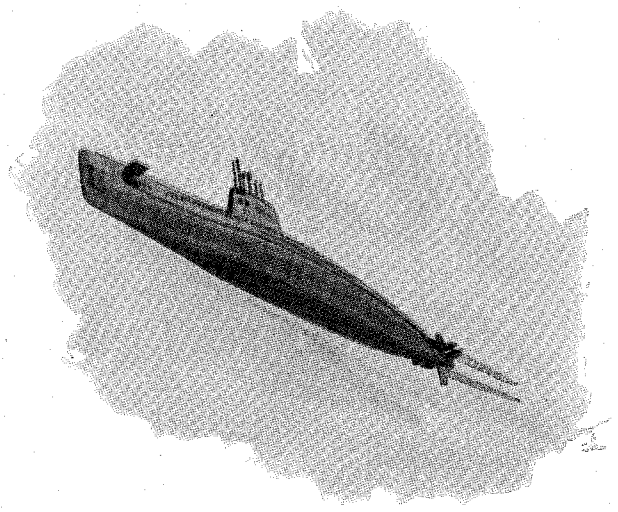
The Capture of the Swordray

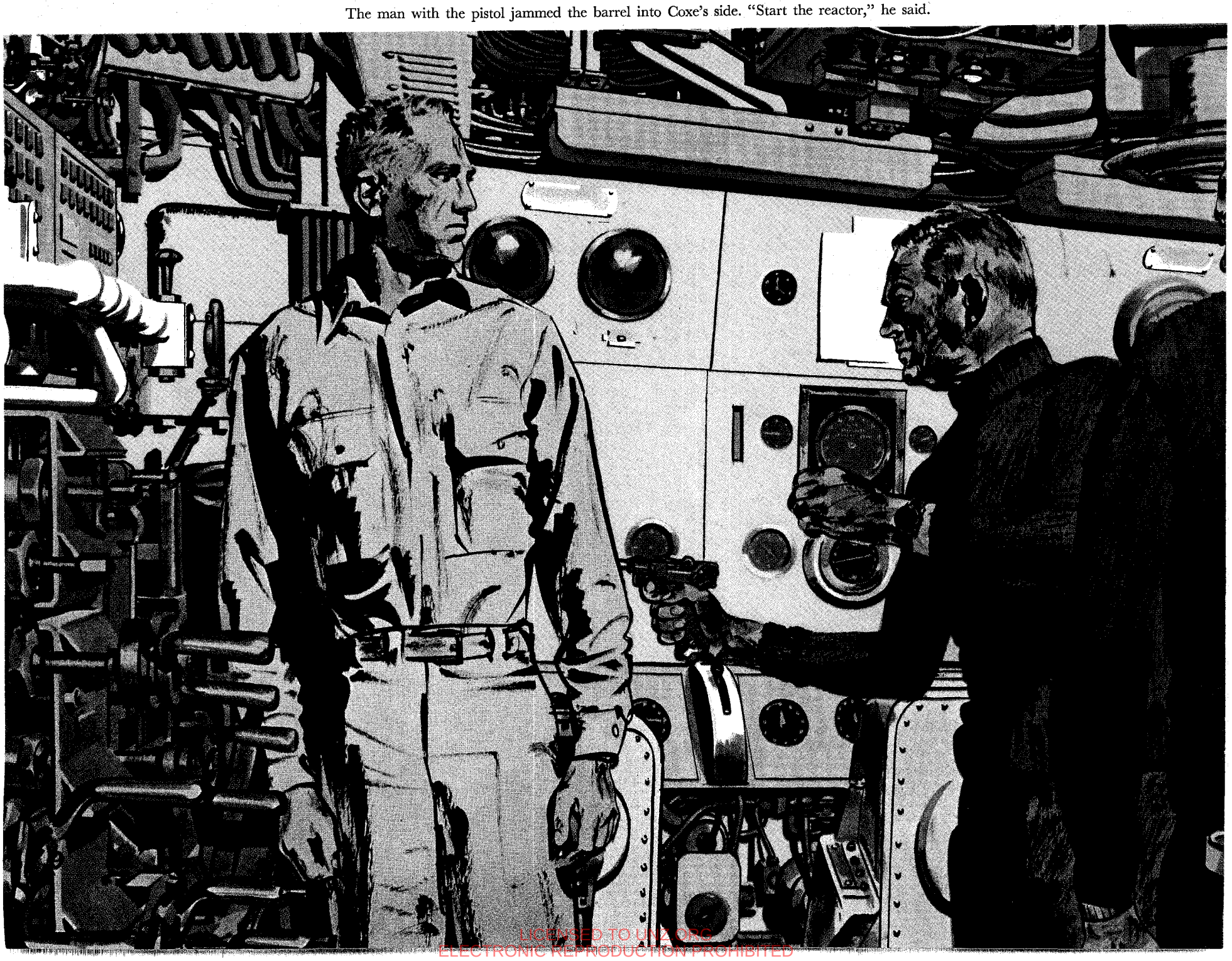
This was the Russian officer's fantastic assignment: steal an American atomic submarine.

By CLAY BLAIR, Jr. Illustrated by Noel Sickles



Shortly before midnight, a dank fog had rolled upriver and settled over the long rows of finger piers at the United States Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut. When Lt. Edward F. Coxe, Jr., USN, opened the forward hatch of the new nuclear-powered submarine Swordray, moored in Slip 10, and climbed out onto the slippery steel deck, he could not suppress a sneeze. *Damn*, he thought as he wiped his nose with a handkerchief. *What a hell of a way to spend Christmas Eve.* Coxe, as the .45-caliber pistol on his hip signified, was watch officer aboard the Swordray. There were twenty enlisted men below decks. The remainder of the crew were either on leave or liberty.

The man with the pistol jammed the barrel into Coxe's side. "Start the reactor," he said.



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He slammed the hatch shut, blinked his eyes several times in a futile attempt to adjust them to the dark; then half felt his way aft to conduct a routine inspection of the mooring lines. Coxe was casual in his inspection. For one thing, he knew that conditions would not have changed since his last inspection shortly after 2200. For another, it was his last week aboard the Swordray—in fact, his last week in submarines—and Coxe had lost all enthusiasm.

He leaned on the after end of the conning tower and stared blankly at the fog-shrouded fantail light. In his mind he was for the one-hundredth time reliving a scene which had occurred in the captain's stateroom a week earlier, when Swordray had completed her shakedown cruise and had put into port for traditional Christmas leave.

The captain, Comdr. Martin H. White, U.S.N., had been sitting at his folding desk when Coxe knocked on the stainless-steel bulkhead and snapped, "Coxe reporting, sir."

"Come in, Ed," Commander White said.

He put down a sheaf of ship's dispatches and waved toward a chair. White's square-jawed face was well tanned, evidence of much time spent on Swordray's bridge, steaming in and out of Key West. At thirty-eight, White was senior submarine skipper in the fleet, with

"Commander Ilychev," the Defense Minister said, "I cannot overemphasize the importance of this mission."

additional duty as commander of the nuclear-powered-submarine Division Six, consisting of the Nautilus and the Swordray.

Lieutenant Coxe sat down uneasily. He tipped his chair slightly until the back of his head rested against the lower outside edge of the compartment's upper bunk. Commander White eyed the junior officer meditatively. Though Coxe was unusually tall—six feet five according to his jacket—White nevertheless considered the maneuver with the chair perilous. Certainly it lacked dignity. But then, White thought, Ed Coxe had been brought up in submarines. *Why did it fall to me to have to tell him, of all people, he isn't a submariner?*

"Ed," White said softly, getting to the point, "I don't have to tell you your old man was the greatest submariner we ever had. I was just your age when I reported aboard his boat in 1943, and he taught me everything I know. Before he went down, he took seventeen Jap ships with him—nearly five hundred thousand tons. His Medal of Honor was well deserved." White could hear his own voice as if from a distance and he wondered, *Is this the way to do it?*

It mattered little to Ed Coxe how he did it. He knew what was coming. He had endured these scenes many times before, and they traditionally began with a reference to his father. First had been the turn-down for being too tall when he applied for the academy, but the Secretary of the Navy had waived the requirements after no fewer than twenty-five captains wrote letters on his behalf. Then came the rejection from the Navy Crew, and the question of his graduating from the academy because of low grades. After that it was the application for Nuclear-Power School and duty on the Nautilus, both of which were rigged for him by his father's submarine friends, now in positions of influence in the submarine force.

Suddenly Ed Coxe blurted out untypically, "Why don't you get to the point, sir? You feel it is your unpleasant duty to tell me that I have failed in qualification for submarine duty and that I must be transferred elsewhere."

Commander White fumbled for words. "Ed, son, I don't know what to say. I know you've tried very hard. I know how much this means to you and to your mother, and I know —— Well, I want you to know this is the toughest thing I have ever had to do in my life. And I mean it." White could feel himself trembling inside, and he wished it were done with. Further, at that moment he wished he had never heard of Ed Coxe, or Commander Coxe, or the Nautilus, or the Navy.

Lieutenant Coxe was now on his feet. Awkwardly he stuck out his long, bony hand, and as Commander White grasped it firmly, he said, "Thanks, commander. Thanks for trying so hard for me—and for my father and all. I guess I should have stayed out of the Navy, but I ——"

His voice trailed off and he turned, bent his neck and left the captain's cabin.

White stared after him for a moment thinking, *How could Mary and Ed Coxe ever have such a nonnautical misfit?* Then he took out a sheet of ruled paper and a pencil and began scribbling:

To: ComSubLant,
From: ComDivSix,
Subject: Disqualification From Submarines, Lieutenant Edward Fausten Coxe, Jr., U.S.N. ——

Now on his last duty watch, Ed Coxe ambled slowly aft toward the fantail light on the Swordray, thinking. The question was: Should he leave the Navy, or should he struggle on bearing the cross of his illustrious father until someday he might retire, undistinguished, as a captain? The lure of the outside was inviting. Having studied and had practical experience with nuclear engines, especially as assistant reactor officer

(Continued on Page 74)

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The Body Worshipers of Muscle Beach

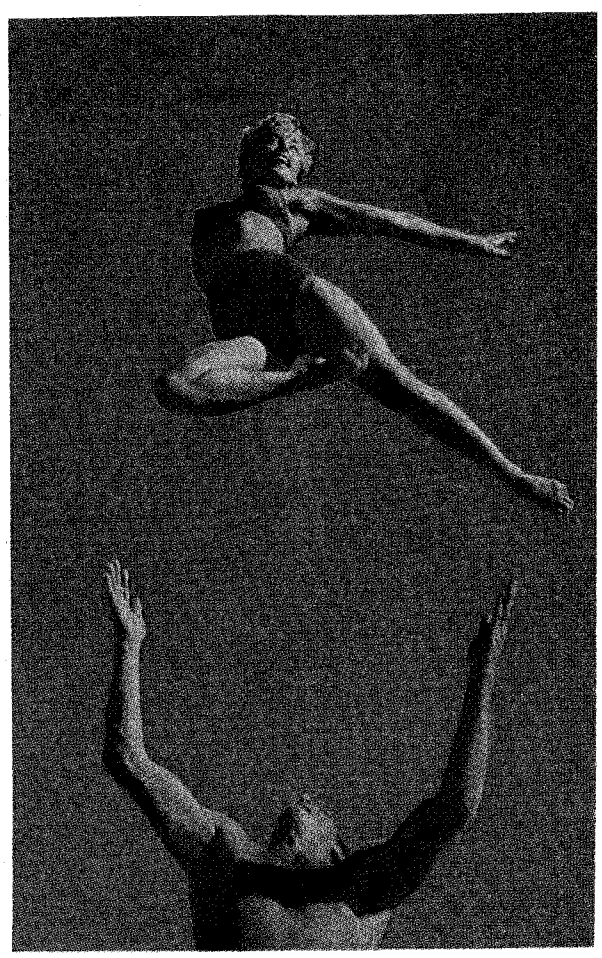
This 100-yard strip of Santa Monica sand is the most strenuous—and often the funniest—beach in the world.

By Joel Sayre

One way to support a family: Ron Ferges and his athletic clan perform as a group, though each has a gymnastic specialty. The muscle builder at left is practicing adagio while others wait their turn.

You may search in vain through our Government's official directory of post offices for any mention of Muscle Beach. Yet not only does Muscle Beach exist—and a very live and kicking place it is—but quite a few people receive mail there with that address on it. Letters from foreign parts, like Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, addressed merely to Muscle Beach, U.S.A., never give the resourceful puzzle solvers in the Post Office Department the slightest trouble. All mailing matter so destined is routed to Santa Monica, a pleasant and handsome town of 80,000 adjacent to, but independent of, the metropolis of Los Angeles.

Muscle Beach itself is a stretch of not particularly glamorous sand about 100 yards long and 150 yards wide close to the Santa Monica Municipal Pier. It is flanked on the north by Vi and Jack's restaurant (Muscleburgers, Bikiniburgers, Mile-Long Hot Dogs); on the south by a few child-size metal slides worn



Russ Saunders and his wife Patti, who do stunt work for the movies, give free instruction at the beach.

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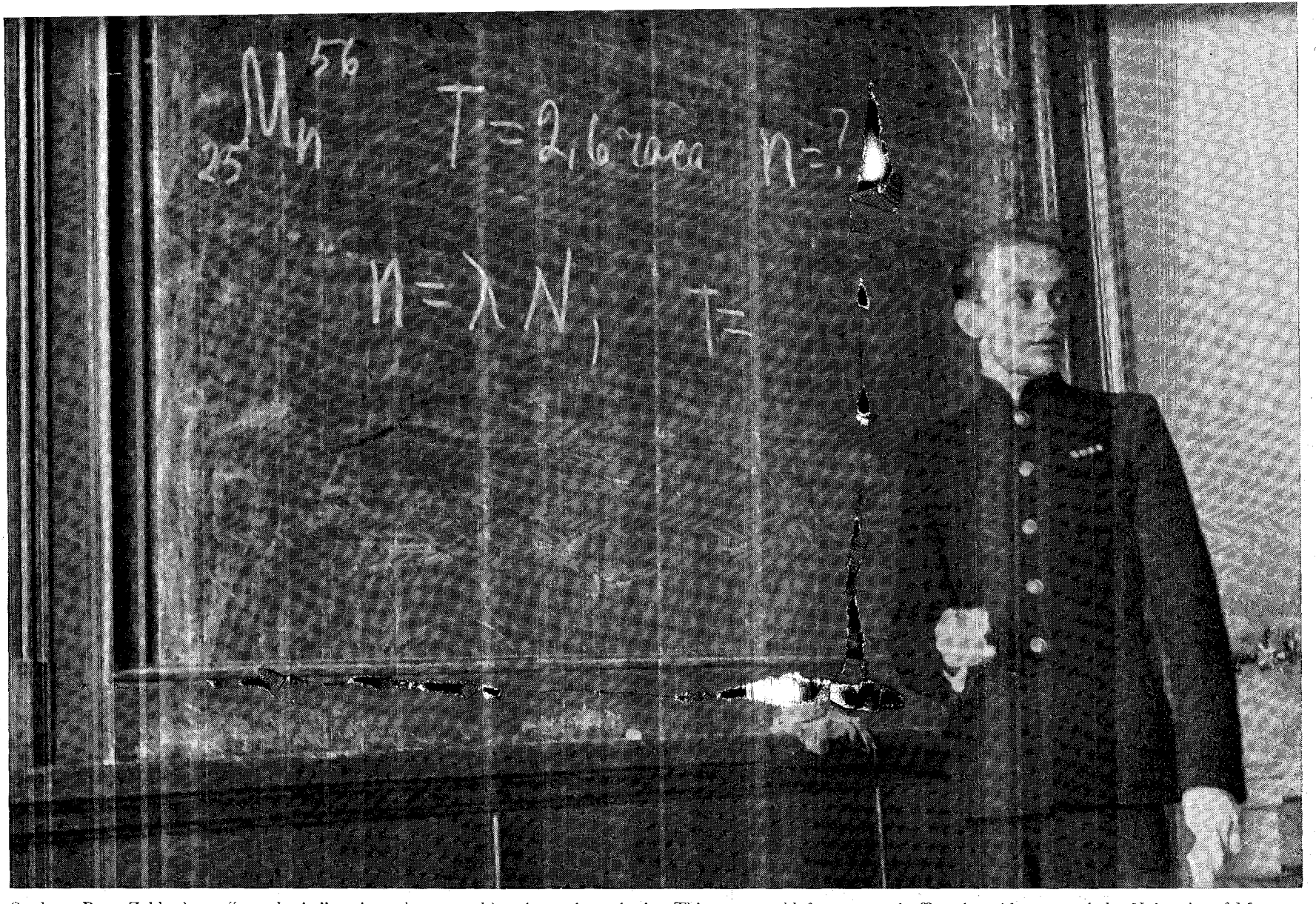


Student: Peter Zablotsky, a "sea physics" major, solves a problem in nuclear physics. This 32-year-old former naval officer is paid to attend the University of Moscow.

Big Man on a Red Campus

A behind-the-scenes report on life at the University of Moscow and its hard-working young students.

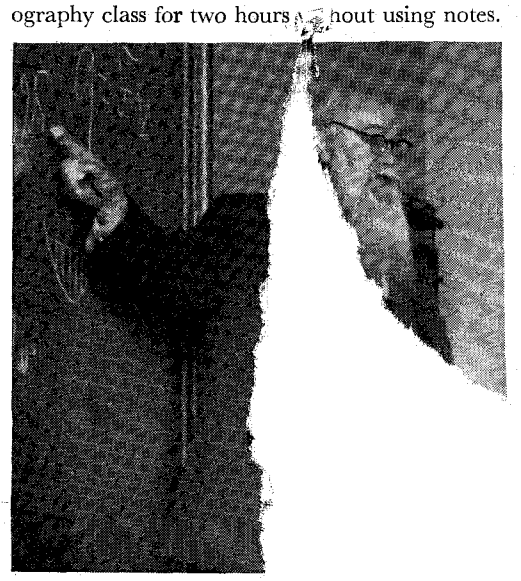
By HOWARD SIMONS

A small, wiry young man with a quick smile, only one suit of clothes to his name and an inauspicious background has become one of the most talked-about young men in the world. He is Peter Zablotsky, a thirty-two-year-old former naval officer who taught seamanship for a while after his discharge from the navy and then, in 1953, went to college. Peter Zablotsky is a physics major at the University of Moscow—that's why he is so talked about. He is a typical specimen of the regiments of scientists the Soviet is pressure-cooking today.

Recently I spent a sunup to sundown day with Peter at the University of Moscow's giant science skyscraper. Armed with a two-year study of the Russian language, a big blond female interpreter, and special permission, I watched Peter go through the routine he follows in the five-and-a-half-year grind required of every science major in Russian universities. When I met Peter he was beginning his fourth year as a major in sea physics. He had already worked his way through an impressive curriculum. Like each of the other 2499 physics majors at the University of Moscow, he had been poured into the same mold of required subjects.

Although science and f[illegible] languages had taken the major slice of P[illegible]chool time, he had been required to tak[illegible]other subjects described as "social sciences." During his first year he spent three hours each week listening to lectures on the History of the Communist Party. In his second year he continued to learn about the hand that is fee[illegible]ing him, but in a larger dose of four hours [illegible]ekly. In his third year he began a course in [illegible]olitical economy—he describes it as "a study of capitalism and socialism." But all work and no play makes even Ivan a dull boy, and the ever Olympics-conscious Russians require their science students to take two years of a subject called sports.

Teacher: Professor Orloff lec[illegible]s to Peter's oceanography class for two hours [illegible]hout using notes.



For all this Peter does not pay a red ruble of his own money. On the contrary, he gets paid well for going to school. He attends the University of Moscow on what the Russians call a stipend. The closest American counterpart to the Russian stipend is the present-day Korean G.I. Bill of Rights. In both programs, theirs and ours, the student receives a set sum of money once a month from his government, and with it must pay tuition, room, board and try to save some for beer money. There is one big difference between the two scholarship programs, however. The American veteran can rarely save any beer money, let alone pay all his educational bills. Peter, on the other hand, can afford more than one keg of "peeva" (beer) each month.

Little is known of the Russian stipend system and, to complicate matters, it varies greatly with each student. It seems to be dictated by the school attended, the courses being taken, the

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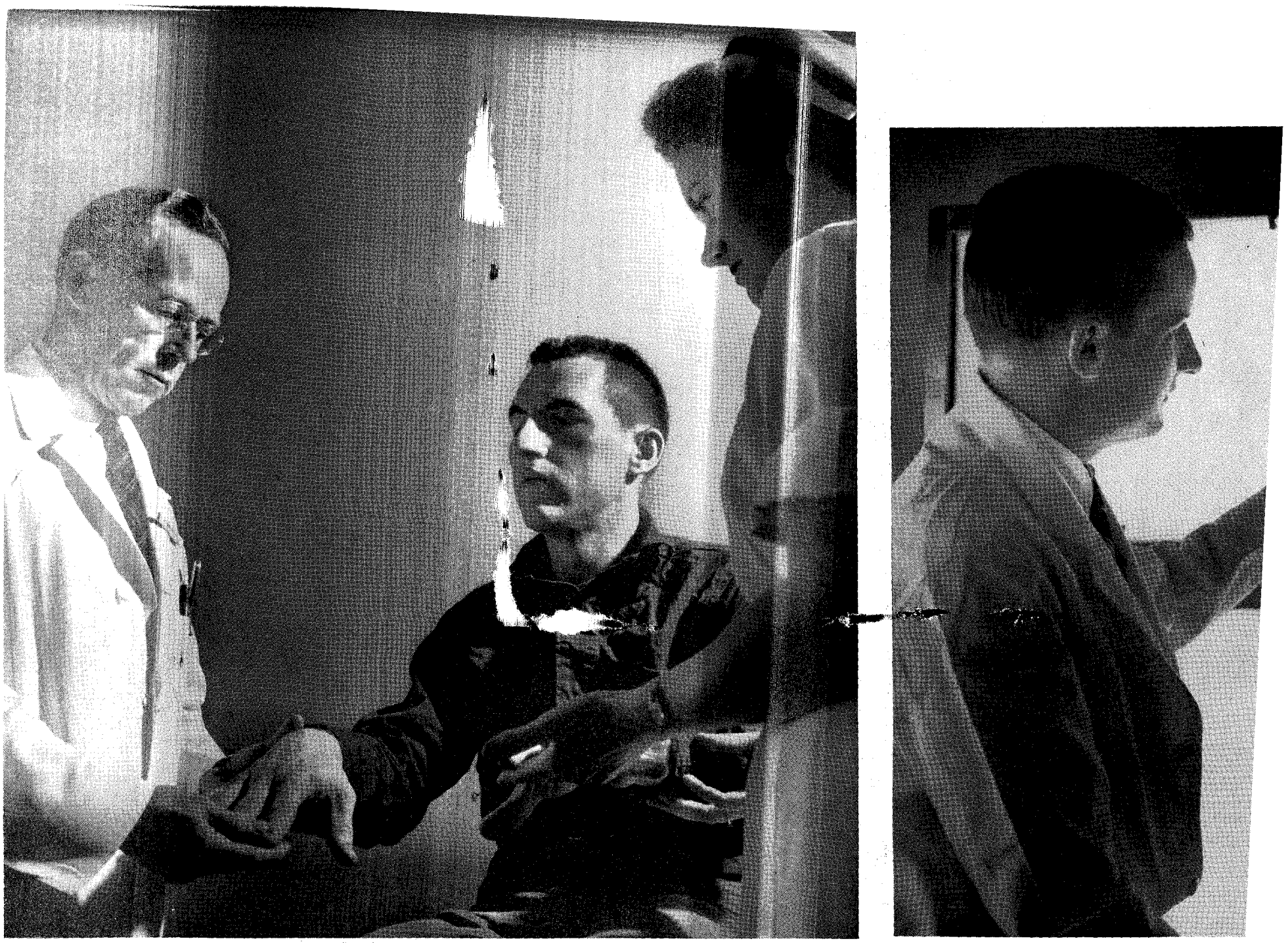

Dr. Thomas Warthin (left) was the first to diagnose the author's rare malady as acromegaly—chronic over-activity of the pituitary gland. Dietrich (center) had been under psychiatric care off and on for almost nine years.

They Said I Was Neurotic

By GUY L. DIETRICH

He suffered agonizing headaches and frightening blackouts; he flew into rages and struck his wife—all because of a strange disease that almost defied diagnosis.

The last time I tried to kill myself was in the fall of 1955. I don't remember much about it, except that a black seizure came over me—a nightmarish feeling of despair, coupled with pain—total, overwhelming pain. The pain was in my flesh, in my bones and in my head. For the rest, I remember nothing but my wife struggling to drag me out of the garage, out of the car, where I sat with the engine running and the garage doors closed.

I knew only that the strange curse that had afflicted me for ten years was still operating, still driving me toward self-destruction and, what is worse, destruction of those I loved. It was not the first time I had attempted suicide, but suicide was a lesser crime than others I might be guilty of today if something had not intervened. Tha[t] [s]omething I call God. Indeed, it was God, in the person of one of his ministers, who once prevented me from carrying out a monstr[o]us threat: to kill, as well as myself, my belove[d] wife, who was pregnant at the time, the two l[i]ttle pies I adored, and Sambo, our dog. By some [mi]racle, none of these creatures—not even t[he] dog—has ever wavered in devotion to me. I [a]m still a young man—thirty-five—and it is my aim to spend the rest of my life providing t[h]em with unceasing love and protection—with God's help. I pray that those dreadful seizures will never recur, and I have reason to believ[e] they won't. I have now been free of them fo[r] a year and a half, the longest period of peace I have known since 1945.

But I can never be sure. I am the victim [o]f rare, mysterious and horrible disease cal[led] acromegaly. The doctors can arrest this [d]ease. Whether or not they can cure it per[m]nently, in my case, remains to be seen. I h[ave] been the subject of drastic therapy. I have clamped in a chair—not unlike an elec[tric] chair—before a 2,000,000-volt X-ray mach[ine] while thousands of roentgens poured into skull. So powerful is this machine that technicians who operate it must stand be[hind] special cement walls two feet thick and obs[erve] through ten layers of glass. Only I, the pat[ient] am exposed to its force.

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Photographs by George Burns

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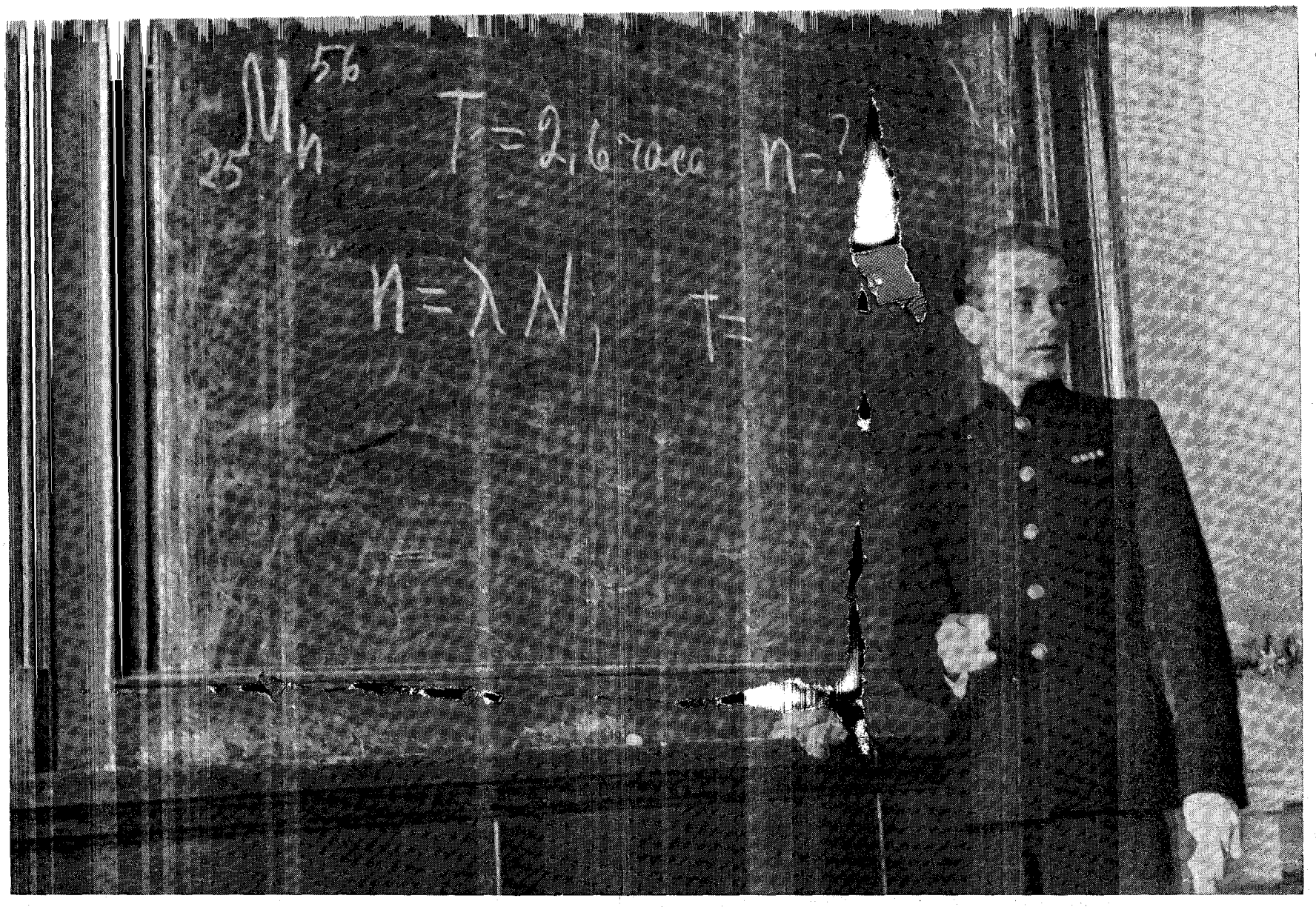

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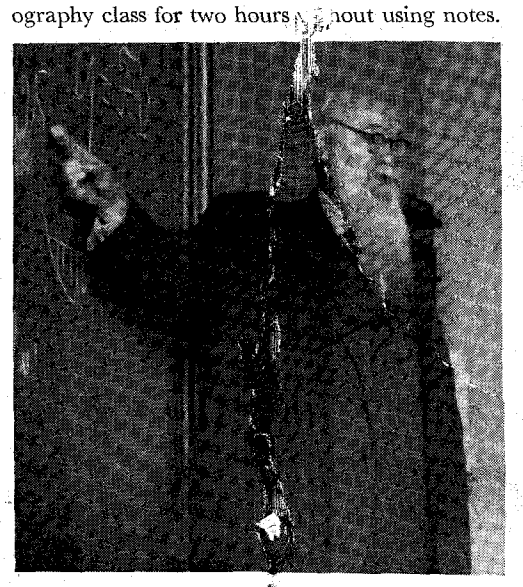

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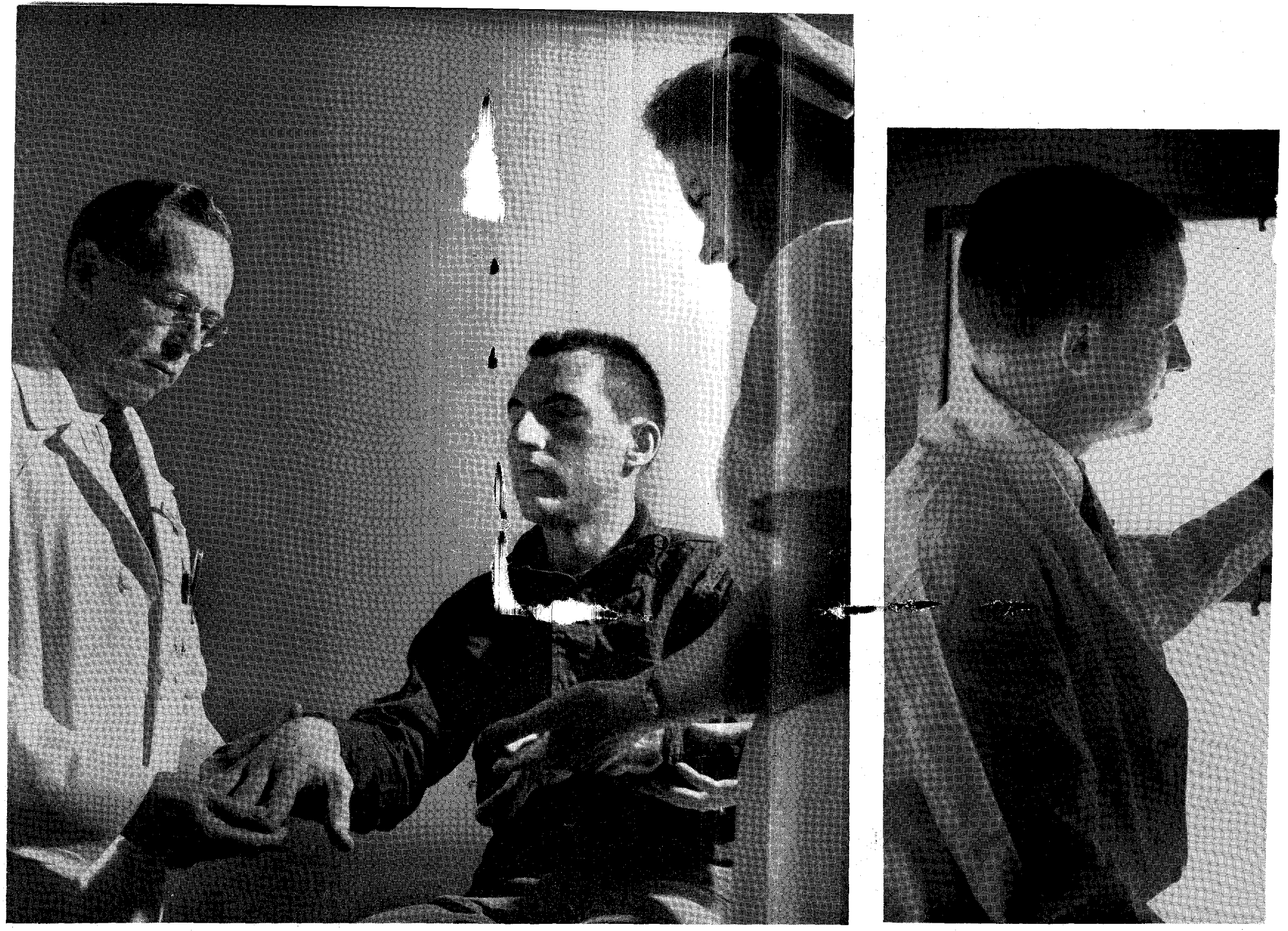

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Photographs by George Burns

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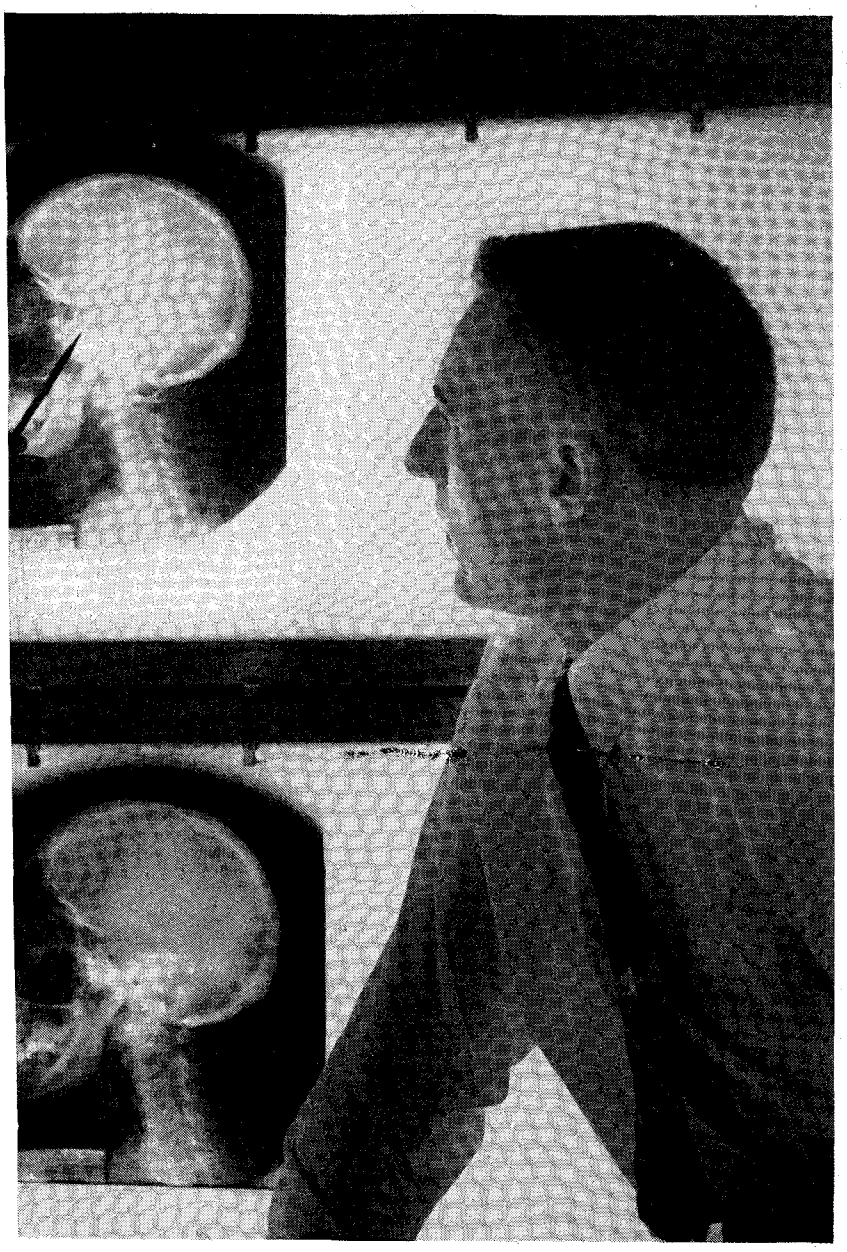
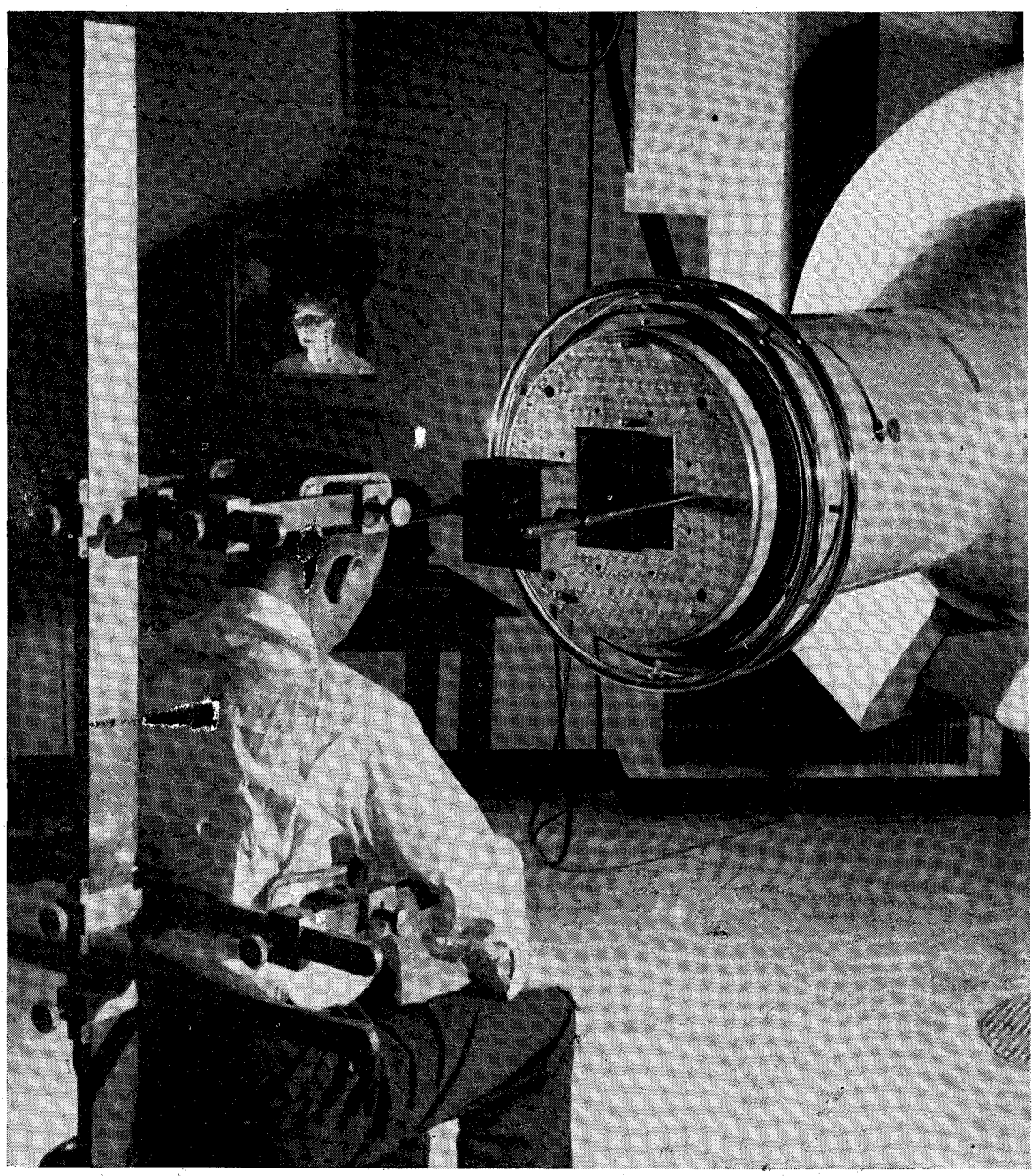
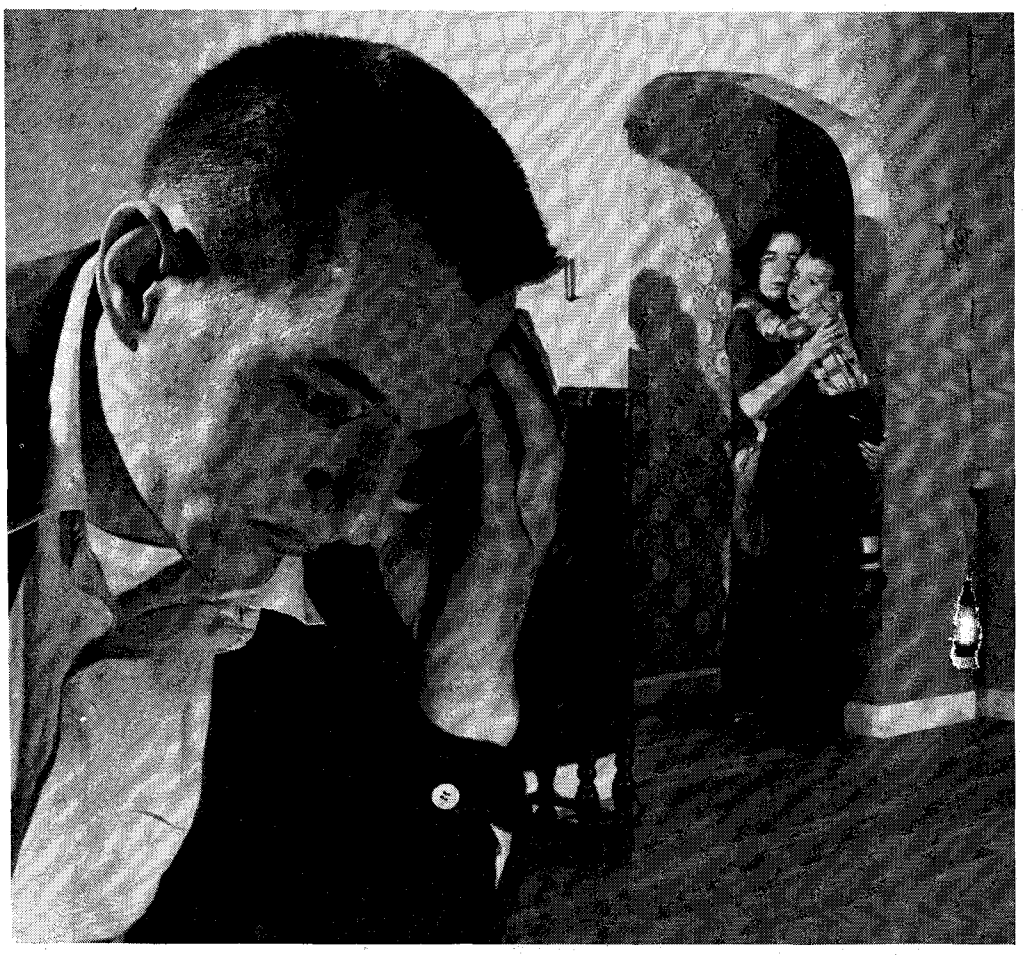


A radiologist from Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston shows the author the location of the tumorous pituitary gland on X rays of his skull.



At New England Deaconess Hospital, Dietrich was treated by this 2,000,000-volt X-ray machine, which is so powerful that the technician must stand behind a two-foot-thick wall.



Dietrich's demoniacal seizures usually occurred in the early evening; they began without warning and ended abruptly. Even now, he lives with the fear that they might someday recur.

But he has had no attack since December, 1955. His family has never wavered in their devotion to him, and they are struggling back to a normal life.

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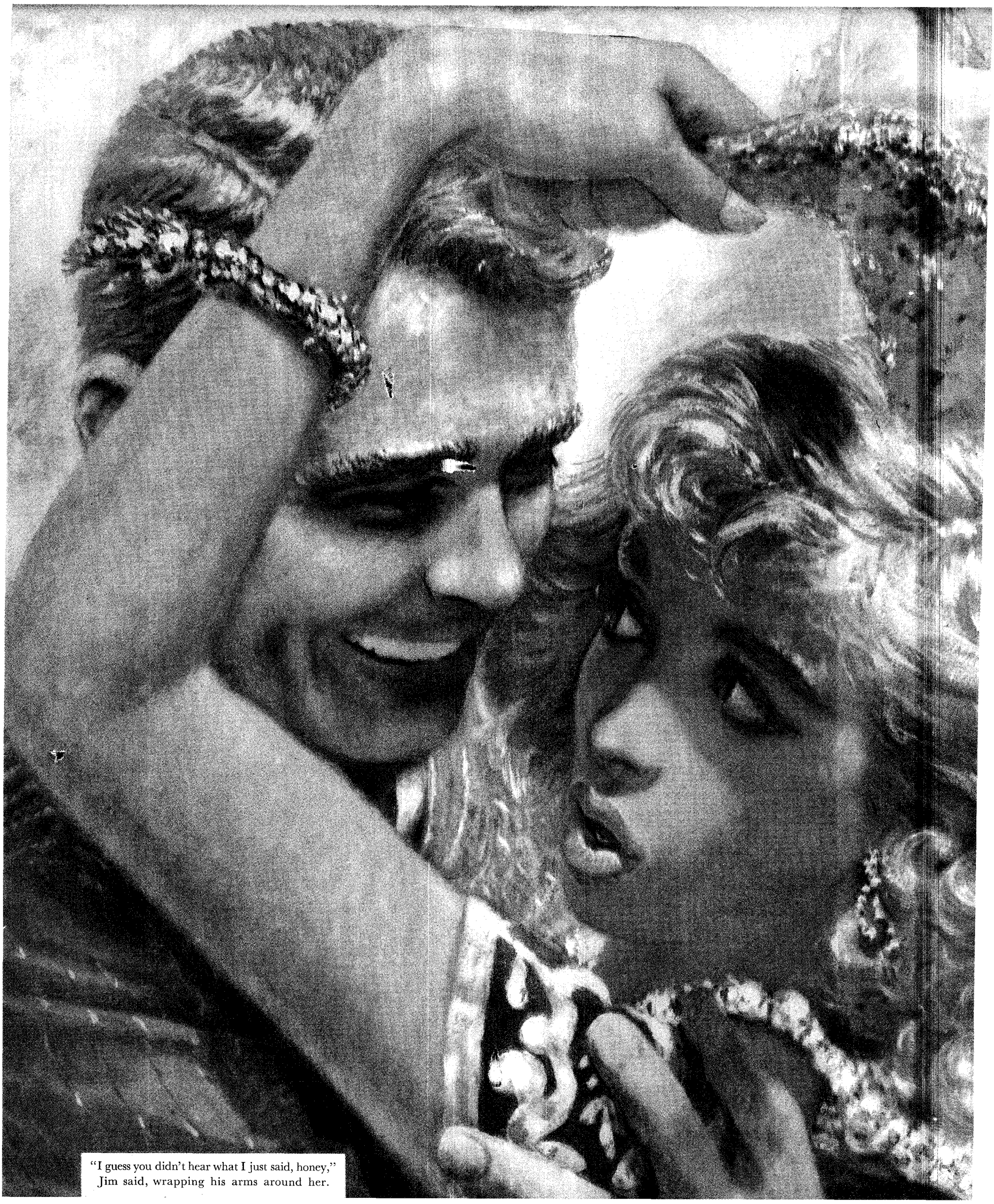

"I guess you didn't hear what I just said, honey," Jim said, wrapping his arms around her.

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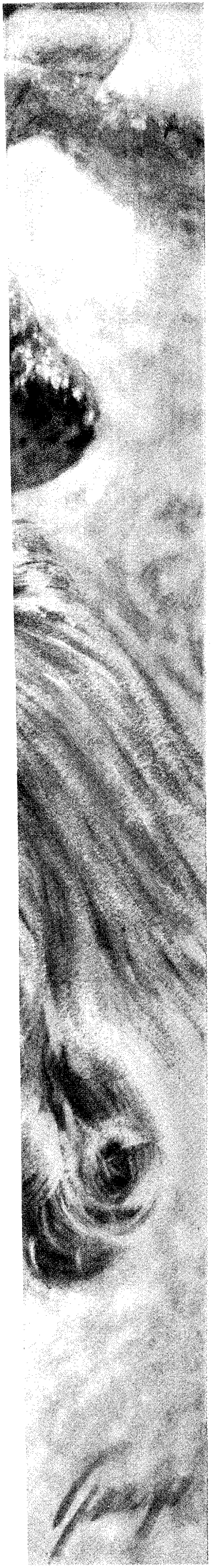

The Marriage Secret

Joan and Jim had to learn that there was just one way to keep a marriage from breaking up . . .

By JOHN DE MEYER

Henry and Mary Colton had been married for twenty-four years and fifteen days. It was now breakfast time and the coffee was cold. Mary considered warming it. In fact, she considered it quite a while.

At last she gave it up. "Henry," she asked, "why did we ever get married?"

Henry put down his newspaper and glared. In twenty-four years and fifteen days he had developed a remarkable ability to glare. He could also grunt disdainfully. "That's a good question," he grunted. "Why did we?"

"Henry!" Mary cried.

Henry picked up his newspaper. "A woman who asks a question deserves an answer."

"Henry," she said, "did you ever wish we hadn't got married?"

Henry read on. "More coffee," he said. "Warm, this time."

Mary got up from the table and in due time produced hot coffee.

Henry sniffed it and read on. Suddenly he slapped his newspaper on the table. Now his glare was outrageous.

"Was there ever a time I did?" he demanded.

Mary was mildly surprised. "Did what?"

"Want to get married!"

Mary grinned reminiscently. "There were certain times," she said.

"That was a long time ago!" Henry emphasized every word.

"Drink your coffee, dear," Mary said. And they both knew that they were utterly content with each other.

Then the front door slammed, and at the sound of sobs and running feet, Henry and Mary glanced at each other. Suddenly their daughter, Joan, flung herself into the dining room and into Mary's arms.

"Mother," Joan cried, "Jim has left me!"

Henry Colton was a man who dealt with basic matters basically. He jumped to his feet. "Where did he go?"

"To the office!" Joan cried. "He swears he won't come back!"

Henry Colton strode to the telephone. He dialed a number. He got an answer. He asked for Jim Whiting. His son-in-law answered.

"Jim, have you left Joan?" Henry said.

"I have," Jim said.

"That's all I want to know," Henry said, and he hung up. As he strode back to the table, he seemed to have borrowed a few inches of stature. "Now," he said to Joan, "I want to know why he left you!"

"He just up and left me!" Joan cried. Even in her distress she was astonishingly beautiful.

"Joan, have you been acting like a wife?" Henry demanded.

Mary Colton gasped. "Henry, what a question!"

"Any married woman who acts like a wife ought to have her head examined," Henry said. "Joan, I asked you a question. Have you been acting like a wife?"

(Continued on Page 99)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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SWINDLER IN THE STATEHOUSE

When Orville Hodge went to prison, he left behind him a baffling trail which may lead eventually to an underworld empire and to millions of missing dollars.

By Robert M. Yoder

Conclusion

On the hot afternoon in June when George Thiem stared into a microfilm viewer at a strip of checks totaling $178,000, all endorsed on a typewriter, the Chicago Daily News reporter knew he had uncovered the secret crime of Orville E. Hodge, auditor of public accounts of the state of Illinois.

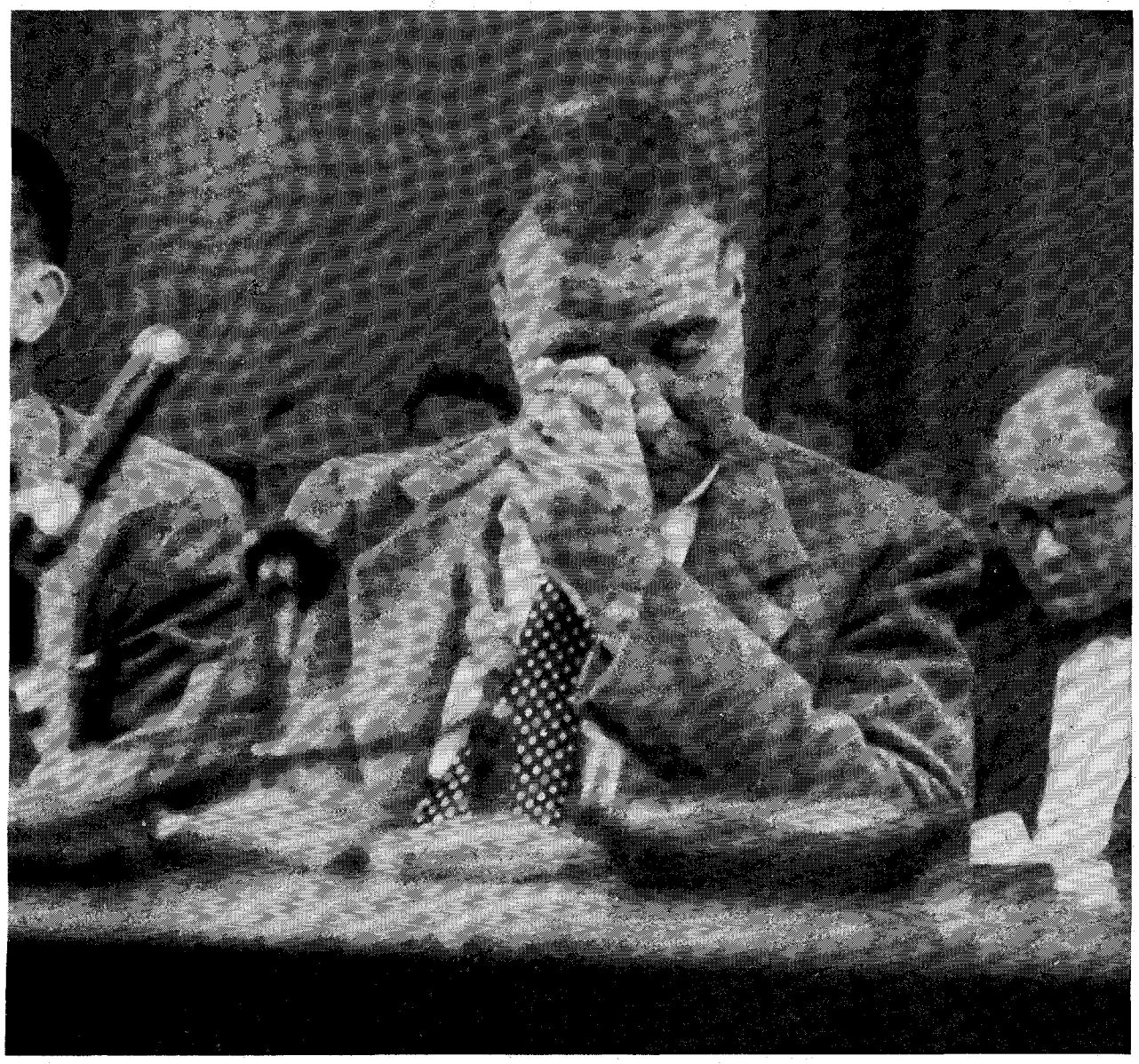
Thiem guessed that the popular state official might have drained a million dollars from the state treasury in three and a half luxurious years. It would turn out that Thiem was underestimating a remarkably deceptive character by at least another million, and probably a million and a half. But Thiem's job at the moment was to prove even the smallest part of the crime, before Hodge succeeded in covering up. And Hodge was at work.

A Chicago attorney had told the News he had never received a $9000 check issued to him by Hodge's office. In trying to verify or disprove the disclaimer, Thiem had stumbled upon a reel of microfilm showing fifteen canceled checks all issued the same day, all endorsed, apparently, on the same typewriter. If the attorney didn't get the $9000 check, then the chances were strong that all fifteen checks were fraudulent. In that event, Thiem had uncovered major crime in the statehouse.

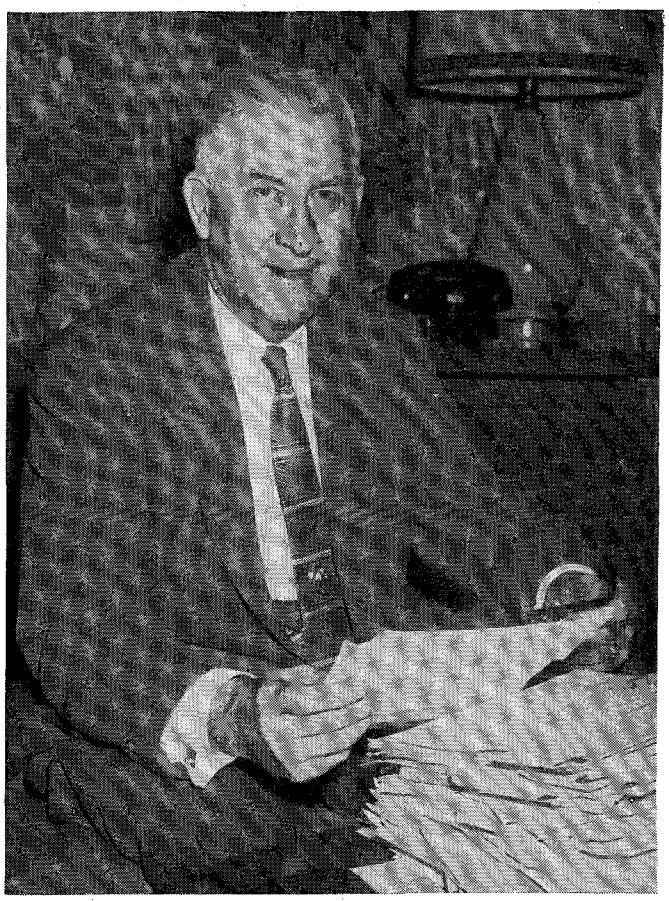
The films were part of the records of another state official, treasurer Warren Wright. Wright didn't know what dynamite he possessed. Obviously Hodge didn't know these films existed or he would have had them destroyed. The urgent job right now was to get photographic copies made so that some disaster of Hodge's creation—say a fire—wouldn't destroy the evidence. All other evidence of Hodge's guilt was in Hodge's own hands.

Two of treasurer Wright's aides were with Thiem on this humid Friday afternoon. Other employees had gone home early and the office was deserted. But the treasurer was still in his private office. His men took the films to him.

Wright didn't say so until later, but Hodge had been to see him, demanding Wright's help. George Thiem had been getting some information from a card file in Wright's office. "You've got to protect me," Hodge had told Wright. "If I go down, the whole team goes down." He meant the whole Republican state ticket in the (Continued on Page 115)



Former Illinois state auditor Orville Hodge weeps during testimony before a Senate committee. "I don't think you're being fair with me . . . I'm trying to do my best," he said.



State treasurer Warren E. Wright was shocked to learn that his records contained evidence of Hodge's crime. Hodge himself tipped Wright off by pleading, "You've got to protect me." Wright refused.

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The story of an American town and the bitter feud between its people and the airmen stationed there.

Fighting Mad

By RICHARD STERN

In a way, the colonel thought, he was in the position of a man who was fighting a swarm of bees—one basic problem, many stingers, only one pair of hands. The colonel's name was Bradley—Jonas Bradley—not that the Jonas matters. And the fighter base was a new one, not yet completely fitted into its environment.

The airman second class said, "I dunno, sir. This local character kept crowding me. So, finally, I popped him." The local character had had friends in the beer parlor; so had the airman.

"Just how did he crowd you?" the colonel said.

"Oh, I dunno, sir. You know how it is. These local civilians."

"No. I don't know how it is."

The colonel looked at Major Jones, who remained behind after the airman had been led away. "Comments, Bud?"

"Well," the major said. "We're not popular here, sir."

"The fact," the colonel said, "had not escaped me."

"Rich land," the major said. "Productive land. We've taken a big hunk of it, and all we grow is cement runways and noise, and we're resented, like—like Japanese beetles." The major had been raised on a farm himself.

The colonel had not; at the time it seemed unimportant. He looked at his watch. He had a few minutes before the luncheon. "You've been in town this morning?"

"Yes, sir. The bills are everywhere. People are beginning to talk. They're bound to have some effect." Two-dollar bills; the entire base had been paid off in them yesterday to demonstrate the effect of the military upon the local economy. "Ah," the major said, "this came this morning, sir."

It was from Washington, official. The colonel read it. "How many now?"

If the major remembered correctly, this was Number 23, all (Continued on Page 122)

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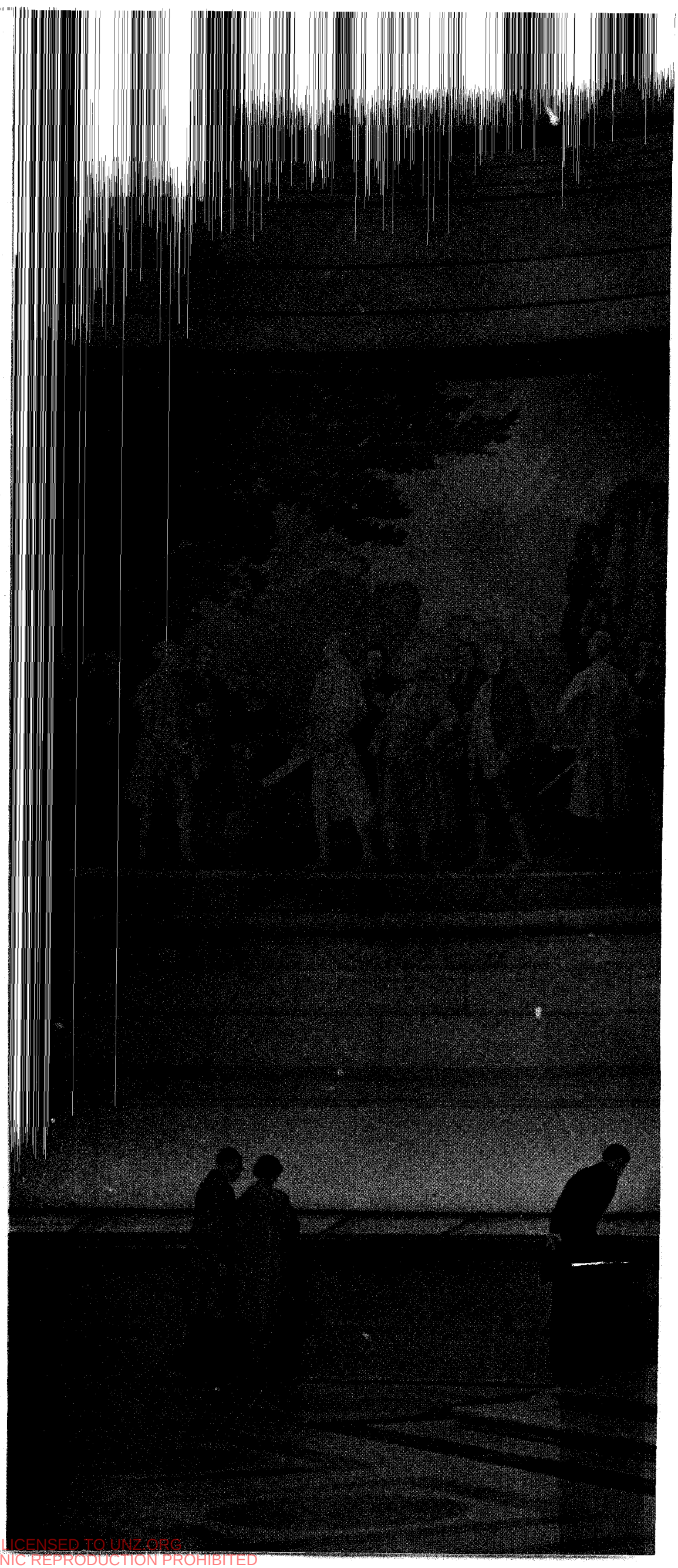
The Face of AMERICA

American Inheritance

Here repose the three most precious documents in the U.S.A.: In the upright case with bronze doors is the Declaration of Independence. Below it are the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Half a million persons a year file past these venerable parchments by day; each night an ingenious mechanism lowers the unit containing them into a vault twenty feet below the floor of the National Archives Exhibition Hall in Washington. Not always have these documents rested so securely, nor in such dignity. When the British sacked the capital in 1814, the three great charters, stuffed in coarse linen sacks, were conveyed to safety in Virginia. More recently, in World War II, they were deposited variously in Fort Knox and in another secret stronghold. But until danger threatens again, they remain in plain view, a reminder that rights hard won need eternal vigilance lest they be irretrievably lost. Photograph by George and Jim Burns



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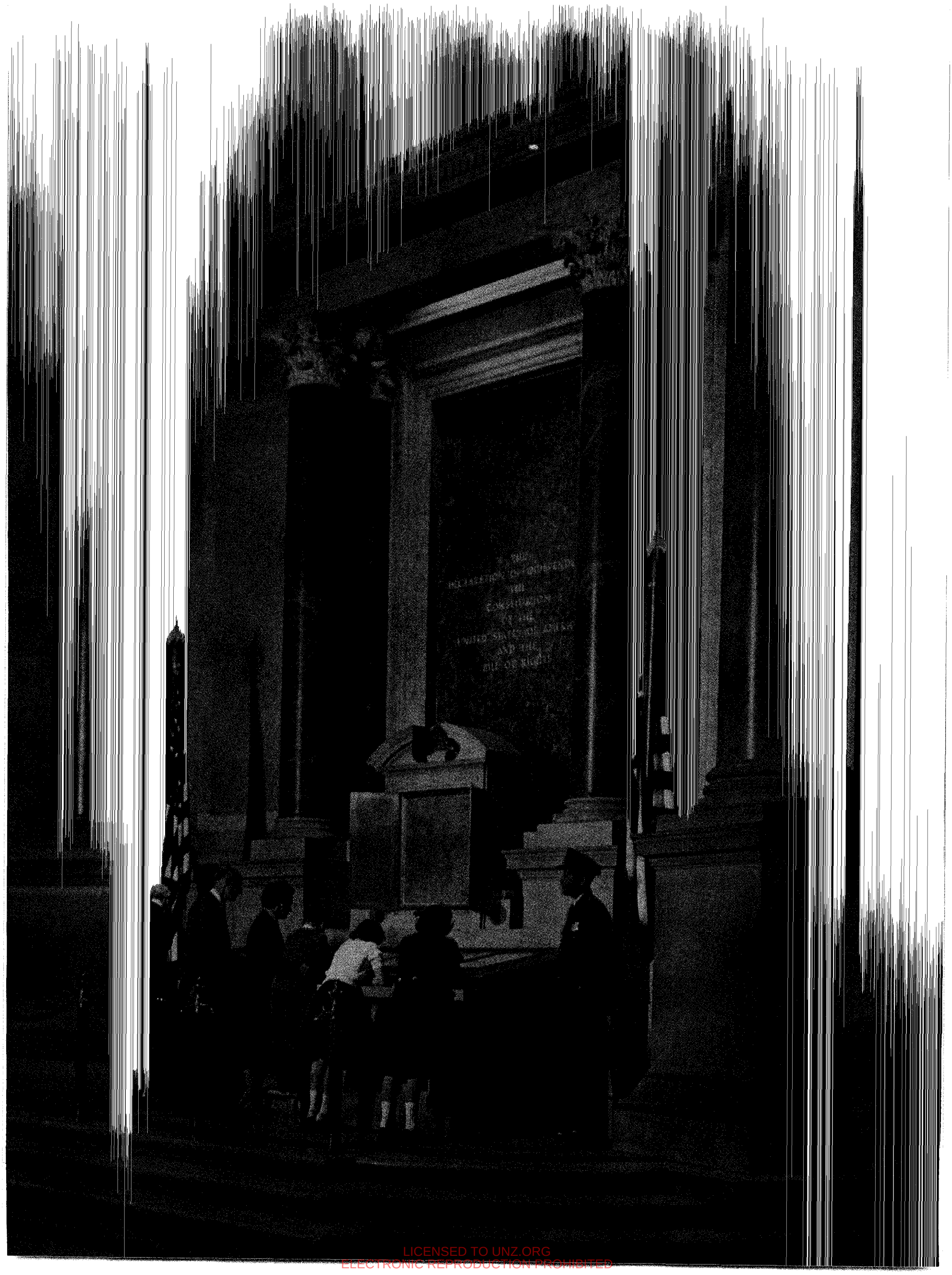

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Aintree, England: Jock Whitney (left), accompanied by Lord Sefton (bowler), at the Grand National Steeplechase in March of this year. His horse came in second.

The Fabulous Jock Whitney

Young Jock inherited $40,000,000, but he took a job at $65 a month. As a gay young blade he didn't waste his money—but he sure did love to spend it.

Part Two

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

When John Hay ("Jock") Whitney arrived in London as our ambassador to the Court of St. James's last February, he moved into a situation which The New York Times described as one ". . . which seasoned diplomats concede will test all the powers of personal charm and diplomacy which the new ambassador can muster." The task of mending the raveled ties of Anglo-American friendship is a delicate one; that Whitney should be considered as qualified for it is testimony to one of the most vigorous self-improvement programs of our times.

For Whitney grew up as the heir to a tremendous fortune, an impeccable social position and a tradition of princely living—a role that most men would consider a career in itself. Whitney used this base of privilege and possessions as a starting point for a career in business, philanthropy and public service. Jock's life suggests that he has learned to live by a humanistic tenet he once propounded to the graduating class of Fisk University—that people are more important than things.

Great wealth often brings psychological afflictions that can make the rich man a most unhappy fella. The worst of these is suspicion—the rich man's fear that the friendships and social contacts of his life are promoted by others for their own profit. "Does he like me or my money?" can be a nasty enigma to live with.

Whitney, by some happy conjunction of training and disposition, is almost entirely free of such suspicion. One of his closest friends recently remarked, "Jock never seems to be bothered by what you might call the rich man's syndrome—that terror of being had. He likes people in

(Continued on Page 92)

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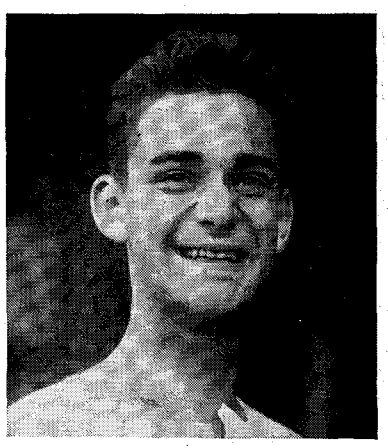
LIFE AND TIMES OF A MILLIONAIRE WHO MADE GOOD

Grandfather John Hay (right) became Lincoln's secretary in 1861; he, too, was a U.S. ambassador to Great Britain.

Mrs. Payne Whitney, the former Helen Hay, with her children, Joan (now Mrs. Charles S. Payson) and Jock.

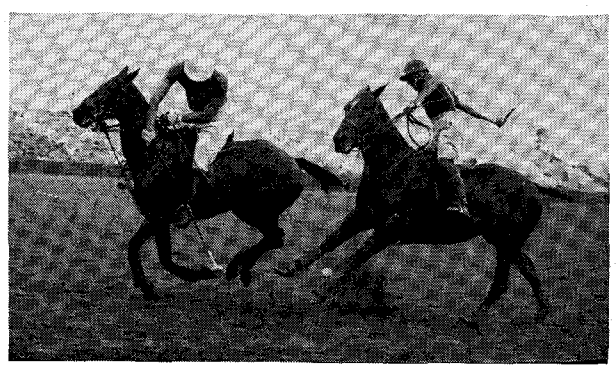
Young Jock and his sister at a dog show. As a child, he had a lisp and a stutter, but outgrew both.



At Yale (1922–26), Jock was an athletic and social success. He took a year's postgraduate work at Oxford.

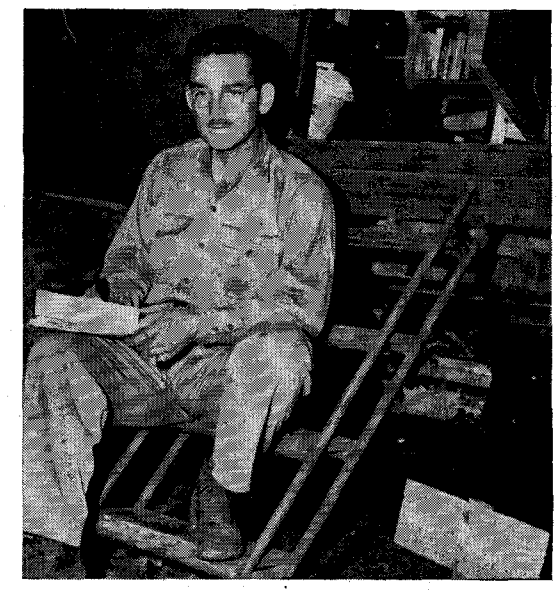
Sportsman Jock and his party at Aintree for the 1930 Grand National. Jock inherits his passion for horses; he owns two Thoroughbred breeding farms.

1935: Jock and his first wife, the former Liz Altemus, at the Belmont races.



Whitney (left) rode against Pete Bostwick in a match for the 1939 U.S. Open Polo title. Jock's team lost.

1940: Jock at the Stork Club with actress Norma Shearer. Jock had attained the heights as a movie producer of many hits, including Gone With the Wind and Rebecca.



1944: Colonel Whitney was captured by the Germans in France, later escaped by jumping from a moving train. Here he is pictured after his return to his Mediterranean Allied Air Forces base in Italy.

October, 1956: Jock, a $32,000 campaign contributor, his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Paley, and Henry Cabot Lodge let off steam for Ike at a pre-election rally.

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Admiral Hornblower

He won the battle, but he had to offer himself as a sacrifice.

By C. S. FORESTER

Rear Adm. Lord Hornblower found trouble on his official visit to New Orleans in 1821. On arrival, he learned that the powerful American ship, the Daring, had been chartered by one of Napoleon's former generals, Count Cambronne, to return 500 "colonists" to France. However, the admiral discovered the Daring's cargo contained bales of uniforms of the French Imperial Guard and 600 muskets. It was clear to Hornblower that the count, who had a thirteen-hour head start, was on his way to liberate Napoleon from St. Helena.

It would not be easy for the admiral's little flagship, the Crab, to catch the faster Daring in order to intercept her mission. Even if Hornblower did catch her, he had no authority to take the Daring into a British port, particularly since she flew the American flag. Offering battle would be futile, since the Crab, with its crew of sixteen, had no chance against the Daring. There was just one way for Hornblower to prevent the disaster of a Napoleonic restoration, but it would mean the end of his career.

The masthead lookout hailed the deck. "Sail ho! Dead to loo'ard, sir!"

CONCLUSION

That was how the Crab began her historic race to the Tobago Channel, over a distance nearly as great as the Atlantic is wide, with the brave trade wind laying her over as she thrashed along. All hands on board knew that she was engaged in a race, for in a little ship like Crab nothing could be kept secret; and all hands entered into the spirit of the race with the enthusiasm to be expected of them. Sympathetic eyes were turned toward the lonely figure of the admiral standing braced on the tiny quarter-deck with the wind singing round him. Everyone knew the chances he was taking; everyone thought that he deserved to win, and no one could guess at his real torment over the certainty that was crystallizing in his mind that this was the end of his career, whether he should win the race or lose it.

No one on board begrudged the constant labor involved in getting every yard of speed out of Crab, the continual hauling in and letting out of the sheets as the sails were trimmed to the least variation of the wind, the lightening and urgent shortening of canvas at the last possible moment as squalls came hurtling down upon them, the instant resetting as the squalls passed on their way.

All hands constituted themselves as unofficial lookouts; there was really no need for the admiral to have offered a golden guinea to the man who should first sight Daring—there was always the chance of an encounter even before reaching the Tobago Channel. Nobody minded wet shirts and wet beds as the spray burst over Crab's bows in dazzling rainbows and found its way below through the deck as the overdriven schooner worked her seams open in the heavy swell. The hourly casting of the log, the daily calculation of the ship's run were eagerly anticipated by men who usually displayed all the fatalistic indifference of the hardened sailor toward these matters.

"I am shortening the water allowance, my lord," said Harcourt to Hornblower the first morning out.

"To how much?" Hornblower asked the question trying to appear as if he were really interested in the answer, so that his misery over something else should not be apparent.

"To half a gallon, my lord."

Two quarts of fresh water a day per man—that would be hardship for men laboring hard in the tropics.

"You are quite right, Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower.

Every possible precaution must be taken. It was impossible to predict how long the voyage would last, nor how long they would have to remain on patrol without refilling their water casks; it would be absurd if they were driven prematurely into port as a result of thoughtless extravagance.

"I'll instruct Giles," went on Hornblower, "to draw the same ration for me."

Harcourt blinked a little at that; his small experience with admirals led him to think they led a life of maximum luxury. He had not thought sufficiently far into the problem to realize that if Giles had a free hand as regarded drinking water for his admiral, Giles and perhaps all Giles' friends would also have all the drinking water they needed. And there was no smile on Hornblower's face as he spoke; Hornblower wore the same bleak and friendless expression that he had displayed toward everyone since reaching his decision when they went to sea.

They sighted Cape San Antonio one afternoon, and knew they were through the Yucatàn Channel; not only did this give them a fresh departure, but they knew that from now on it would not be extremely unlikely for them to sight Daring at any moment; they were pursuing very much the same course as she would be taking, from this point onward.

Two nights later they passed Grand Cayman; they did not sight it, but they heard the roar of the surf on one of the outlying reefs. That was a proof of how closely Harcourt was cutting his corners; Hornblower felt that he would have given Grand Cayman a wider berth than that. It was a moment when he chafed more than usual at the convention which prohibited an admiral from interfering in the management of his flagship.

The following night they picked up soundings on the Pedro Bank, and knew that Jamaica and Kingston were a scant hundred miles to windward of them. From this new departure Harcourt could set a fresh course, direct for the Tobago Channel, but could not hold it. The trade wind took it into its head to veer round south of east, as was not surprising

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The Imperial Guard, all in full uniform, lined up on deck in readiness for battle.

with midsummer approaching, and it blew dead foul. Harcourt laid Crab on the starboard tack—never voluntarily would any captain worth his salt yield a yard to the southward in the Caribbean—and clawed his way as close to the wind as Crab would lie.

"I see you've taken in the tops'ls, Mr. Harcourt," remarked Hornblower, venturing on ticklish ground.

"Yes, my lord." In response to his admiral's continued inquiring glance, Harcourt condescended to explain further, "A beamy schooner like this isn't intended to sail on her side, my lord. We make less leeway under moderate sail like this, my lord, as long as we're close hauled with a strong breeze."

"You know your own ship best, of course, Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower grudgingly.

It was hard to believe that Crab was making better progress without her magnificent square topsails spread to the breeze. He could be sure that Daring would have every stitch of canvas spread—perhaps a single reef. Crab thrashed on her way, once or twice shipping it green over her starboard bow, making it necessary for every man to grab and hold on.

At dawn there was land right ahead, a blue line on the horizon—the mountains of Haiti. Harcourt held on until noon, raising them farther and farther out of the water, and then he went about. Hornblower approved—in an hour or two the land breeze might set in and there was Beata Point to weather.

It was maddening that on this tack they would actually be losing a little ground, for it was perfectly possible that Daring, wherever she was, might have the wind a point or two more in her favor and could be able to hold her course direct. And it was quite remarkable to see the foremast hands raising wetted fingers to test the wind, and studying the windward horizon, and criticizing the way the quartermaster at the tiller struggled to gain every yard to windward that he could.

For a day and a half the wind blew foul; in the middle of the second night, Hornblower, lying sleepless in his cot, was roused by the call for all hands. He sat up and reached for his dressing gown while feet came running above his head. Crab was leaping madly.

"All hands shorten sail!"

"Three reefs in the mains'l!" Harcourt's voice was pealing out as Hornblower reached the deck.

(Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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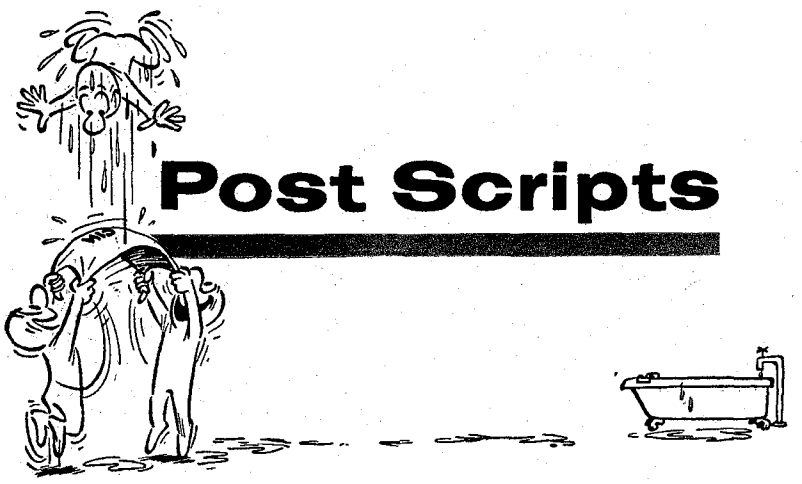


Post Scripts

Pinch of Sage

If the adage gets you down,
  Don't let it—
If at first you don't succeed,
  Forget it!

COLLEEN HYNES JOHNSON

If That's Soft Soap, You've Come to the Right Person!

"Frankly, I don't blame you one bit for feeling the way you do—I mean, what you just said about that you wouldn't touch these lousy file cards with a ten-foot pole, but—and this is just between the two of us—I asked you because I feel you're the only person in this whole office who has brains enough to handle the deal."

"Let's see if I have it straight, now: After I've sorted them alphabetically, you want me to combine them with that other stack of file cards ——"

"Of course, I understand. A person who's as busy as you are certainly can't take the time to head every crummy committee that comes along. However, I had hoped to be able to line you up because—well, the work entails a great deal of contact with the public, and I'd sort of hoped to get somebody who's nice-looking, an impeccable dresser ——"

"Actually, there's no reason that the first committee meeting couldn't be held right at my house."

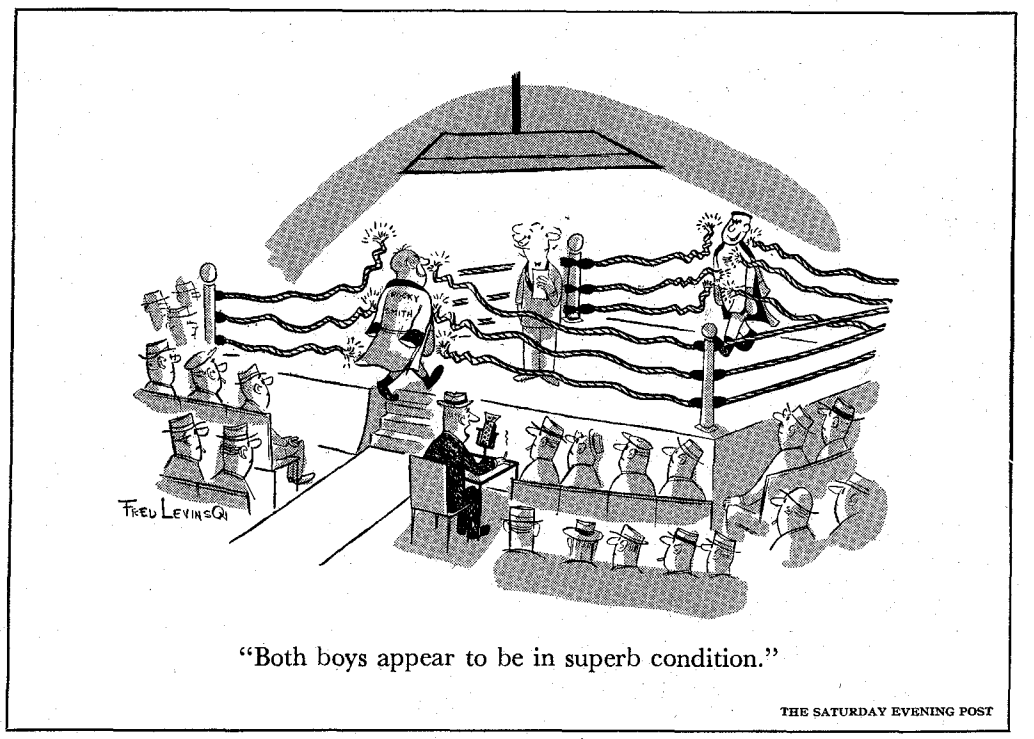
"I agree with you: Two bits here and two bits there, for all these stupid going-away presents for employees, does mount over a period of time. And, besides, as you said, you work every bit as hard for your money as they do. My only thought in asking you to contribute was the fact that whenever you're in on something, everybody else seems to want to get in on it too."

"I may have to give you some real small change."

"I'm inclined to agree with you—I mean, with your contention that no person, unless he has a king-size hole in his head, would want to judge a junior-high-school essay contest. I guess I was just thinking that it might be nice, for a change, to have somebody on the staff of judges who really knows something about grammar, punctuation and syntax."

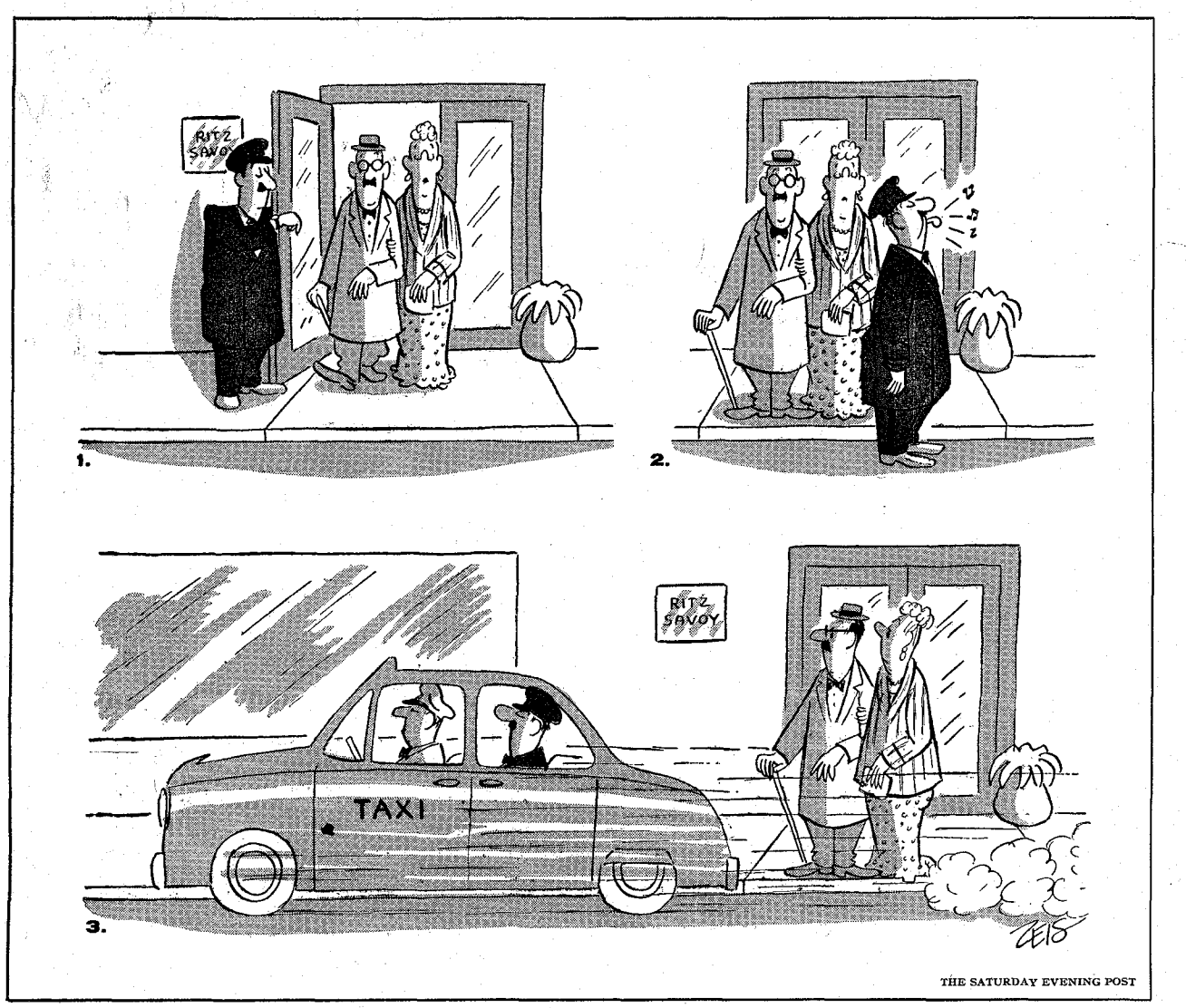
"Well, let's see—you say there wouldn't be more than about eight thousand entries, eh?"

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Both boys appear to be in superb condition."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Friend Indeed

He wore a sport coat
  And looked abnormal
When the dinner turned out
  To be very formal.

Yet I stood by his side—
  You should get a view of us—
For amongst all the others,
  At least there were two of us.

RICHARD ARMOUR

And Then He Says ——

(Year after year, these are my favorite movie speeches.)

"Tom, me and the other small ranchers have been thinking your proposition over and we've decided ——"

"Don't you see, Bill? That's what he wants you to think about me!"

"Folks, I don't want to alarm you, but we ran out of gas ten minutes ago. We'll have to try to land here in the jungle."

"Harry, have you reached the treasure ship yet? Can you see anyth—— Harry ——"

"They look like hostiles, major. I think we'd better regroup."

"The natives call it the '*quasi lentian*' flower and according to the legend, two who sniff it together will fall in love."

"But my own brother!"

PAUL C. LAW

Ready Remark

You'll rank as quite a hit among
Your friends if you've a ready tongue,
But you'll be rated still more dear
If you possess a ready ear.

RICHARD WHEELER

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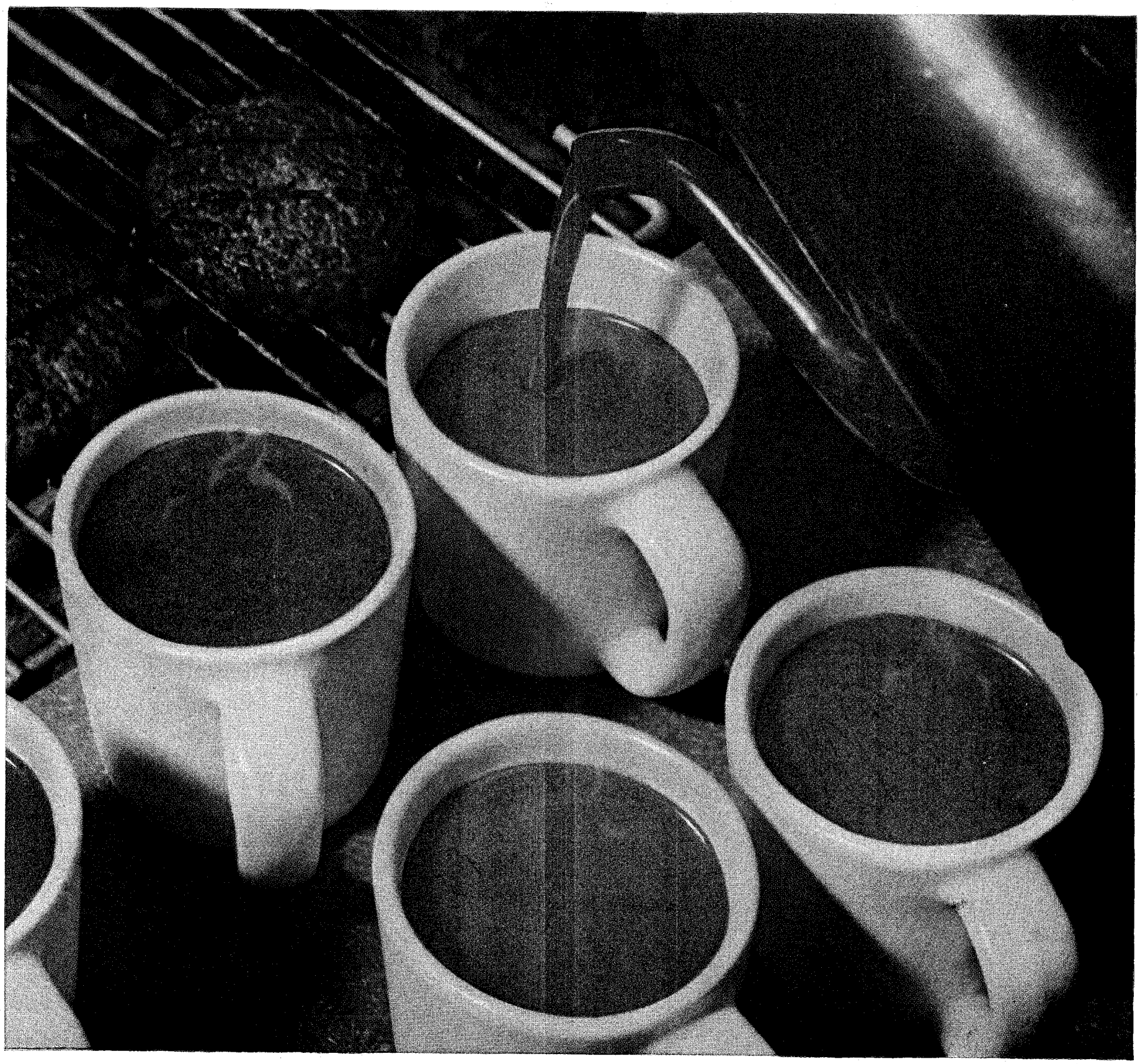

Soup for a group—outdoors

—poured hot from a pot into mugs

While the barbecue browns and sizzles, try this:

Pass around mugs of appetizing soup—Campbell's Tomato Soup! Pour it from a camp-size pot kept hot on the back of the grill.

If ever a soup suited outdoor appetites, this is it! There's the tang of tomatoes, ripened in the sun! There's that taste no other soup has ever matched. A red-ripe tomato flavor! Smooth—refreshing—sipping-good!

Why not make it a fun summer custom at your house—while dinner waits? Have Campbell's Soup from your soup pot—with plenty for all!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day... every day... SOUP!

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When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Magnificent IS THE WORD FOR IT

We set out with one goal in mind in building this car –

To make it the most luxurious automobile our stylists and skilled craftsmen could create.

And we believe that when you see it, sit in it and drive it, you will –in all honesty–consider it the most magnificent fine car on the American scene today.

Naturally, the superb and spacious new interior of the Roadmaster 75 is what you will judge first–and we invite that judgment.

For the seats are meticulously fashioned in glove-finish wool broadcloth or nylon, with backs topped in supple, hand-buffed leather. They are thickly layered with contoured foam rubber. They are wide, deep, superbly soft–and flanked by luxurious doors fully upholstered and cushioned from floor line to window.

The chromed and safety-padded instrument panel, the wide-sweeping armrests integral with the doors, the deep-pile carpeting underfoot – even these have been designed to a striking new excellence.

With equal pride, we invite your judgment of the magnificent performance to be enjoyed in Roadmaster 75.

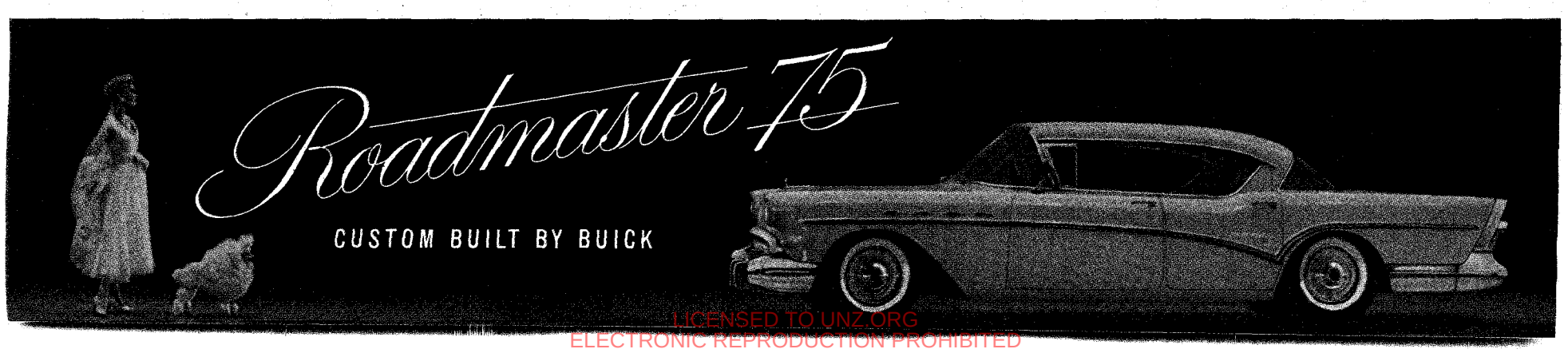
For only here – among all the world's fine cars – do you have the absolute smoothness and instant obedience of Variable Pitch Dynaflow–plus the swift and silent might of Buick's newest and most powerful V8 engine.

MOTORING'S NEWEST ADVANCE–AIR-COOLED ALUMINUM BRAKES

Add to this the extra luxury and surety and smoothness of air-cooled aluminum front brakes–*the newest and finest in the fine-car field* –and you have the heart of the story on Roadmaster 75.

Your Buick dealer will be honored to have you meet this magnificent automobile. See him this week.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS



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NO BLADE OF GRASS

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

Should they trust a man who could murder his own wife in cold blood?

In a voice shocked and unfamiliar, Millicent said, "No! Not here . . ." as she ran toward Pirrie's upraised rifle.

"I shouldn't think we're more than a day's march ahead of the mobs—we may be less," John warned. "And when they come ——" Danger loomed for the three families in flight from the doomed city of London to Blind Gill, the barricaded valley farm owned by John's brother. For the nation knew of the government's once-secret plan to obliterate England's principal cities because of the catastrophic destruction of the world's food supplies by the Chung-Li virus. Forced from their cars earlier, the group pushed across country on foot. With them now was the young girl, Jane, whose parents they had shot. This marked the third time they had been compelled to kill in order to survive. Neither John nor Roger Buckley could help but notice that Pirrie, the gun dealer, found in murder, a relish which they could not share.

V

Roger woke John and handed him the shotgun which the sentry kept. He got to his feet, feeling stiff, and rubbed his legs with his hands. The moon was up; its light gleamed on the nearby river and threw shadows from the small group of huddled figures.

"Seasonably warm," Roger said, "thank God."

"Anything to report?"

"What would there be but ghosts?"

"Any ghosts, then?"

"Ghosts," Roger said. "I see ghosts all round me tonight; ghosts painted with woad."

John made no reply, but climbed up the embankment to his post on the line. When he looked back from the top, Roger was curled up, and to all intents asleep.

The sentry's duty was to keep both sides of the line under observation, but the far side—the north—was more important, because the main road lay in that direction. That was the sentry's actual post, out of direct sight of the group of sleepers. John took up his position there. He lit a cigarette, guarding the glowing end against possible observation. He didn't really think it was necessary, but it was natural to adapt old army tricks to a situation with so many familiar elements.

He heard a sound from the other side of the railway line, and moved warily across to investigate. As he reached the edge of the embankment, he saw that a slim figure was climbing the last few feet toward him. It was Millicent. She put a hand up to him and he grasped it.

He said, "What the hell are you doing?"

She said, "Sh-h—you'll wake everyone up."

She looked down at the sleeping group below, and then moved across toward the sentry post.

John followed her. He was reasonably certain what the visit promised. The calm effrontery of it made him angry.

"You're not on duty for another couple of hours," he said. "You want to go back and get some sleep. We've got a long day in front of us."

She asked him, "Cigarette?" He took one from his case and gave it to her. "Mind lighting it?"

He said, "I don't think it's a good idea to show lights. Keep it under, and cover it with your hands when you inhale."

"You know everything, don't you?"

She bent down to his cupped hands to take the lighter's flame. Her black hair gleamed in the moonlight. He was not, he realized, handling the situation very well. It had been a mistake to give her the cigarette she asked for; he should have sent her back to bed. She straightened up again, the cigarette now tucked behind her curled fingers.

"I can do without sleep," she said. "I remember one weekend I didn't have three hours' sleep between Friday and Monday. Fresh as a daisy about it too."

"You don't have to boast. It's stamped all over you."

"Is it?" There was a pause. "What's the matter with Ann?"

He said coldly, "You know as much as I do. I suppose it wouldn't have affected you—either what happened or what she did afterward."

Complacently, she said, "There's one thing about not having very high standards; you're not likely to go off your rocker when you hit something nasty—either from other people or yourself."

John drew on his cigarette. "I don't want to talk about Ann. And I don't want an *affaire* with you—do you understand that?"

She laughed; her voice was lower when she did so, and rather hoarse.

"Let's be grown-up," she said. "I may make mistakes, but not about that kind of thing."

"You know my mind better than I do?"

"I shouldn't be surprised. I'll tell you this much, big chief: If it had been Olivia who had paid you this little visit, you would have sent her back straight away, and no back answers. And why are you talking in whispers, anyway? In case we make anyone wake up?"

He had not realized that he had dropped his voice. He spoke more loudly. "I think you'd better get back now, Millicent."

She laughed again. "What would be so unreasonable about not wanting to wake people up? I don't suppose they're all as good at doing without sleep as I am. You rise too easily."

"All right. I'm not going to argue with you. Just go back to bed and forget all about it."

She said obediently, "O.K." She dropped her cigarette, half smoked, and trod it into the ground. "I'll just (Continued on Page 142)

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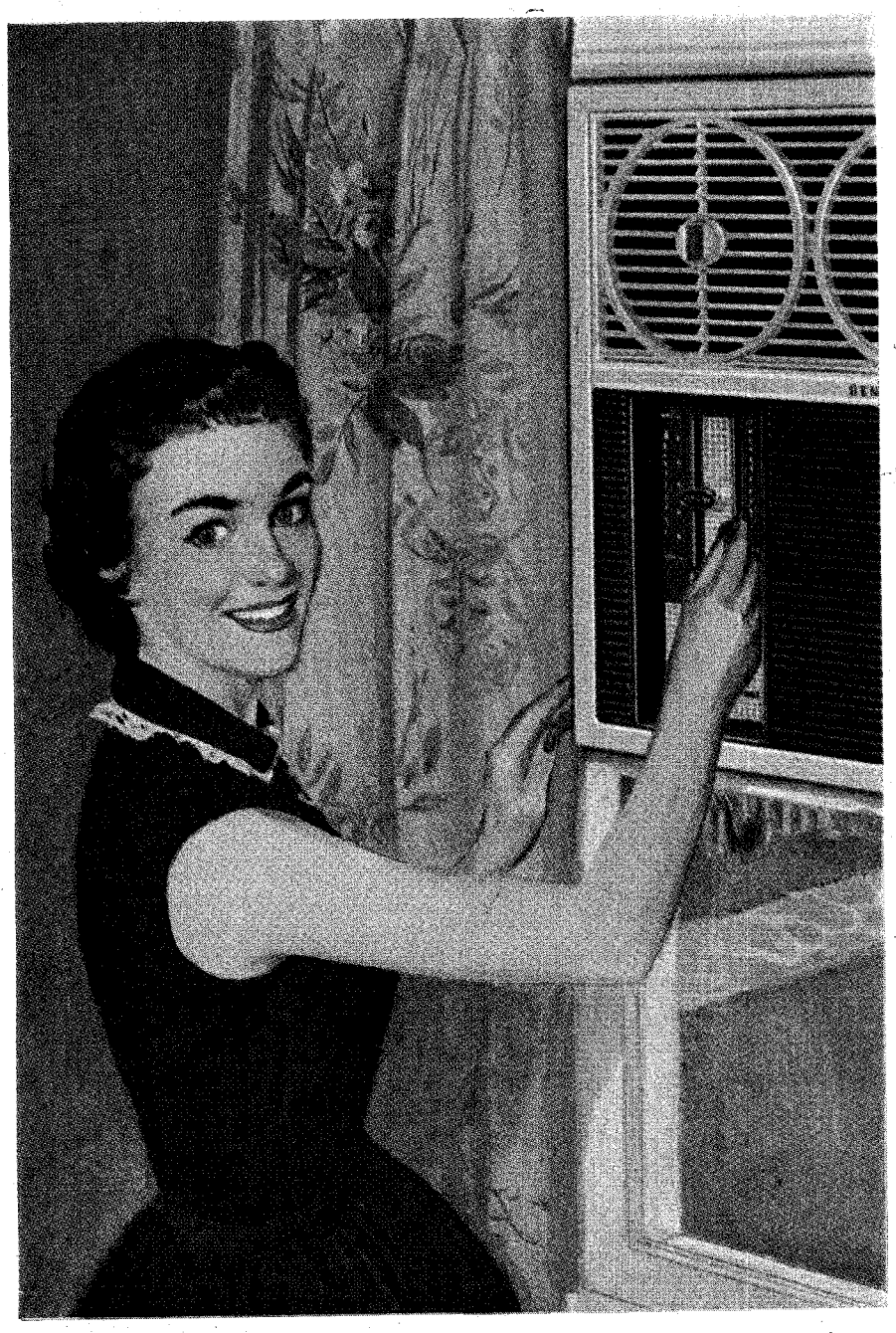
General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out

No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline



NEW 1-HORSEPOWER DE LUXE THINLINE works on 115 volts, packs a big 9,000 BTU* capacity. It's one of the most powerful air conditioners of its kind you can buy. Another *Thinline* model (¾ hp, 7.5 amperes) has a cooling capacity of 6600 BTU's.*

HERE'S why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. Takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models—so it fits almost any kind of window, even a casement. So *thin* (only 16½ inches) that you can have it flush with the inside wall, with no unsightly overhang outside. You can even have the *Thinline* installed *through* the wall.

It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have. So just about any home can have a General Electric *Thinline* without costly rewiring. Besides, you get all the big cooling benefits of high BTU* capacities. And General Electric's High Power Factor assures you of getting the most cooling out of the electricity you use.

It fits any color scheme. The new Accent-on-Color Plan blends your Custom *Thinline* with your home's décor. You choose from 6 cheerful spray-on colors.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* and the even lower-priced De luxe model are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. Whatever you pay, you get *Thinline* design, high cooling capacity, General Electric dependability. General Electric *Thinlines* come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's* in cooling capacity. All in compact, attractive cabinets.

Your General Electric dealer will gladly demonstrate *Thinline* advantages for you. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

• • •

Electronic filter (available at extra cost) for hay fever, asthma victims. Removes virtually 100% of dust and pollen particles from the air passing through it, not just the 98% of the normal filter. And it's *permanent. You* can clean it in just a few seconds—by replacing the filter insert—for just a few cents per cleaning. Other features include Jet Air Freshener, automatic thermostat controls.

***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

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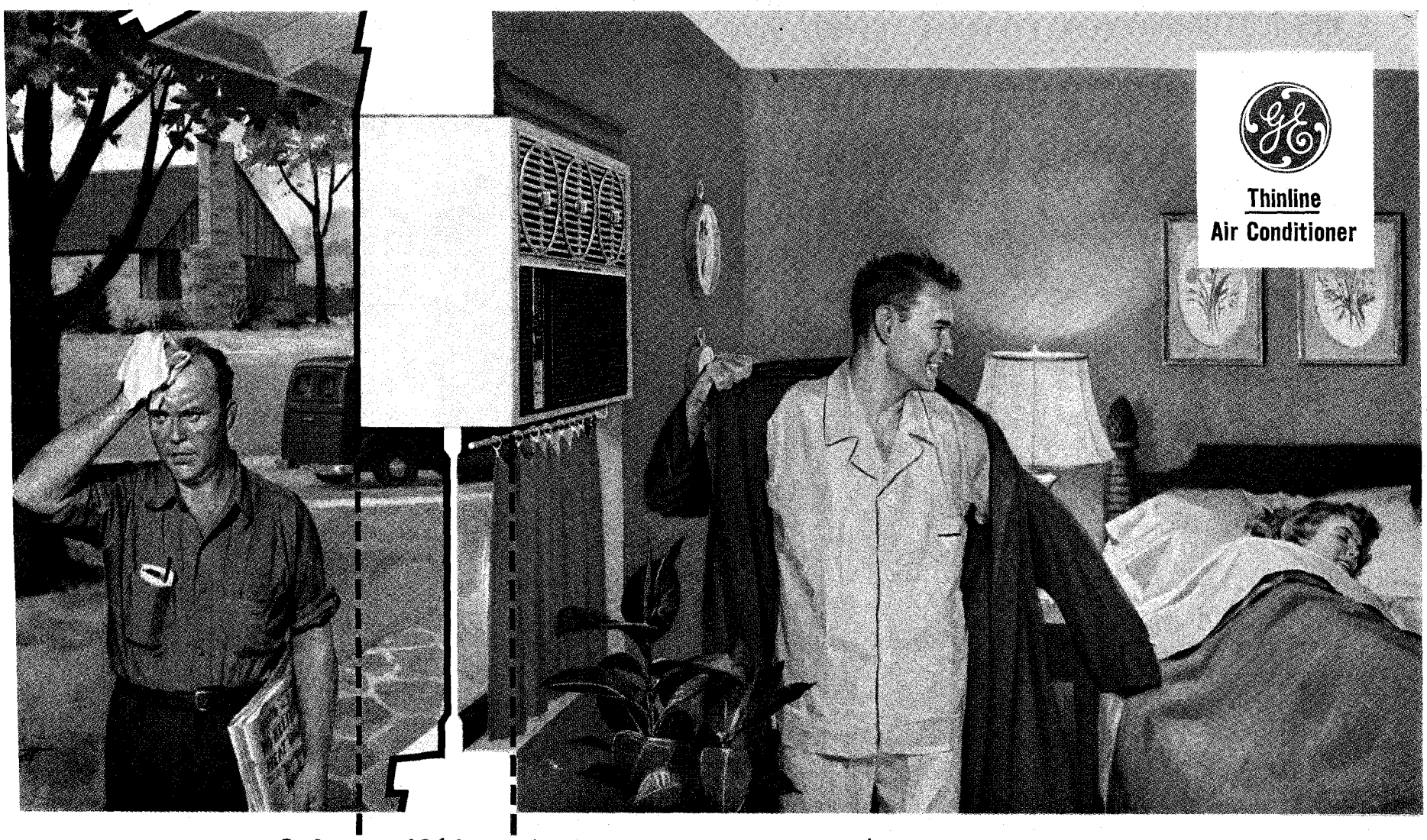
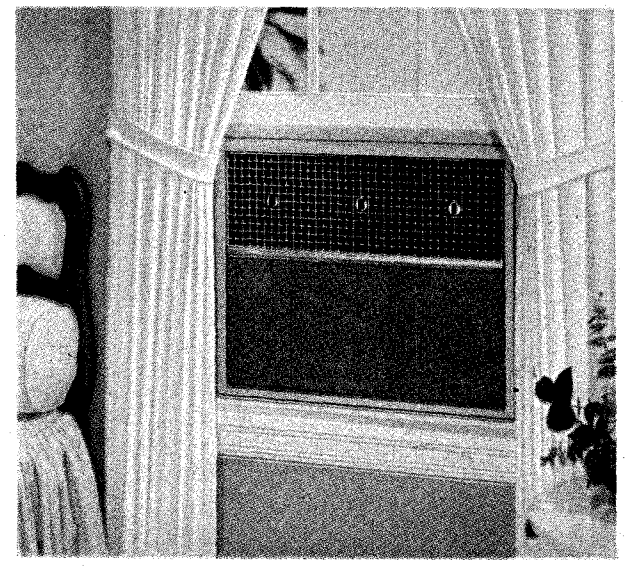
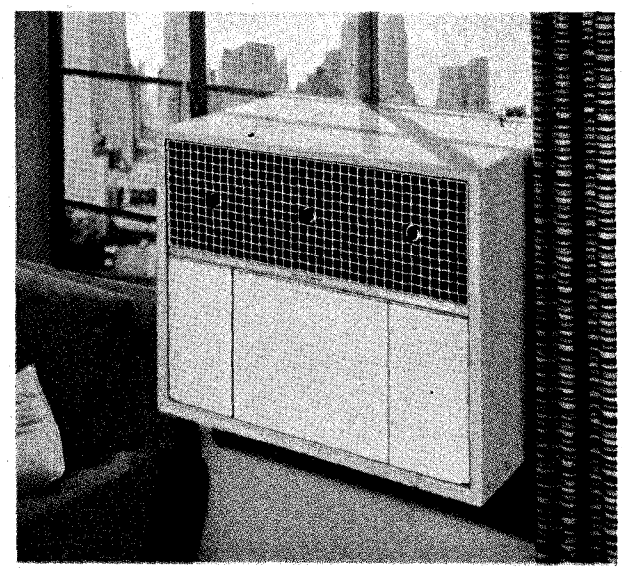


Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere

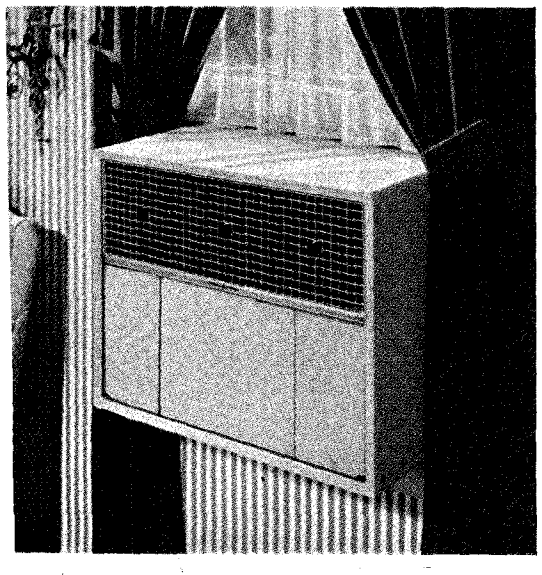
There are two General Electric Thinline styles—Custom and De luxe. Both fit almost anywhere with no unsightly overhang. And Custom models (shown here) give you a choice of colors . . .



THINLINE FITS UPPER . . .

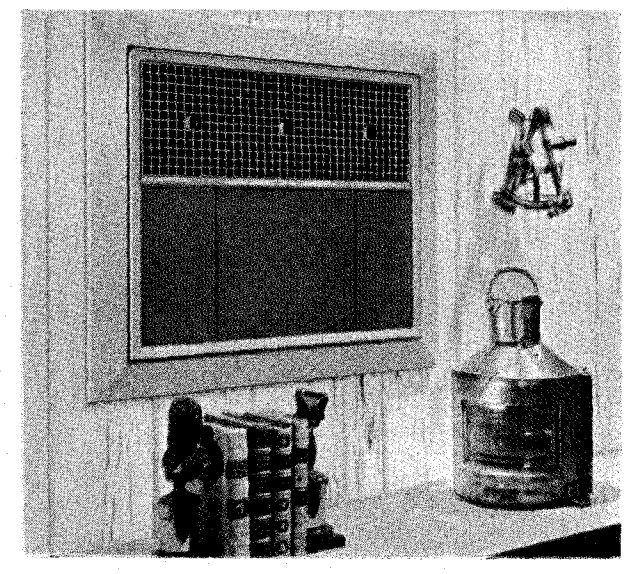


OR LOWER HALF . . .



FITS CASEMENT WINDOWS

CAN GO ALL INSIDE . . .



OR ALL OUTSIDE . . .

OR RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

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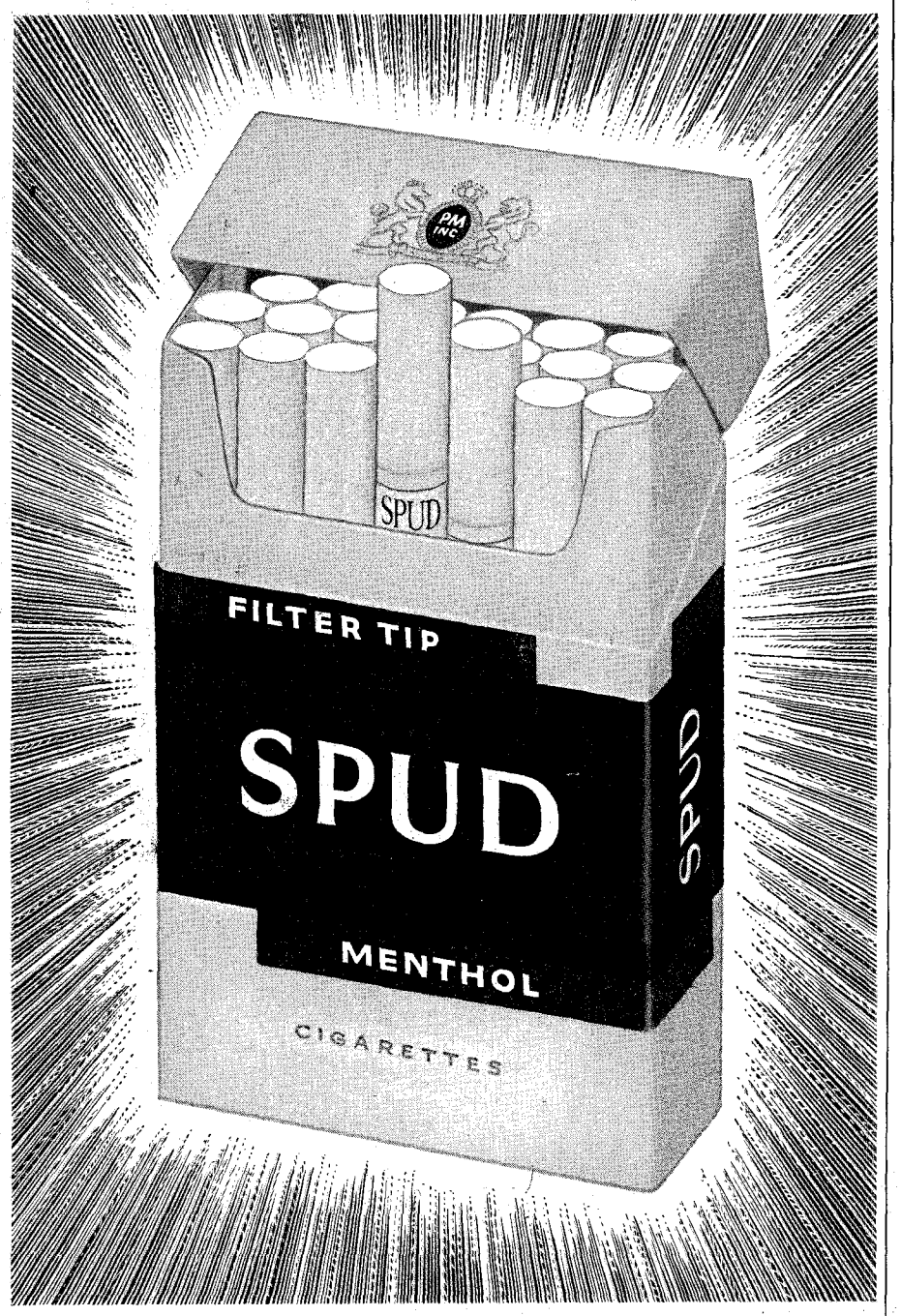
NOW! A REVOLUTIONARY NEW FILTER CIGARETTE

New Filter SPUD



New Filter Spud has a secret! We discovered that a light touch of menthol freshens the smoke and helps you taste the full tobacco flavor—right through the filter. Try a pack of New Filter Spud today.

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The Lovable Liar (Continued from Page 36)

job, permanent. Maybe the pay won't be what you get now, but this is a nice town to settle down in, Clint."

He had serviced the school buses himself, but it was too much for him along with his other work. Besides, they were adding to the fleet. As for me settling down, he was right. I'd been knocking around since the war, and many a night on those long hauls I wished I had a place of my own to go to, with room for a workbench, a hi-fi set, stuff like that.

Paul Bogosian went with me to apply for the job, and I got it. I took a room at Mrs. Malburn's on Elm Street, a couple of blocks from the town garage. If things worked out, I'd look around for a small house, I told myself.

So that was the background the day I opened my big mouth and told Albie Lyle I'd been in Mexico. Mexico! I'd got a job in a South Boston truck terminal the day I finished high school, and gone from there to a Navy Construction Battalion when the Japs hit Pearl. Plenty of Seabees went overseas, but not Clint Mason. I got exactly as far as Davisville, Rhode Island, where I serviced equipment and read about the war in Seabee newspapers.

I turned the bus into Albie's yard. "End of the line, boy," I said, getting an arm under his knees. "All out."

It was an old place, run down but nice—just the kind of place I wanted for myself. A man handy with tools and a paintbrush could have made it one of the prettiest little bungalows in Creston, with that background of birch woods to set it off; but Albie had no dad that I knew of. His mother did lab work at Dorcas Memorial Hospital, in town.

I set him down on the front porch and he fished a key out of his pocket. "Want to come in, Mr. Mason?" he asked. "I could give you a soda."

I'd never gone in before, though I'd brought him home often enough. "Your ma won't mind?"

"Course not."

"O.K. then, but only for a minute. I've got work to do at the garage."

It was comfortable inside, with good sensible furniture that made you feel at home, and books and magazines and a radio. The way I'd fix up my own place when I got one. Albie brought the drinks from the kitchen and we drank out of the bottles. Then, "Tell me some more about Mexico, Mr. Mason," he said, wriggling onto an easy chair with his geography book.

I sat. "Suppose you ask questions. The ones you goofed on in school."

He opened the book. "Name the two mountains that dominate the Mexican capital. You have to spell them right too."

"Popocatépetl and Ixtaccihuatl," I said, and spelled them. "Popo's the highest, around eighteen thousand feet. The Aztecs considered it sacred, and the first white man to climb it was one of Cortes' soldiers."

Albie looked at me as if I had two heads. "Gee," he whispered.

I was kind of pleased, myself, because I hadn't read any books on Mexico lately. I was doing Australia.

"What language is spoken by the educated people?" Albie asked.

"Spanish." I grinned at him. "*Habla usted español, amigo?*" I studied Spanish once with records and a book, for something to do. I was always taking courses in one thing or another, mostly by mail.

"Gee!" Albie was awestruck. "You lived in Mexico and you speak Spanish! I bet you've been everywhere and done everything!"

It was the way he said it. I'd known Albie Lyle for quite a while, remember. I'd always thought it was just his nature to be shy. Now all at once I knew better. He wasn't only shy; he was lonely. He needed a friend.

I scowled at him and did some thinking. He had no dad, and his mother worked. That meant he was alone a lot.

I'd been alone a lot too. I knew what it could do to you. "Albie," I said on an impulse, "how'd you like it if I brought you out some books? About Mexico and other places, I mean."

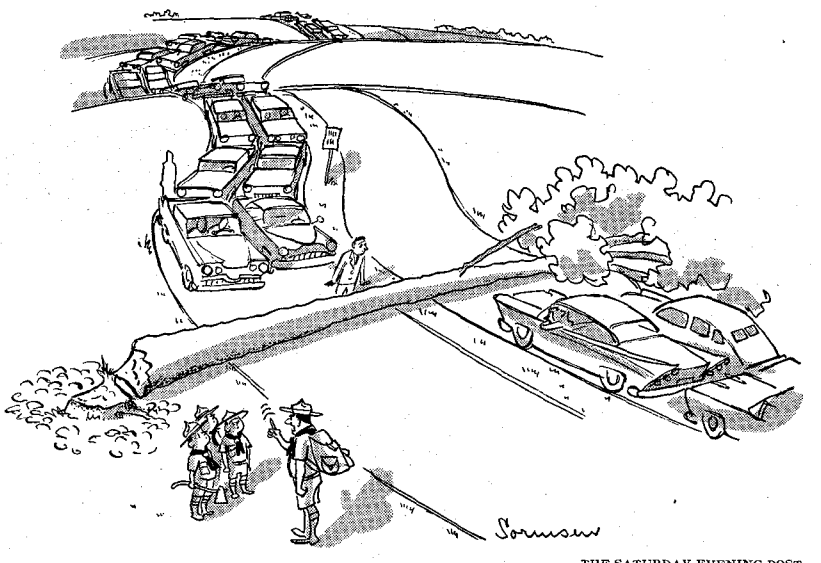
"Other places you've been to?" he said quickly.

"Well, yes—some of them." What the hell, I thought, it was only a little lie; it wouldn't hurt anyone. In fact, without the lie, what did I have? Just talking about Mexico hadn't put that eagerness in his face; it was because I'd been there, or he thought I had, and could tell him firsthand what a far-off place was like.

"Gee," he said, "I'd love that, Mr. Mason."

That's how it began. Every time I drove him home from school, I'd stay for an hour or so. We talked about the places he was studying in geography. I got books from the library. I even bought books.

"Were you ever in Haiti, Mr. Mason?" he'd say. (*Continued on Page 61*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid we'll have to take away your woodsman's badge for this."

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THE GIFT YOU COULDN'T GIVE 'TIL NOW...

NEW "Personality-Styled" Lord and Lady Elgin WATCHES

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there's an Elgin

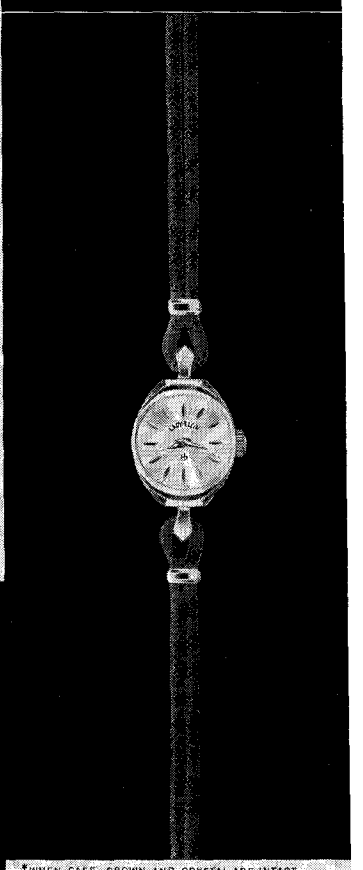
she'll like

IF SHE'S THE SENTIMENTAL TYPE:

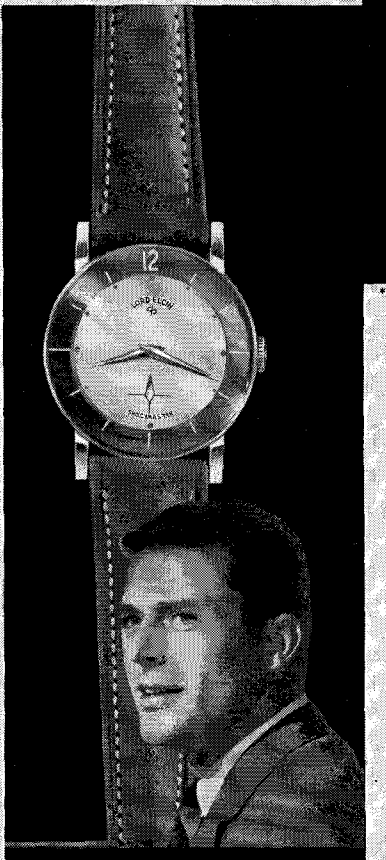
She'll appreciate a gift as truly significant as

The Lady Elgin Sunrise

A dainty watch in 14K white or natural gold. 21 jewels. Waterproof*



*WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL ARE INTACT



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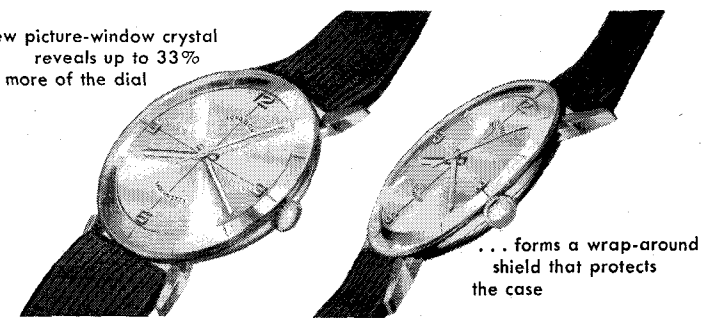
The Horizon Look! . . . clearly beautiful. Crystal encloses the entire watch face, extends in a gleaming curve to the watch sides. The dial is larger, easier to read . . . but the watch size is not increased. "Personality-Styled" Lord and Lady Elgin Watches are priced from **$75.** Other Elgin Watches from **$33.75.**



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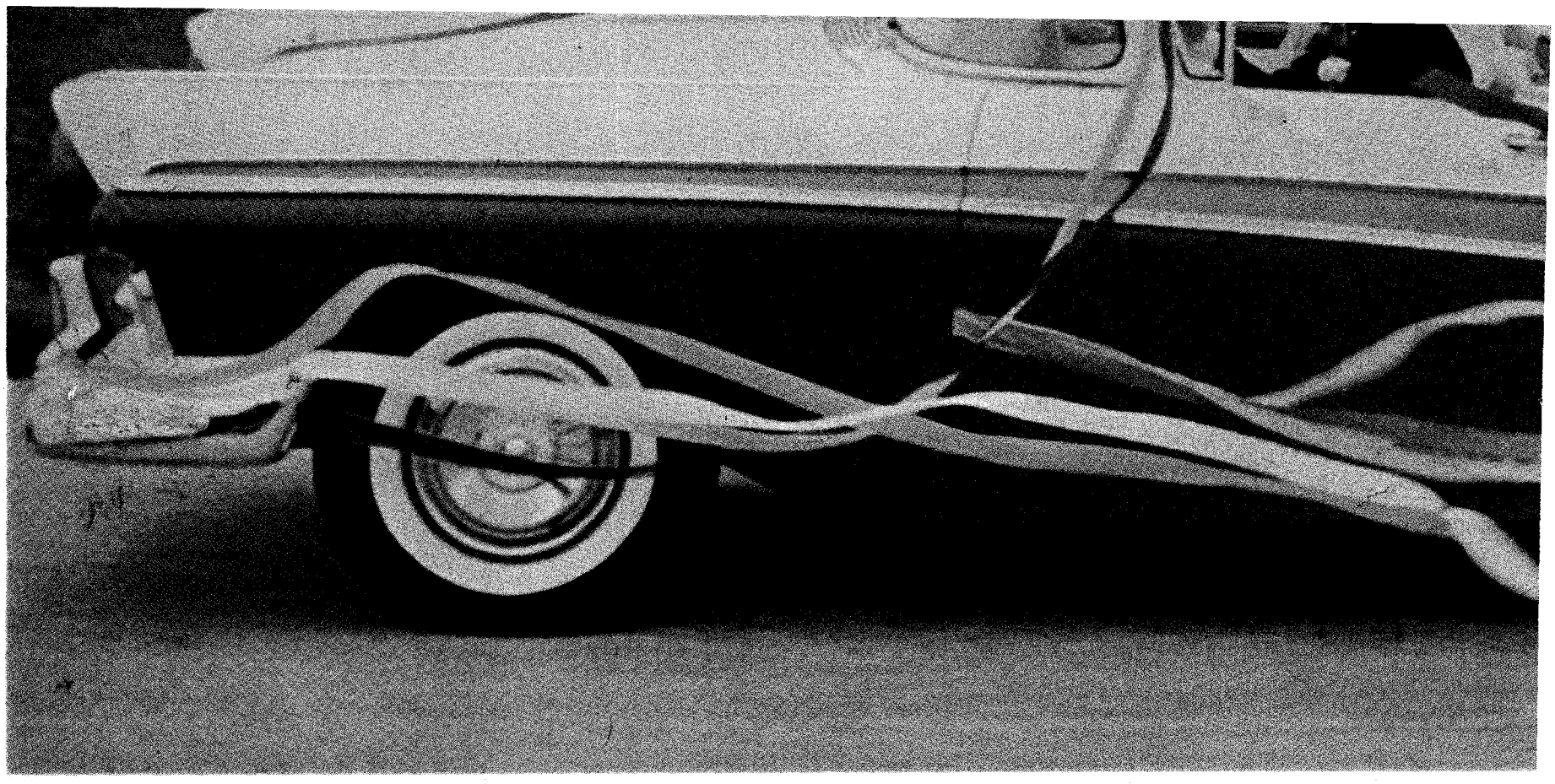

How to get away from them all

Of all the cars ever made, the '57 Ford is *the* honeymoon car! This is the car that leaves 'em all at the church.

Uphill feels like downhill in the New Kind of Ford. Why? Because you're piloting the finest V-8 in the low-price field*—the first production automobile engine to be precision balanced for smoothness while running under its own power, and backed by 25 years of Ford leadership in building V-8's. Or if you prefer Sixes, you can command the most modern, most powerful Six of them all, the Ford Mileage Maker.

You'll fall in love at first sight with the long, glittering good looks of the Sunliner—over seventeen feet of slim, clean-lined elegance.

The beauty is more than skin-deep: It's based on the design of the new "Inner Ford"—low center of gravity, level-ride front and rear suspensions, magically sensitive steering, a brand-new frame and body bolted and bonded into one rock-solid, silent unit.

All this quality built into the "Inner Ford" comes out in the ride that paves the roughest roads with June roses. It's evident, too, in the Ford performance that broke 458 records by enduring nearly 20 continuous days and nights of driving at an

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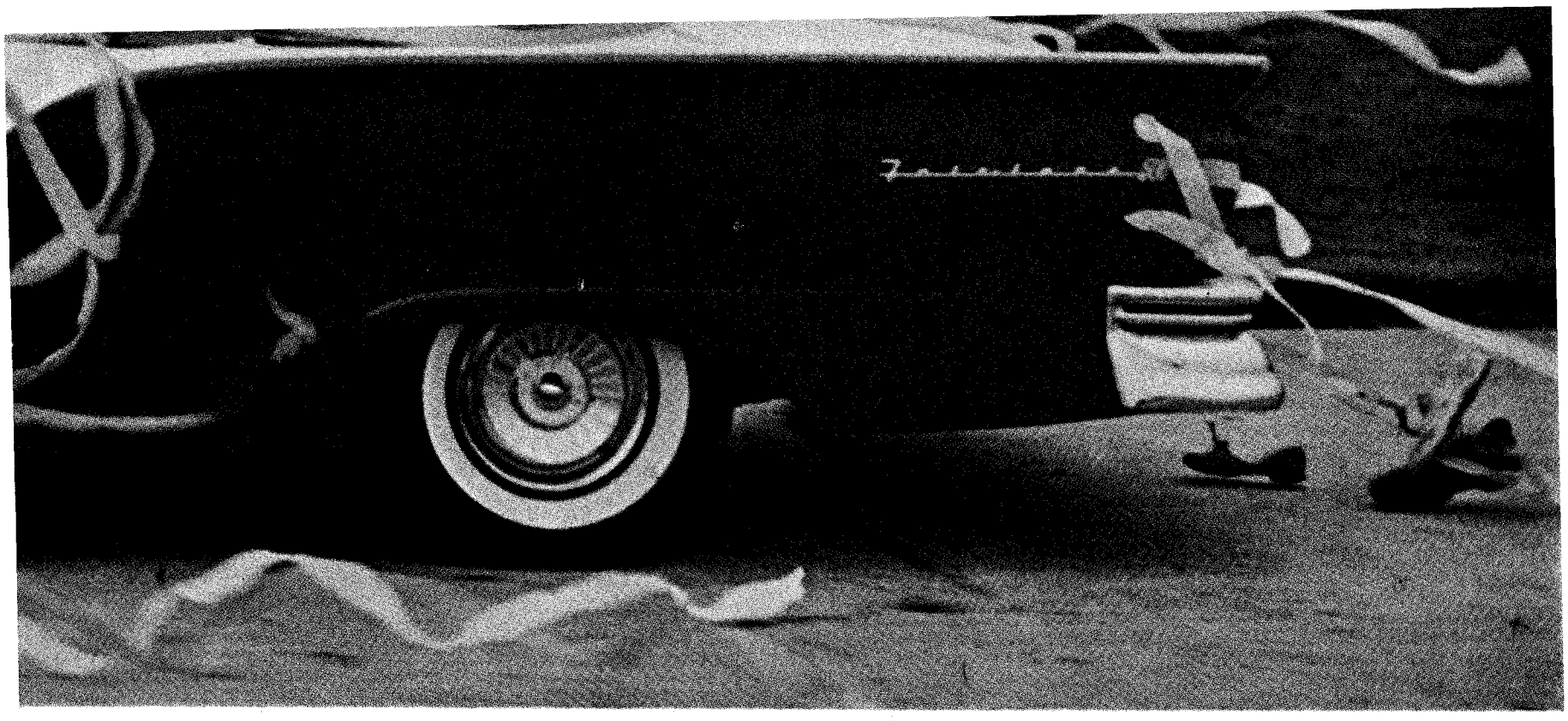

The newest and most thrilling version of America's favorite convertible, the Ford Fairlane 500 Sunliner.

when you want to!

average of better than 108 m.p.h. on the Bonneville Salt Flats. *But best of all—it shows in the low, low Ford price. Only Ford builds a car so elegant, so powerful, at prices that will make your motoring career so happy.* There are 21 models to choose from—and a huge trousseau of new colors and upholstery schemes. Hold hands with the '57 Ford and you'll discover how to drive happily ever after!

*Ford's wide range of V-8's includes a Thunderbird 312 Supercharged V-8 that delivers 300 horsepower and a 270-h.p. Thunderbird 312 Super V-8.

Every Ride's a Honeymoon
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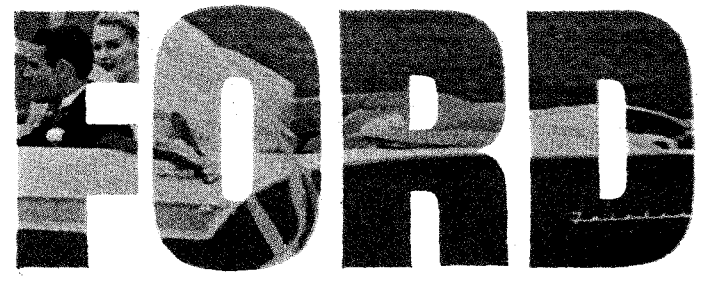

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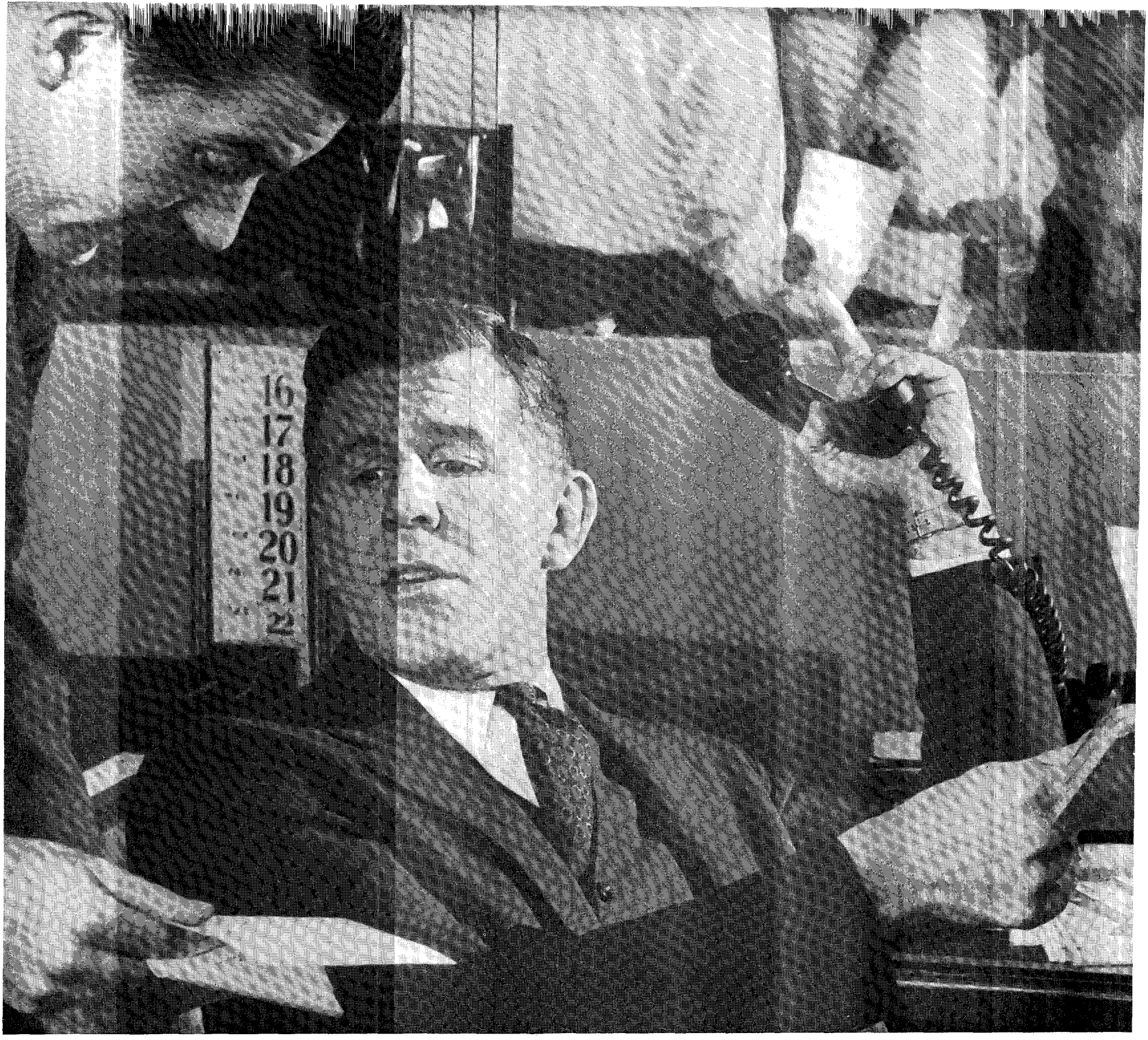

How alert young men are starting retirement plans – for less than $20 a month!

New York Life's Whole Life policy lets a man build a *lifetime income* for his retirement years at a cost he can afford today!

Today's young men, aware of the great strides being made in medical science, know they can look forward to enjoying a longer life than their forebears did. But they know, too, that really *enjoying* those extra years will depend in large measure on the kind of financial security they are able to set up beforehand.

That's why so many far-sighted men are starting retirement plans early in life through New York Life's Whole Life policy. Even a slim budget is no barrier, because premiums are low. Yet the cash values it builds during your working years can, at retirement, pay you a *monthly income for the rest of your life!* That means cash to supplement Social Security, pension plans, savings and the like. It means cash for travel, hobbies or necessities. And during the years *before* retirement the policy's cash values offer you a constant source of funds for emergencies.

Even more important, Whole Life protects your family if you should die before you retire. Yet, with all these benefits, the cost is small because Whole Life's $10,000 minimum face amount permits savings which are passed along to you in low premiums. For example, issued at age 30, the annual premium for $10,000 of Whole Life is only $202.40, which means setting aside only about $16.87 a month! And dividends can be used either to reduce premium payments still further or to increase cash values or income at retirement.

Ask your New York Life agent about this insurance that can make a retirement program practical for you—right now! And send a postcard to the address below for New York Life's free booklet, "How Much Life Insurance Is Enough?"

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in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

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Life Insurance • Group Insurance
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(*Continued from Page 56*) "Yeah, I was there once." After the first few lies it came easier. "The thing about Haiti is the mountains." And I'd tell him about the mountains—things I'd read—and the country towns, and Port-au-Prince, the capital, and voodoo and stuff. And Albie would be there, having the time of his life, big-eyed with wonder.

A change came over him. On the bus he didn't sit scrunched up against the window any more, looking out. He stopped thinking about his legs and talked with the other kids. He made friends.

One Saturday morning Mrs. Dennelle, his teacher, came into the garage on her way through to the town parking lot, with her arms full of bundles. I was at the bench, taking down a carburetor.

"I was hoping you'd be here, Mr. Mason," she said. "I want to talk to you."

... ...

Blue Monday

By R. H. Grenville

"Monday's a blue day,"
someone said;
"Somber as storm clouds,
heavy as lead."
But I've known Mondays
bright as a bell,
Clear as the heart of a
curled seashell;
Blue as a bluebell, blue as
the high
Cornflower hue of a
mid-summer sky,
Blue as the sheen of a
bluebird's wing,
Blue as the scillas in early
spring,
Or the larkspur hue of an
inland sea.
The loveliest color a day
could be!

... ...

"Me?" I knew who she was, that's all; I'd never talked to her before.

"About Albin Lyle. It's wonderful what you're doing for him."

I looked at her and thought, *Maybe I can tell her the truth. I ought to get squared away with someone before this thing blows up in my face and the whole town hears of it.* She looked like a person you could confide in: middle-aged, understanding, with a good friendly face. The kids thought she was pretty swell.

But I hesitated—it isn't easy to tell someone you're a liar—and then she made it too tough for me. "Albie's a changed boy," she said, "and every bit of the credit goes to you. Why, he never opens his mouth but it's 'Mr. Mason did this' or 'Mr. Mason said that.' He just worships you."

I said, "How's he doing in his school work, Mrs. Dennelle?"

"He's the brightest boy in my sixth grade. And I used to think he was hopeless—did you know that?"

I'd never asked Albie about his legs. Here was a chance to find out. "What happened to Albie, anyway?"

"He had polio. He wasn't here then, of course. He came to Creston only two years ago, when his mother took the job at the hospital."

I said, "His father's dead?" I had never asked Albie that, either.

"An automobile accident when Albie was only two."

"You know," I said, "I've never met his mother. She goes to work mornings before I pick him up, and all the times I've stayed around there in the afternoon, she's never showed up before I left. What's she like?"

Mrs. Dennelle smiled. "Why don't you go out there some evening or on a Sunday, and find out for yourself? She's an English girl—a little shy, maybe, because she's all alone here, but really very nice. Just the other day she asked me what you were like."

"I ought to call on her," I said. But I didn't.

It was about a week after this that Albie first mentioned his father. His geography class was studying the Pacific and we were looking through some books I'd got from Miss Brenckle, at the library. A map of the Philippines turned up.

"My dad was there," Albie said.

"In the war?"

"Uh-huh. He was in the Philippines and Okinawa and all over."

His dad was a pilot, he told me. "He was one of the best pilots in the whole war. I guess they never did find out how many Jap planes he shot down—mom doesn't know to this day—but he won an awful lot of medals and things. Were you in the war, Clint?"

This could be dangerous ground. I just shrugged and said, "Yeah."

"In the Pacific?"

"Well, some of the time."

He wouldn't let it drop. His dad was a hero; I had to be one too. "Where?" he demanded.

"Oh, some of the islands," I said, flipping the pages of the book. "I was a Seabee. Knock off the chatter now," I urged, "and let's get to work."

From then on, hardly a day passed that Albie didn't tell me more about his dad. I guessed what had happened. He'd wanted to tell someone all along, but hadn't been sure I was the right one to talk to. Now he felt close enough to share his biggest secrets.

I should have been honored, but the more he told me the cheaper I felt. There I was lying my stupid head off about places I'd never been to and things I'd never done, while this kid had a real hero for a father.

I asked myself a dozen times a day how I'd ever got into this crazy mess. That first dumb remark about Mexico; that was it. And Albie's reaction, like a kid finding he'd sprouted wings and could fly, or a man being let out of prison. *So it just happened,* I told myself. *But what happens when he finds out?*

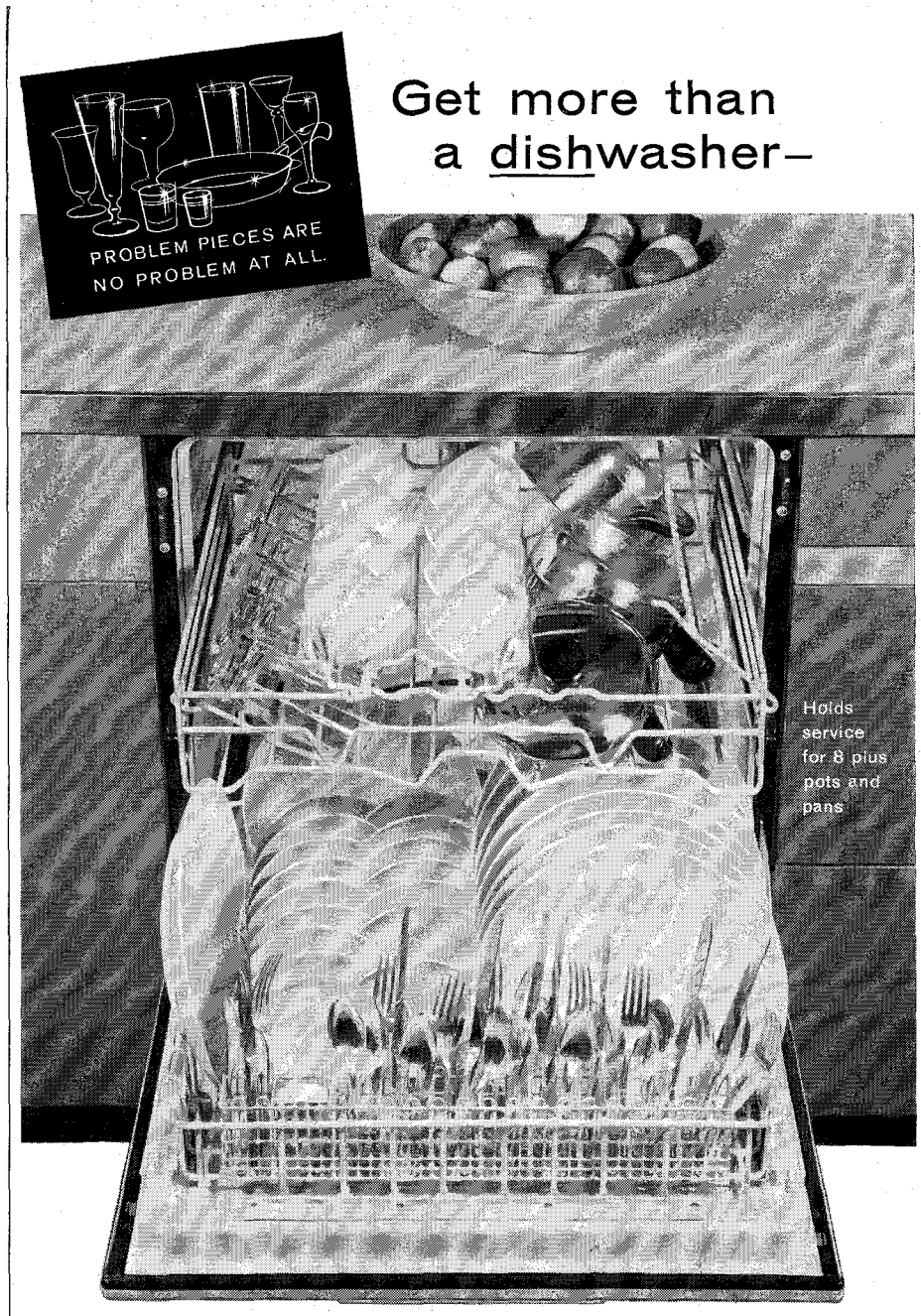
Mrs. Dennelle stopped me in the school corridor one day. "Have you met Mrs. Lyle yet?" she asked with that nice smile of hers.

"Not yet," I said. "I'll have to go out there some night." But I knew I wouldn't. Any girl who'd been married to Albie's father would see through a phony like me in ten minutes.

It happened the day before the Thanksgiving holidays. When I drove the bus into the school yard to pick up the kids, Mrs. Dennelle was waiting on the steps and hurried over.

"Albin isn't feeling well," she said. "Can you take him home first in my car?"

She had called his mother at the hospital, she said, and would hold the other kids at the school until I got back. "It isn't serious—at least, I don't think it is—but he had an upset stomach in class, and going home on the bus, with all that starting and stopping, mightn't be too good for him."



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Get the Frigidaire

"CLEANINGEST" DISHWASHER

It does Kitchenware, too, at the same time!

Frigidaire makes the *one* great dishwasher that takes both tableware and kitchenware right in stride. That's why it's really *more* than just a *dish*washer.

It's *the* dishwasher that packs in such problem pieces as large, awkward pans, the biggest plates and tallest glasses, as well as juice and dessert glasses because flexible Glide-to-You Racks adapt effortlessly to your needs.

It's *the* kitchen chore-chopper that cleans off grease, dried-on egg and sticky orange juice as a matter of course. Handles dinner service for 8 *plus* pots and pans, or 70 cups and saucers, or a full day's dishes for an average family *all at one time*. And gets *everything* shining clean with complete safety, too. So automatic, you simply press the Starter Button, walk away—and *relax*.

So why buy just a "*dish*washer"? You can see all four models at your Frigidaire Dealer's—Under-Counter, Free-Standing, Sink-Dishwasher Combination, Portable.

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Now Frigidaire sells 4 glamorous colors at NO extra cost. Ask your dealer about it.

Look for your Dealer's Name in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under the Heading: "Electric Appliances."

Look for the Sheer Look

'57 FRIGIDAIRE AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

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I drove him home. He didn't talk on the way; just sat there beside me with a white face. When I carried him up the porch steps, his mother opened the door and took him from my arms.

"I'll put him straight to bed," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Mason."

I hardly had time to look at her, she went into the house so fast. Driving back to school, I got the queer notion that maybe she hadn't wanted to meet me; she was afraid of me or something. Albie wasn't so sick she couldn't have stood there talking a minute.

Or maybe he was sick, and she knew it. This might have happened before. I thought of the boy not talking all the way home, of his white face and how he'd kept clenching his hands; and all at once I was scared.

Soon as I'd delivered the kids to their stops, I drove the empty bus straight back to Albie's house and went pounding up the steps. "How is he?" I demanded when his mother opened the door.

"Why, he—he's asleep now, Mr. Mason. He'll be all right." She looked at me in a funny way. I guess maybe I have what you call an easy-to-read face, and she could see the relief on it. "Won't you—come in?" she said.

I stepped inside and we sat down in the living room.

"You know," she said, "I'm ashamed to meet you this way, after you and Albie have been such good friends so long. I should have thanked you weeks ago."

"I should have thanked you," I said. "I'm the one. I didn't have a friend in this whole town till I got to know Albie."

"He's a new boy since you started paying attention to him."

"I'm a new man, you mean."

We talked about the boy awhile: how he was getting on better in school and not thinking so much about his handicap. There were some things she had done wrong, she said, like taking a job with such long hours and renting this house so far out of town. "But I thought the hospital work would be more secure than private nursing—that's what I did before—and this was the only house I could find. It is nice out here in summer."

"It's a swell house," I said. "Albie likes it."

"He said that?"

"We've sat here many a time figuring out how it could be put in shape." That didn't sound just right. "What I mean—how a little paint here and there, and some work on the ceilings ——" I stopped, feeling my face get red.

Albie's mother laughed, and I felt better. She was a nice-looking girl. At first it struck me kind of odd, the way she pronounced some of her words, but then I remembered she was English and it seemed perfectly natural.

"Mr. Mason," she said, "are you going to be alone tomorrow?"

"Alone?"

"It's Thanksgiving. Albie and I would like you to come for dinner."

I thought of all the times I'd eaten Thanksgiving dinners alone in restaurants when I was driving trucks. I thought of coming out here to this little place and sitting down to dinner with her and Albie, and for a minute I couldn't answer her.

"Of course," she said quickly, "if you have other plans ——"

"I don't have any other plans," I said. "You just sort of knocked the wind out of me for a minute."

After the first few visits she began calling me Clint, the same as Albie did, and I called her Fran. Her name was Frances. I'd go out two or three times a week for supper, and sometimes on Sunday for dinner. The only thing I insisted on: she had to let me bring out some of the food.

I tried to make it up to her in other ways too. I did the ceilings out there and papered the living room—things like that. The owner of the house said to go right ahead, so long as it didn't cost him anything. Fran thought he was paying for it.

There was just one thing wrong: Albie and his geography. Things I'd told him when we were alone together, before I met Fran, kept rearing up now to give me a bad time.

"Clint lived in Mexico once," Albie would say. "He can talk Spanish, ma."

"Now, Albie," I'd protest, wagging my head and feeling sick inside. "Your mother isn't interested in that stuff."

Fran would look at me and say, "Do you really speak Spanish, Clint?"—as if anything Albie said about me did interest her.

I'd have to say something, and it couldn't be the truth. What the truth would do to Albie now I didn't dare think about. "I know a few words," I'd mumble, and make a wild stab at something else, to change the subject.

It scared me and kept me awake nights. I had to tell them—somehow I had to find a way to square myself—but how, without being a complete phony in the boy's eyes?

And as time went on, there was more at stake than just losing Albie's respect. The three of us spent whole days together. On a Saturday we'd get into my car and go as far as Boston to a show. Sundays we'd go for long rides. I was a member of the family, sort of, and began to think maybe I really could be, someday. Fran wouldn't always want to buck the world alone.

She liked me; I knew that. It was a long way from being love, and maybe it wasn't the kind of thing that ever would be love, but she was glad to have me around. She trusted me with Albie, didn't she?

Trust. That's where the panic came in. How would she feel when she learned the truth? What chance would I have then, with a girl who'd been married to Albie's father? There were times I had an uneasy feeling she was comparing me with him anyway. Like the Sunday evening I started painting the kitchen, and at one o'clock, the latest I'd ever stayed, she made coffee.

"You can't go back to that empty room without something," she said. "I don't care what time it is."

The smell of the paint drove us into the living room and we sat there talking. We could always find something to talk about: my truck-driving days, the nursing jobs she'd taken after Fred, her husband, was killed in the accident. We never needed to go very far back.

But we were tired, and the talk ran down, and I said, "You know something, Fran? If I'm going to be out here all hours of the night like this, you'd better hang out a Rooms For Rent sign and let me move in."

She laughed. "I'll do that."

"I'll give notice at Mrs. Malburn's tomorrow," I said.

Maybe it was the way I said it, without grinning to make it a joke. All of a sudden the relaxed look went off her face and she seemed scared. She put her coffee cup on the table and stood up, as if she wanted to run.

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "I was only kidding."

She just stood there, staring at me for a minute. It was the longest minute I ever lived through. At last she sat down again. "I—I wasn't sure," she said.

What was this, anyway? Did she want me not to be kidding? "Look, Fran," I said, feeling my way along, "it was just a gag. Maybe I wish it wasn't—you know what I mean?—but if I said something wrong, I didn't mean it that way."

We laughed it off and had more coffee, and I went home. But I could see she wasn't ready yet for any talk about marriage. She'd been really scared. It would take a long time, I told myself. Maybe there'd never be time enough. Fred Lyle must have been a great guy.

We had a freak warm spell just before Christmas, and I painted the front of the house. Christmas Eve I took out some presents and set up a tree, and Christmas day I went out for dinner. My blundering talk hadn't changed anything—not on the surface. I clowned around a lot. But inside me there was plenty of change. Now that I'd almost told her how I felt, I knew for sure how I did feel. I wanted her. Just being a friend was no good—no good at all. It was driving me crazy.

Right after school started up again, Albie hit me over the head with his geography book.

"You said you were in the Pacific with the Seabees, Clint. Where?"

I almost didn't care now. What difference did it make? "Oh, around," I said. "Australia. Other places."

"We're studying Australia in school," he announced triumphantly.

I was fixing a door hinge; these days I had to keep busy when I was out there or I'd be talking to myself. Fran was making him some pajamas on her sewing machine. *All right*, I thought; *I'm stuck this time and I'll go through with it, but never again. After this I was never out of South Boston.*

"O.K.," I said. "Shoot."

He asked a million questions, and I answered them. All I knew about Australia was what I'd read in a couple of books, but I answered them. So what? You can only hang a man once, and for the lies I'd already told I'd be hanging till the rope rotted.

Fran went right on sewing until it was the boy's bedtime. Then she hustled him off to bed and I breathed again.

The following week, at school, the bomb dropped.

I was talking to Mrs. Dennelle. "Albie's an encyclopedia on Australia," she said. "Does he get it from you or from his mother?"

"His mother? You told me his mother was English!"

She looked surprised. "Of course. But her folks died when she was still in her teens, and she went to live with relatives in Australia. That's where she met her husband."

I didn't stay around when I drove Albie home. I didn't go out there that evening, though I was expected. I ate at Eddie's Diner and went back to my room at Mrs. Malburn's and sat there, and when I couldn't sit any longer I went down to the garage and worked on a transmission until two A.M.

Now she knows, I told myself. *All the time I was shooting my mouth off, she was sitting right there at the sewing machine, listening.* A bulldozer couldn't have pushed me out there to face her.

Next day I traded runs with Nick Palazzo, one of the other drivers, so I wouldn't have to pick Albie up and deliver him. Being in charge, I could do that. When Nick asked me why, in a friendly way, I snarled at him.

I got mad at Fran. Albie I could understand. It probably never entered his head to tell me his mother knew Australia; she wouldn't be talking about it much, after all these years. Anyway, when it came to geography, I was the crutch he leaned on; I was the one with the tall stories that made it exciting for him. But why couldn't she have stopped me? Why did she have to sit there and let me talk?

Then I quit being mad at her and felt just empty. Not lonely, the way I'd felt in the old days, but dead. Talking to Mrs. Malburn or to Eddie Bogosian at the diner, I couldn't think of things to say and there would be whole minutes of silence, and it didn't matter.

I tried to read, and hated the words on the page. Words had made a liar out of me. Words had cost me the one thing I ever wanted. I worked on the buses to get tired, and walked the streets to get more tired, and then couldn't sleep when I went to bed. After a week I knew it was no good. If I couldn't be with her, I didn't want to be in Creston at all, or anywhere within a thousand miles of Creston.

"I'm giving it up," I told Eddie one night in the diner. "I'm clearing out."

We'd been good friends a long time. I'd taken all my meals there until I started going out to Fran's house. I knew Eddie's wife and kids.

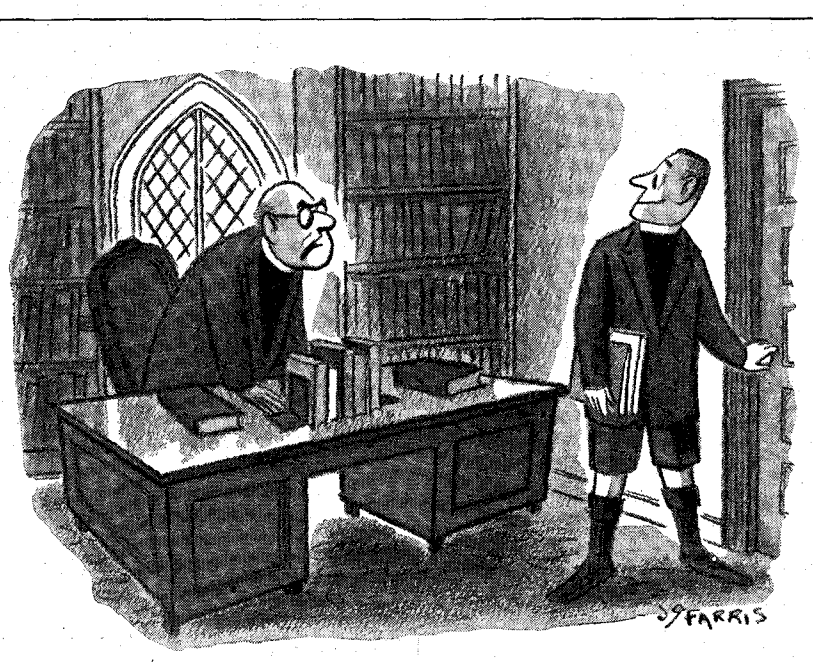
Now he leaned on the counter and looked at my face and said, shaking his head, "What is it, Clint? What happened?"

"Nothing happened. It's the town, that's all. This town."

"What's wrong with the town?"

"How do I know what's wrong with it?" I

(*Continued on Page 65*)



"May I have a word with you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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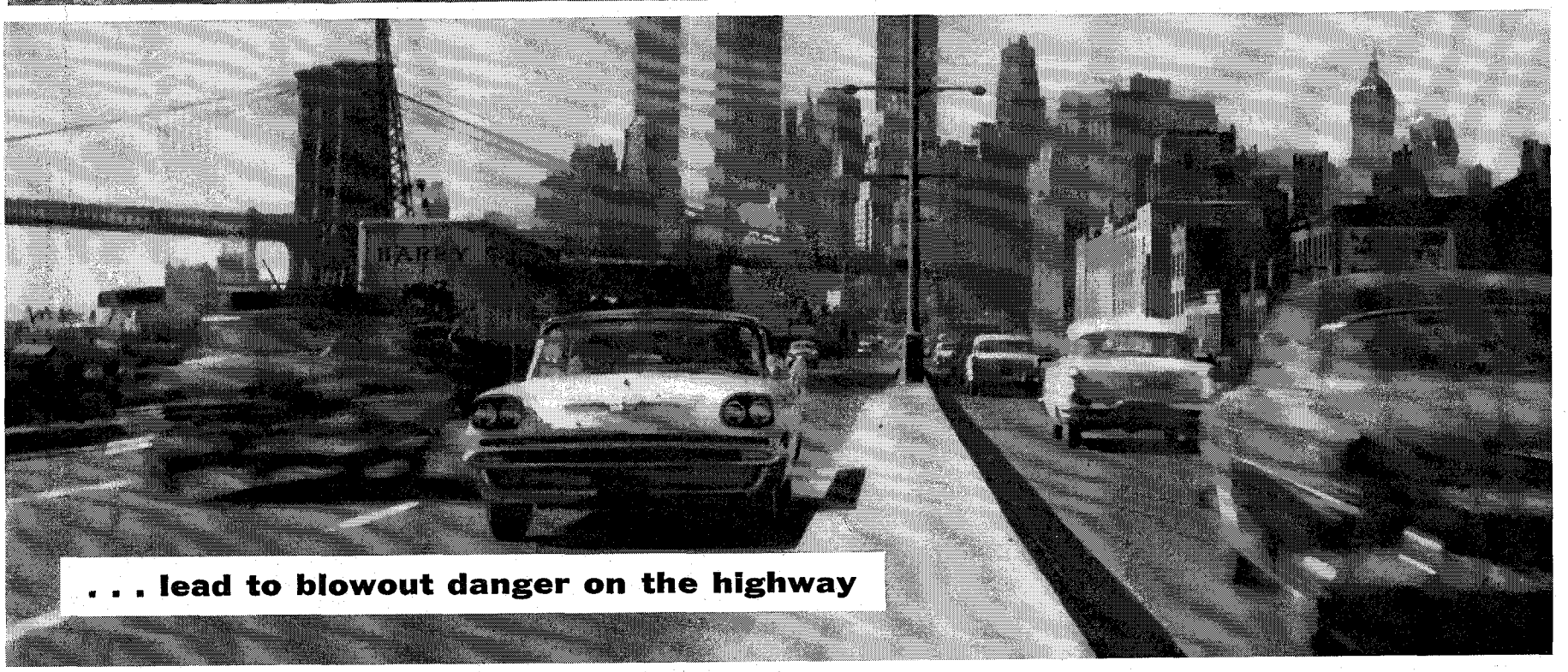

Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

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All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

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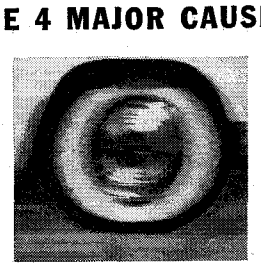
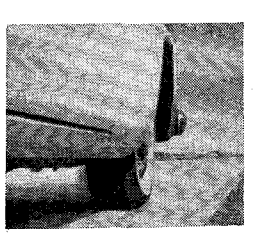
1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.

2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



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(*Continued from Page 62*) snapped at him. "All I know, I want out. I want a million miles out!"

"You said you liked it here."

"I'm a liar," I said. "I'm a born liar."

It was seven P.M. I went back to Mrs. Malburn's. For two cents I'd have packed up and cleared out then and there. What stopped me was knowing that Sam Brooks, our spare driver was out of town and they'd be a driver short in the morning if I didn't show. One more day, I told myself. I'd give notice in the morning and clear out after the busses were put to bed in the afternoon. Eddie's brother, Paul, could service the fleet until they got a new man, as he had before.

I got off the bed where I'd been lying, thinking things out, and went downstairs to find Mrs. Malburn and tell her. She was in her room off the kitchen; the door was shut and her radio was on. I would have knocked, but the front doorbell rang.

I opened the door. Fran was standing there. She didn't come in right away. She stood there on the stoop and looked at me—at my face, the way Eddie had—and then put her hand out as if to touch me. "Clint," she said, "are you sick?"

I shook my head. I'd got out of the habit of talking, the last few days.

"Then why haven't you been out?" she said. "What's wrong, Clint?"

I moved back and she came into the living room. She sat down, still looking at me. She seemed scared.

I stayed on my feet. "You know why I didn't come back," I said. "You sat there and listened to me. All those lies."

"You mean—about Australia? What you were telling Albie about Australia?"

"It wasn't only Australia. You know that too. It was all the rest of it." I suddenly wanted to talk. I wanted to blurt it all out and get rid of it. "It was everything I ever told him," I said. "I never was in Mexico or anywhere else. I never was out of the United States."

She sat there with her hands on the arms of her chair, waiting.

"The whole thing. Just a cheap, lousy lie," I said.

"You—you must have read a lot of books, Clint," she said at last.

"Sure, sure, I read books."

"It helped Albie. It made a new boy out of Albie."

"That makes it all right, I suppose." I turned away from her because she wouldn't stop looking at me. "That makes it all true, just because it helped Albie."

"Clint," she said. "I've lied to Albie too."

Her voice pulled me around. Something in her voice.

"About his father," she said. "I've lied to him about his father. I'll never stop lying to him."

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"You think Fred was wonderful?" She was leaning toward me now, her hands on her knees, and there was an expression on her face I'd never seen before—a look of oldness, of being dead tired. "You believe what Albie told you, that his father was a hero? He wasn't, Clint. When I married him, I thought all Americans in uniform were wonderful—but I was wrong about Fred. I found it out the day he took off his uniform. He wouldn't work. He never even looked for work. He just whined at life and pitied himself, and drank. He was drunk the day of the accident, Clint. He was always drunk."

I sat down, staring at her.

"That's why I've been afraid of you," she said. "For all these years I've had it to think about. Albie and I were safe. No one could hurt us."

We just sat there a minute, looking at each other. I could hear the radio in Mrs. Malburn's room and the big old-fashioned clock ticking on the mantel, and the sound of our breathing. Then I got up and went to her and took hold of her hands. But still I couldn't talk.

"You think I should tell Albie the truth?" she said, looking up at me.

I shook my head. "You can't."

"Do you want him to know the truth about you? What you just told me?"

"No." I looked away from her, trying to get things straight in my mind. "Not now. When he's a little older, maybe. When we can make a joke of it, and tell him why. Not now."

She stood up, and I put my arms around her and she started to cry.

"Will you come out to the house?" she said then. "He keeps asking why you don't."

I shook my head. "That isn't good enough, Fran. Albie asking for me isn't good enough."

"I'm asking, too," she said.

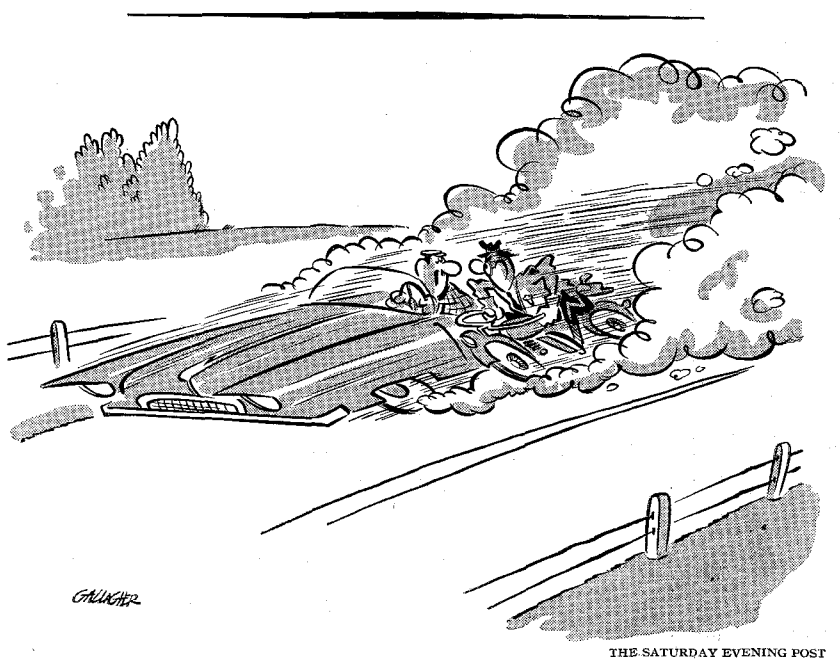
"You're not scared any more? You know it's for keeps?"

"I'm not scared."

"You'll never need to be," I told her. "Believe me, that's the truth. That's the truest thing I ever said."

She smiled at me through her tears. "We both know the truth," she said. "We couldn't fool each other if we tried."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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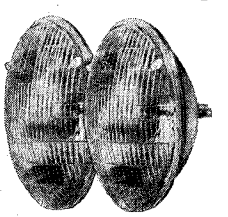

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Admiral Hornblower (Continued from Page 49)

The wind blew the tails of Hornblower's dressing gown and nightshirt up round him as he stood out of the way by the taffrail; darkness was roaring all round him. A midsummer squall had come hurtling at them in the night, but someone had had a weather eye lifting and had been prepared for it. Out of the southward had come the squall.

"Let her pay off!" shouted Harcourt. "Hands to the sheets!"

Crab came round in a welter of confused water, plunged and then steadied. Now she was flying along in the darkness, gaining precious distance to the northward.

"Well done, Mr. Harcourt!" shouted Hornblower into the wind as Harcourt came and stood beside him in the darkness.

"Thank you, sir—my lord. Two hours of this is what we need."

Fate granted them an hour and a half at any rate, before the squall died. But next morning at breakfast Giles was able to report good news.

"Wind's backing to the nor'rard, my lord," he said—Giles was as interested as everyone else in the vessel's progress.

"Excellent," said Hornblower; it was only some seconds later that the dull pain grew up again inside him. That wind would bear him more swiftly to his fate.

As the day wore on, the trade wind displayed some of its mid-summer freakishness. It died away, died away more and more, until it blew only in fitful puffs, so that there were intervals when Crab drifted idly over the glassy blue sea, turning her head to all points of the compass in turn, while the vertical sun blazed down upon a deck in whose seams the pitch melted.

The day ended and the night went by, and still the trade wind did not blow; only occasionally would a puff send Crab ghosting along momentarily toward the Tobago Channel. The sun blazed down, and men limited to two quarts of water a day were thirsty, thirsty all the time.

They had seen very few sail, and the ones they saw were of no use in furthering Hornblower's plans. An island schooner bound to Belize, a Dutchman homeward bound from Curaçao, no one to whom Hornblower could entrust a letter. He could only wait, as the days went by, in grim, bleak patience.

At last the freakish wind blew again, from one point north of east, and they were able to hold their course, with topsails set again, heading steadily for the Antilles, reeling off as much as six knots hour after hour. Now as they approached the islands they saw more sails, but they were only interisland sloops trading between the Leeward Islands and Trinidad. The voyage was nearly completed; Hornblower heard the cry of land from the masthead lookout, and it was only a moment before Gerard came into the cabin.

"Grenada in sight, my lord."

"Very well."

Now they were entering the waters where they could really expect to meet Daring; now the direction of the wind was of more importance than ever. It was blowing from the northeast now, and that was helpful. It extinguished the very faint possibility that Daring might pass to the northward of Tobago instead of through the Tobago Channel.

"Daring's bound to make the same landfall, my lord," said Gerard, "and by daylight if she can."

"We can hope for it, at least," said Hornblower.

If Daring had been as long out of sight of land as had Crab, in the fluky winds and unpredictable currents of the Caribbean, her captain would certainly take all precautions in his approach.

"I think, Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower, "that we can safely hold our course for Point Galera."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Now was the worst period of waiting, of wondering whether the whole voyage might not prove to be a fool's errand, patrolling, beating up to within sight of Trinidad and then going about and reaching past Tobago again toward Grenada. Waiting was bad; if the voyage should not turn out to be a fool's errand, it meant something that Hornblower, and Hornblower alone, knew to be worse. Gerard raised the question again.

"How do you propose to stop him, my lord?"

"There may be means," answered Hornblower, trying to keep the harshness out of his voice that would betray his anxiety.

It was on a blue and gold, blazing day, with Crab ghosting along before only the faintest breeze, that the masthead lookout hailed the deck with the news of the sighting.

"Sail ho! Dead to loo'ard, sir!"

A sail might be anything, but at long intervals, as Crab crept closer, the successive reports made it more and more likely that the strange sail was Daring. Three masts—even that first supplementary report made it reasonably sure, for not many big ships plied out into the South Atlantic from the Caribbean. All

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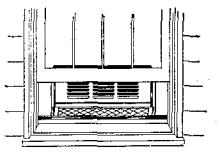

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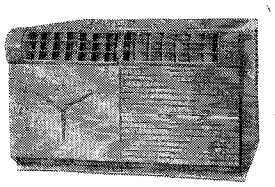

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sail set, even skysails, and stu'ns'ls to the royals. That did not mean quite so much.

"She looks like an American, sir!"

The skysails had already hinted strongly in the same direction. Then Harcourt went up to the mainmast head with his own glass, and came down again with his eyes shining with excitement.

"That's Daring, my lord. I'm sure of it."

Ten miles apart they lay, on the brilliant blue of the sea with the brilliant blue of the sky above them, and on the far horizon a smudge of land. Crab had won her race by twenty-five hours. Daring was "boxing the compass," swinging idly in all directions under her pyramids of sails in the absence of all wind; Crab carried her way for a while longer, and then she, too, fell motionless under the blazing sun. All eyes turned on the admiral, standing stiffly, with his hands locked behind him, gazing at the distant white rectangles that indicated where lay his fate. The schooner's big mainsail flapped idly, flapped again, and then the boom began to swing over.

"Hands to the sheets!" yelled Harcourt.

The air was so light that they could not even feel it on their sweating faces, but it sufficed to push the booms out, and a moment later the helmsman could feel the rudder take hold just enough to give him control. With Crab's bowsprit

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The trouble with girls is that you can't tell the smart ones from the dumb ones until it's too late.

CY N. PEACE

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pointed straight at Daring, the breath of wind was coming in over the starboard quarter, almost dead astern, almost dead foul for Daring if ever it should reach her, but she was still becalmed. The breath of wind increased until they could feel it, until they could hear under the bows the music of the schooner's progress through the water, and then it died away abruptly, leaving Crab to wallow on the swell. Then it breathed again, over the port quarter this time, and then it drew farther aft, so that the topsails were braced square and the foresail could be hauled over to the port side, and Crab ran wing-and-wing for ten blessed minutes until the wind dropped again, to a dead, flaming calm. Then they could see Daring catch a wind, see her trim her sails, but only momentarily, only long enough to reveal her intentions before she lay once more helpless. Despite her vast sail area, her greater dead weight made her less susceptible to these very faint airs.

"Thank God for that," said Gerard, glass to his eye, as he watched her swing idly again. "I think she aims to pass us beyond cannon shot, my lord."

"I shouldn't be surprised at that," agreed Hornblower.

Another breath, another slight closing of the gap, another dead calm.

"Mr. Harcourt, perhaps it would be best if you let the men have their dinners now."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Salt beef and pease pudding under a noonday sun in the tropics—who could have any appetite for that, especially with the excitement of watching for a wind? And in the middle of dinner, hands were sent again to the sheets and braces to take advantage of another breath of wind.

"At what time will you have your dinner, my lord?" asked Giles.

"Not now," was all the answer Hornblower would give him, glass to eye.

"He's hoisted his colors, my lord," pointed out Gerard. "American colors."

The Stars and Stripes, regarding which he had been expressly ordered to be particularly tender. But he could be nothing else in any case, seeing that Daring mounted twelve-pounders and was full of men.

Now both vessels had a wind, but Crab was creeping bravely along at a full two knots, and Daring, trying to head to the southward close-hauled, was hardly moving; now she was not moving at all, turning aimlessly in a breeze too faint to give her steerage way.

"I can see very few people on her deck, my lord," said Harcourt; the eye with which he had been staring through his glass was watering with the glare of sun and sea.

"She'd keep 'em below out of sight," said Gerard.

That was so likely as to be certain. Whatever Daring, and Cambronne, thought of Crab's intentions, it would be safest to conceal the fact that she had five hundred men on board while heading for the South Atlantic.

And between her and that South Atlantic lay Crab, the frailest barrier imaginable. Let Daring once pass through the channel out into the open sea and nothing could be done to stop her. No ship could hope to overtake her. She would reach St. Helena to strike her blow there, and no possible warning could be given. It was now or never, and it was Hornblower's fault that matters had reached

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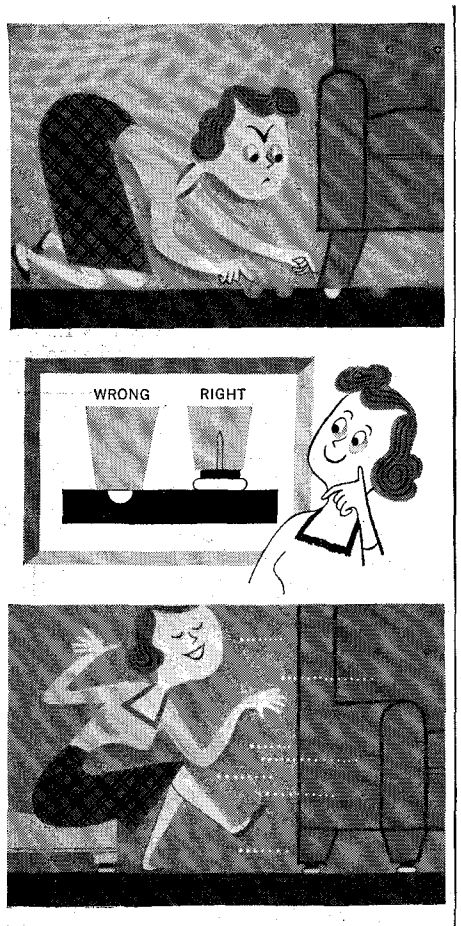

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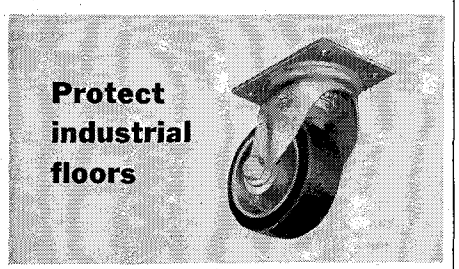

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such a pass. He had been utterly fooled in New Orleans. He had allowed Cambronne to steal a march on him. Now he had to make any sacrifice that circumstances demanded of him, any sacrifice whatever, to redeem the peace of the world. Crab could do nothing to stop Daring. It could be done only by his own personal exertions.

"Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower, in his harsh expressionless monotone, "I'll have the quarter boat cleared away ready to lower, if you please. Have a full boat's crew told off to double-bank the oars."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"Who'll go in her, my lord?" asked Gerard.

"I will," said Hornblower.

The mainsail flapped, the boom came creaking inboard, swung out again, swung in. The breeze was dying away again. For a few minutes more Crab held her course, and then the bowsprit began to turn away from Daring.

"Can't keep her on her course, sir," reported the quartermaster.

Hornblower swept his gaze round the horizon in the blazing afternoon. There was no sign of a further breeze. The decisive moment had come, and he snapped his telescope shut.

"I'll take that boat now, Mr. Harcourt."

"Let me come, too, my lord," said Gerard, a note of protest in his voice.

"No," said Hornblower.

In case a breeze should get up during the next half hour, he wanted no useless weight in the boat while crossing the two-mile gap.

"Put your backs into it," said Hornblower to the boat's crew as they shoved off. Hornblower brought the tiller over and pointed straight for Daring. They soared up a gentle swell, and down again, up again and down again; with each rise and fall, Crab was perceptibly smaller and Daring perceptibly larger, lovely in the afternoon light, during what Hornblower told himself were the last hours of his professional life. They drew nearer and nearer to Daring, until at last a hail came borne by the heated air.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Coming aboard!" hailed Hornblower back again. He stood up in the stern sheets so that his gold-laced admiral's uniform was in plain sight.

"Keep off!" hailed the voice, but Hornblower held his course.

There could be no international incident made out of this—an unarmed boat's crew taking an admiral alone on board a becalmed ship. He directed the boat toward the mizzen chains.

"Keep off!" hailed the voice, an American voice.

Hornblower swung the boat in. "In oars!" he ordered.

With the way she carried, the boat surged toward the ship; Hornblower timed his movements to the best of his ability, knowing his own clumsiness. He leaped for the chains, got one shoe full of water, but held on and dragged himself up.

"Lie off and wait for me!" he ordered the boat's crew, and then turned to swing himself over onto the deck of the ship.

The tall thin man with a cigar in his mouth must be the American captain; the burly fellow beside him one of the mates. The guns were cast off, although not run out, and the American seamen were standing round them ready to open fire.

"Did you hear me say keep off, mister?" asked the captain.

"I must apologize for this intrusion, sir," said Hornblower. "I am Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower, of His Britannic Majesty's service, and I have the most urgent business with Count Cambronne."

For a moment on the sunlit deck they stood and looked at each other, and then Hornblower saw Cambronne approaching.

"Ah, count," said Hornblower, and then made himself speak French. "It is a pleasure to meet *Monsieur le Comte* again."

He took off his cocked hat and held it over his breast and doubled himself in a bow which he knew to be ungainly.

"And to what do I owe this pleasure, milord?" asked Cambronne. He was standing very stiff and straight, his cat's-whisker mustache bristling out on either side.

"I have come to bring you the very worst of news, I regret to say," said Hornblower. Through many sleepless nights he had rehearsed these speeches to himself. Now he was forcing himself to make them naturally. "And I have come also to do you a service, count."

"What do you wish to say, milord?"

"Bad news."

"Well?"

"It is with the deepest regret, count, that I have to inform you of the death of your emperor."

"No!"

"The Emperor Napoleon died at St. Helena last month. I offer you my sympathy, count."

Hornblower told the lie with every effort to appear like a man speaking the truth.

"It cannot be true!"

"I assure you that it is, count."

A muscle in the count's cheek twitched restlessly beside the purple scar. His hard, slightly protruding eyes bored into Hornblower's like gimlets.

"I received the news two days back in Port of Spain," said Hornblower. "In consequence, I canceled the arrangements I had made for the arrest of this ship."

Cambronne could not guess that Crab had not made so quick a passage as he indicated.

"I do not believe you," said Cambronne, nevertheless. It was just the sort of tale that might be told to halt Daring in her passage.

"Sir!" said Hornblower haughtily. He drew himself up even stiffer, acting as well as he could the part of the man of honor whose word was being impugned. The pose was almost successful.

"You must understand the importance of what you are saying, milord," said Cambronne, with the faintest hint of apology in his voice. But then he said the fatal dreaded words that Hornblower had been expecting, "Milord, do you give me your word of honor as a gentleman that what you say is true?"

"My word of honor as a gentleman," said Hornblower.

He had anticipated this moment in misery for days and days. He was ready for it. He compelled himself to make his answer in the manner of a man of honor. He made himself say it steadily and sincerely, as if it did not break his heart to say it. He had been sure that Cambronne would ask him for his word of honor.

It was the last sacrifice he could make. In twenty years of war he had freely risked his life for his country. He had endured danger, anxiety, hardship. He had never, until now, been asked to give his honor. This was the further price he had to pay. It was through his own fault that the peace of the world was in peril. It was fitting that he should pay the price. And the honor of one man was a small price to pay for the peace of the world, to save his country from the renewal of the deadly perils she had so narrowly survived for twenty years. In those happy years of the past, returning to his country after an arduous campaign, he had looked about him and he had breathed English air and he had told himself, with fatuous patriotism, that England was worth fighting for, was worth dying for. England was worth a man's honor too. Oh, it was true. But it was heart-rending, it was far, far worse than death that it should be his honor that had to be sacrificed.

A little group of officers had appeared on deck and were standing grouped on either side of Cambronne, listening to every word; to one side stood the American captain and his mate. Facing them, alone, his gaudy uniform flashing in the sun, stood Hornblower, waiting. The officer on Cambronne's right spoke next. He was some kind of adjutant or staff officer, clearly, of the breed that Hornblower hated. Of course, he had to repeat the question, to turn the iron in the wound.

"Your word of honor, milord?"

"My word of honor," repeated Hornblower, still steadily, still like a man of honor.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

"Certainly, I'm awake . . . inform the safari that we break camp in an hour."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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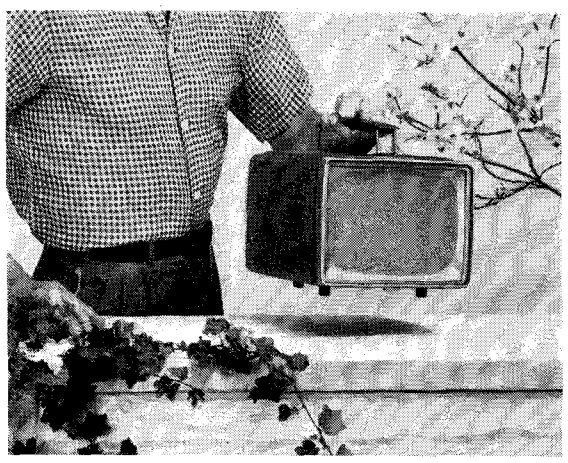

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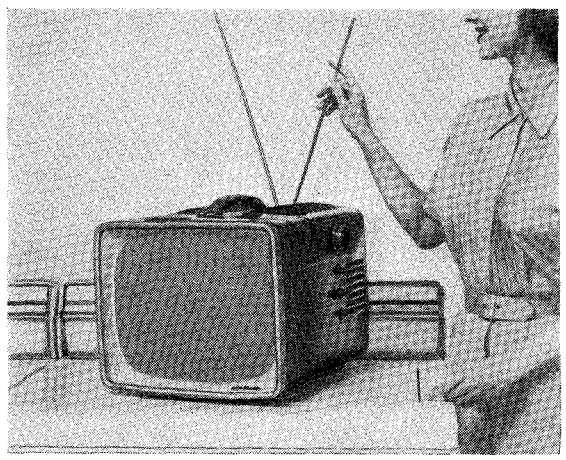

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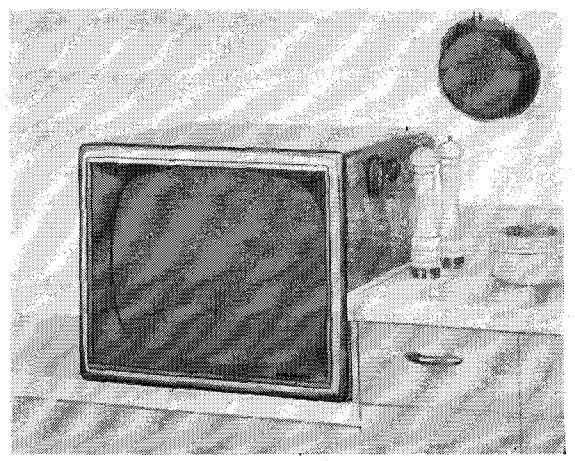

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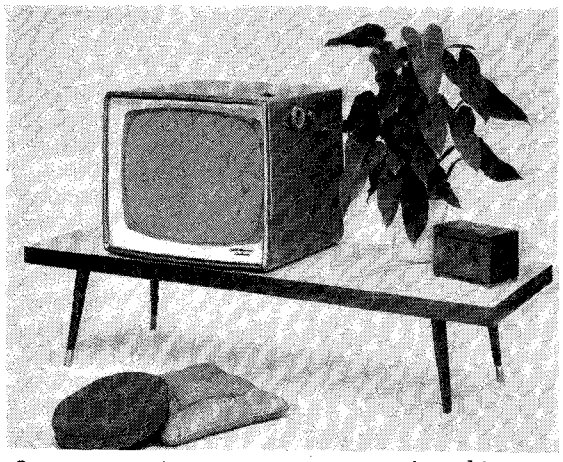
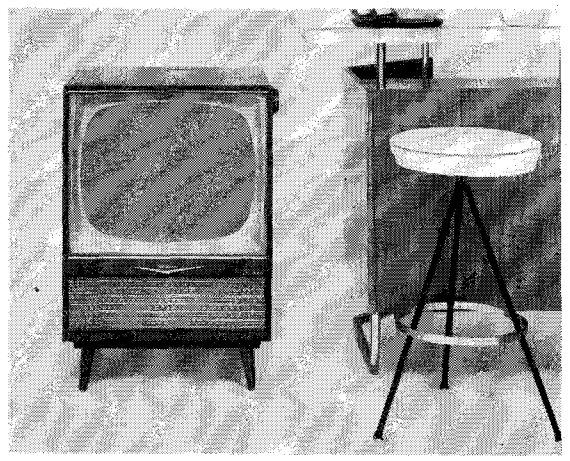
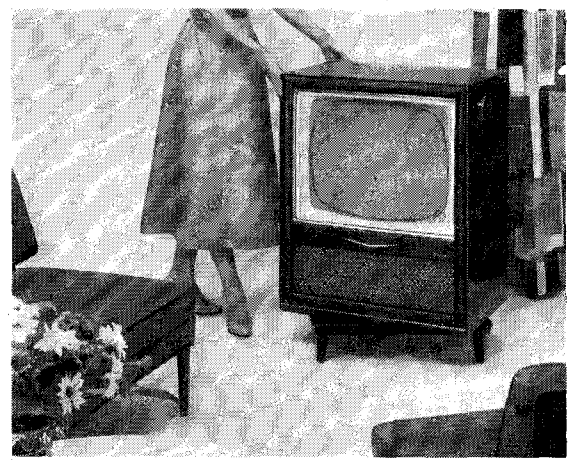


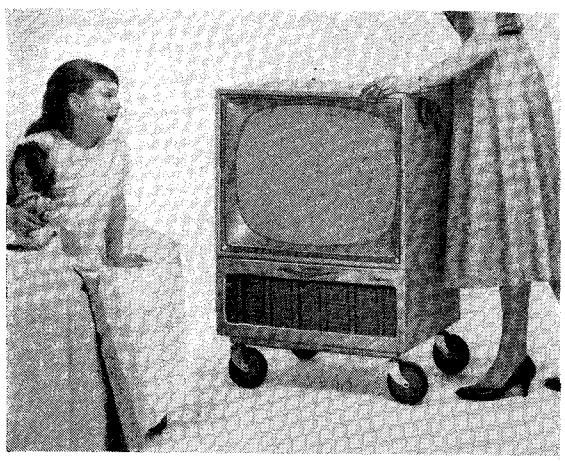
Saves space in small apartments—in a big way. This sleek Deluxe table model is ideal—makes any room roomier. 261 sq. in.* picture, many extras. *Bailey.* Tawny gold. (21D717) $239.95.



Sits pretty in the playroom, fits with the fun *perfectly*. Terrific value in console styling. 261 sq. in.* picture. Balanced Fidelity Sound. *Eaton.* Mahogany grained finish. (21T735) $249.95.



Aims to please—anywhere. Swivel TV makes every seat front row center. Phono-jack for record player. Balanced Fidelity Sound, 261 sq. in.* picture. *Enfield.* Mahogany grained finish. (21T738) $299.95.



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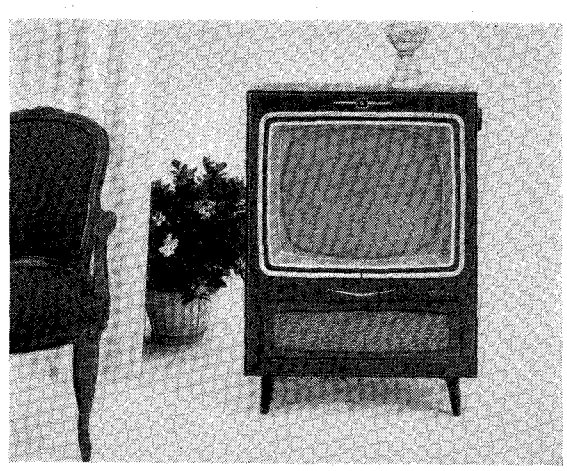
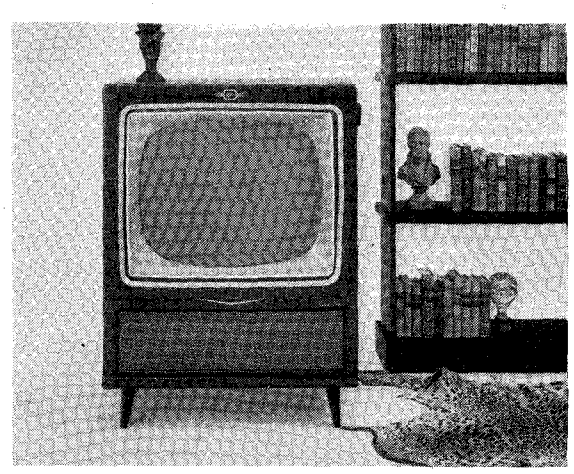


Goes formal in your living room. Handsome is and handsome does this Deluxe TV with 3-speaker Panoramic Sound and 261 sq. in.* picture. *Whitman.* Mahogany grained finish. (21D744) $349.95.



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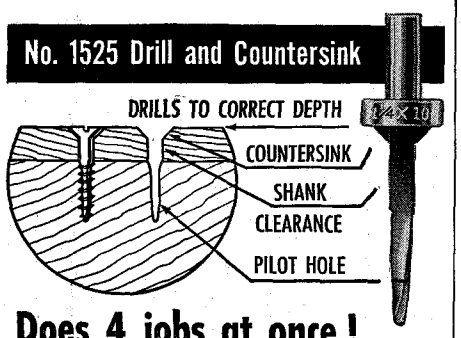

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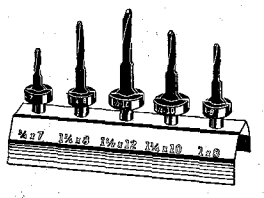

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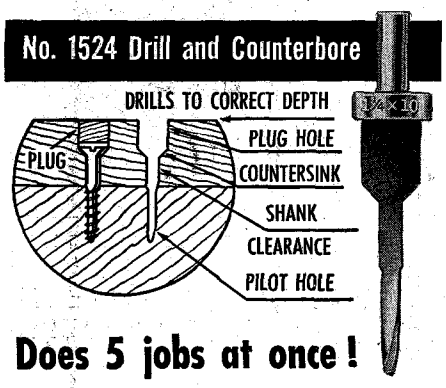

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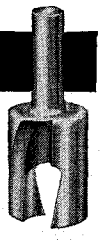

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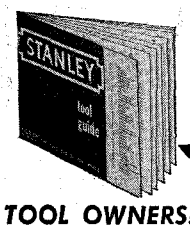

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(*Continued from Page 68*) No one could disbelieve the word of honor of a British admiral, of a man who had held His Majesty's commission for more than twenty years. He went on now with the arguments he had rehearsed.

"This exploit of yours can be forgotten now, count," he said. "With the emperor's death, all hope of reconstituting the empire is at an end. No one need know of what you had intended. You, and these gentlemen, and the Imperial Guard below decks, can remain uncompromised with the regime that rules France. You can carry them all home, as you had said you would do, and on the way you can drop your warlike stores quietly overboard. It is for this reason that I have visited you like this, alone. My country, your country, do not desire any new incident to imperil the amity of the world. No one need know; this incident can remain a secret between us."

Cambronne heard what he said, and listened to it, but the first news he had heard was of such moving importance that he could speak of nothing else.

"The emperor is dead!" he said.

"I have already assured you of my sympathy, count," said Hornblower. "I offer it to these gentlemen as well. My very deepest sympathy."

The American captain broke into the murmurs of Cambronne's staff.

"There's a cat's-paw of wind coming toward us," he said. "We'll be under way again in five minutes. Are you coming with us, mister, or are you going over the side?"

"Wait," said Cambronne; he seemingly had some English.

He turned to his staff and they plunged into debate. When they all spoke at once, Hornblower's French was inadequate to follow the conversation in detail. But he could see they were all convinced. He might have been pleased, if there had been any pleasure left in the world for him.

Someone walked across the deck and shouted down the hatchway, and next moment the Imperial Guard began to pour up on deck. The Old Guard, Bonaparte's Old Guard; they were all in full uniform, apparently in readiness for battle if Crab had been foolish enough to risk one. There were five hundred of them in their plumes and bearskins, muskets in hand. A shouted order formed them up on deck, line behind line, gaunt, whiskered men who had marched into every great capital in Europe save London alone. They carried their muskets and stood at attention; only a few of them did not look straight to their front, but darted curious glances at the British admiral.

The tears were running down Cambronne's scarred cheeks as he turned and spoke to them. He told them the news in broken sentences, for he could hardly speak for sorrow. They growled like beasts as he spoke. They were thinking of their emperor dying in his island prison under the harsh treatment of his English jailers; the looks that were turned upon Hornblower now showed hatred instead of curiosity, but Cambronne caught their attention again as he went on to speak of the future. He spoke of France and peace.

"The emperor is dead!" he said again, as if he were saying that the world had come to an end.

The ranks were ragged now; emotion had broken down even the iron discipline of the Old Guard. Cambronne drew his sword, raising the hilt to his lips in the beautiful gesture of the salute; the steel flashed in the light of the sinking sun.

"I drew this sword for the emperor," said Cambronne. "I shall never draw it again."

He took the blade in both hands close to the hilt and put it across his lifted knee. With a convulsive effort of his lean, powerful body, he snapped the blade across, and, turning, he flung the fragments into the sea. The sound that came from the Old Guard was like a long-drawn moan. One man took his musket by the muzzle, swung the butt over his head, and brought it crashing down on the deck, breaking the weapon at the small of the butt. Others followed his example. The muskets rained overside.

The American captain was regarding the scene apparently unmoved, as if nothing more would ever surprise him, but the unlit cigar in his mouth was now much shorter, and he must have chewed off the end. He approached Hornblower obviously to ask the explanation of the scene, but the French adjutant interposed.

"France," said the adjutant. "We go to France."

"France?" repeated the captain. "Not ——"

He did not say the words "St. Helena," but they were implicit in his expression.

"France," repeated the adjutant heavily.

Cambronne came toward them, stiffer and straighter than ever as he mastered his emotion.

"I will intrude no further on your sorrow, count," said Hornblower. "Remember always you have the sympathy of an Englishman."

Cambronne would remember those words later, when he found he had been tricked by a dishonorable Englishman, but they had to be said at this moment, all the same.

"I will remember," said Cambronne. He was forcing himself to observe the necessary formalities. "I must thank you, milord, for your courtesy and consideration."

"I have done my duty toward the world," said Hornblower.

He would not hold out his hand, Cambronne later would feel contaminated if he touched him. He came stiffly to attention and raised his hand instead in salute.

"Good-by, count," he said. "I hope we shall meet again in happier circumstances."

"Good-by, milord," said Cambronne heavily.

Hornblower climbed into the mizzen chains and the boat pulled in to him, and he fell rather than climbed into the stern sheets.

"Give way," he said. No one could feel as utterly exhausted as he felt. No one could feel as utterly unhappy.

They were waiting for him eagerly on board Crab—Harcourt and Gerard and the others. He still had to preserve an unmoved countenance as he went on board. He still had duties to do.

"You can let Daring go past, Mr. Harcourt," he said. "It is all arranged."

"Arranged, my lord?" This was from Gerard.

"Cambronne has given up the attempt. They are going quietly to France."

"France? To France? My lord ——"

"You heard what I said."

They looked across the strip of sea, purple now in the dying day; Daring was bracing round her yards to catch the faint breeze that was blowing.

"Your orders are to let them pass, my lord?" persisted Gerard.

"Yes, damn you," said Hornblower, and instantly regretted the flash of rage and bad language. He turned to the other. "Mr. Harcourt, we can now proceed into Port of Spain. I presume that even if the wind is fair you will prefer not to risk the Dragon's Mouth by night. You have my permission to wait until daylight."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Even then they would not leave him in peace as he turned to go below.

"Dinner, my lord?" asked Gerard. "I'll give orders for it at once."

Hopeless to snarl back that he wanted no dinner; the discussion that would have ensued would have been worse than going through the form of eating dinner. Even so, it meant that on entering his cabin he could not do as he wanted and fall on his cot with his face in his hands and abandon himself to his misery. He had to sit up stiff and square while Giles laid and served and cleared away, while the tropical sunset flamed in the sky and black night swooped down upon the little ship on the purple sea. Only then, after Giles' last "Good night, my lord," could he think again, and work back through all the horror of his thoughts.

He had ceased to be a gentleman. He was disgraced. Everything was at an end. He would have to resign his command; he would have to resign his commission. How would he ever face Barbara? When little Richard grew up and could understand what had happened, how would he ever be able to meet his eyes? And Barbara's (*Continued on Page 72*)

"I don't know; so they can walk faster, I guess."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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New medical anti-dandruff formula...for men and women

Clears up the severest dandruff

...with just 3 applications!

Theradan is not a shampoo! Is not a tonic!
Bristol-Myers' new Theradan penetrates and removes hard scaly crust from your scalp
... to stop new dandruff before it starts.

Like any man or woman who suffers from dandruff, you may doubt that it can be *controlled*—much less *eliminated* for long periods.

But Theradan is *not* just another tonic—*not* a "medicated" shampoo you wash right out. You don't have to use it every day or every week. Theradan is a new kind of medical treatment, containing penetrating *Sarthionate*. It is made by an established maker of pharmaceuticals. And you can get Theradan *without* a doctor's prescription.

Here's how Theradan works

Theradan goes far beyond the ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations can't touch the layer of hard scaly crust that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming *new* dandruff flakes. But Theradan *removes* this layer.

Simply apply Theradan to the scalp. Unlike so-called "dandruff-treatment" shampoos which you wash right out, *Theradan stays on long enough for the medicine to do its work*—usually from ½ hour to 1 hour. In a very severe case, it can stay on the scalp as long as needed.

Theradan's penetrating Sarthionate gently and surely loosens scaly crust...lifts it from your scalp. Thus Theradan leaves your scalp really clean and scale-free—stops further dandruff before it starts!

Eliminates dandruff for 1 month to 4 months

Theradan surprised skin specialists who used it on their patients. In 20 months of testing, it was completely effective in dandruff cases so severe that even strong prescription remedies failed to give adequate relief. With Theradan, none of these men and women had dandruff again for 1 month to 4 months.

Kills scalp germs, ends itching

Theradan kills scalp germs associated with dandruff—ends the itching and burning. In addition, it leaves hair cleaner-looking, lustrous, with no unpleasant odor.

If you have dandruff, get new Theradan from your neighborhood store today and use it with confidence. See what relief it is to be able to keep free from dandruff for months!

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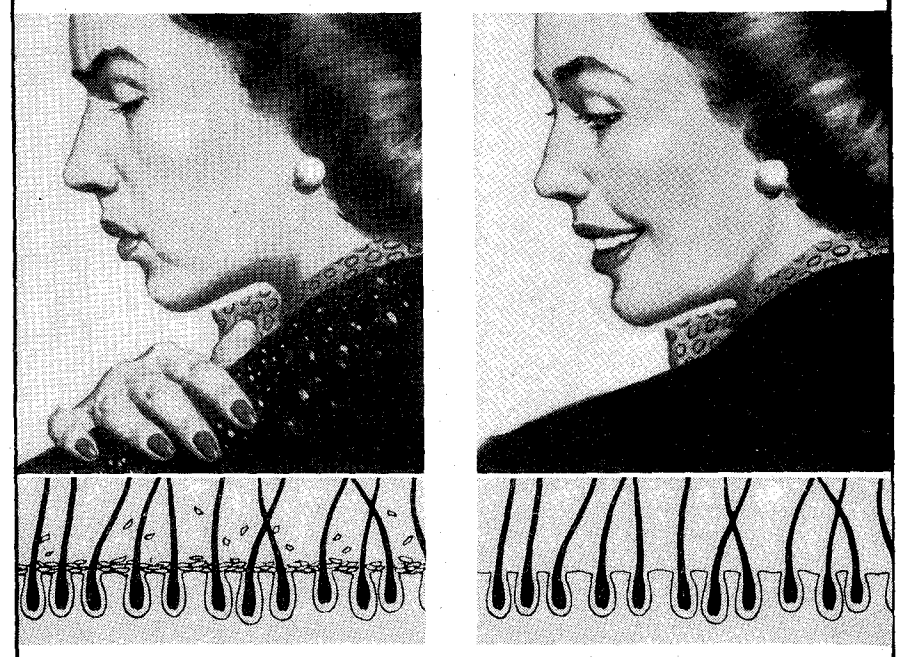

Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove *loose* dandruff but leave a hard crust of dandruff scales on your scalp to form *new* flakes in less than a week.

Theradan with Sarthionate penetrates the scaly crust and lifts it off—leaves your normally healthy scalp free from dandruff for *1 month* to *4 months!*

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS
The statements in this advertisement are supported by controlled clinical tests. For a report of these tests, write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-57, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

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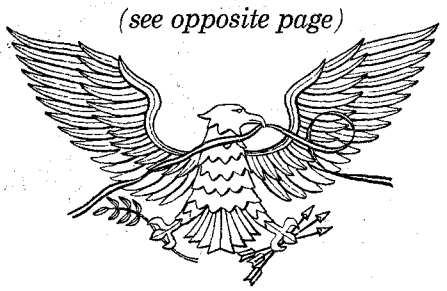
(see opposite page)



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The soft, greenish tint of Solex—almost unnoticeable from inside your Imperial—lessens eyestrain and driving fatigue. It does this by reducing the intensity of the sunlight entering the car. Solex absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Why not get all the additional advantages offered by Solex when you buy your new Imperial?

SOLEX

PPG *is a product of*

PITTSBURGH

PLATE GLASS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 70) aristocratic family would sneer knowingly to one another. And never again would he walk a quarter-deck, and never again step on board with his hand to his hat and the bos'n's calls shrilling in salute. Never again; his professional life was at an end—everything was at an end. He had made the sacrifice deliberately and cold-bloodedly, but that did not make it any less horrible.

His thoughts moved into the other half of the circle. He could have done nothing else. If he had turned aside to Kingston or Port of Spain, Daring would have slipped past him, as her time of arrival off Tobago proved, and any additional strength he might have brought with him—if any, as was not likely—would have been useless.

If he had stayed at Kingston and sent a dispatch to London? If he had done that, he might at least have covered himself with the authorities. But it would have been unavailing. How much time would elapse between the arrival of his letter in London and the arrival of Daring on the coast of France with Bonaparte on board? Two weeks? Very likely less than that. The clerks at the Admiralty would have treated his dispatch at first as coming from a madman. There would be delay in its reaching the first lord's hands, delay in its being laid before the cabinet, delay while action was being debated, delay while the French ambassador was informed, delay while joint action was being agreed upon.

And what action, if any—if the cabinet did not dismiss his letter as that of an unbalanced alarmist? The peacetime navy of England could never have been got to sea in time and in sufficient numbers to cover the whole coast of France, so as to make it impossible for Daring to land her deadly cargo. And the mere inevitable leakage of the news that Bonaparte was at sea and expected to land would throw France into immediate revolution—no doubt about that, and Italy was in a turmoil too.

By writing to London, he would have covered himself, as he had already decided, from the censure of the government. But it was not the measure of a man's duty to avoid blame. He had a positive duty to do, and he had done it in the only way possible. Nothing else would have stopped Cambronne. Nothing else. He had seen where his duty lay. He had seen what the price would be, and now he was paying it. He had bought the peace of the world at the price of his own honor. He had ceased to be a gentleman—his thoughts completed the other half of the circle.

His mind plunged on, struggling desperately, like a man in utter darkness waist-deep in a slough. It would not be long before the world knew of his dishonor. Cambronne would talk, and so would the other Frenchmen. The world would hear soon of a British admiral giving his plighted word in the certain knowledge that he was telling a lie. Before then he would have left the service, resigned his command and his commission. That must be done at once; his contaminated flag must fly no longer; he must give no further orders to gentlemen.

In Port of Spain there was the governor of Trinidad. Tomorrow he would tell him that the West India squadron no longer had a commander in chief. The governor could take all the necessary official action in circularizing the squadron and informing the government—just as if yellow fever or apoplexy had taken off the commander in chief. In this way anarchy would be reduced to a minimum and a change of command arranged as simply as possible; that was the last service he could perform for his country, the very last.

The governor would think he was mad, of course—he might be in a strait jacket tomorrow unless he confessed his shame. And then the governor would pity him; the first of the pity, the first of the contempt, he would have to face for the rest of his life. Barbara, Richard—the lost soul plunged on through the stinking slough, through the dark night.

At the end of that dark night, a knock at the door brought in Gerard. The message he was bearing died on his lips as he looked at Hornblower's face, white under the tan, and at his hollow eyes.

"Are you quite well, my lord?" he asked anxiously.

"Quite well. What is it?"

"Mr. Harcourt's respects, my lord, and we are off the Dragon's Mouth. The wind is fair at nor'nor'east and we can make the passage as soon as day breaks, in half an hour, my lord. We'll drop anchor in Port of Spain by two bells in the forenoon watch, my lord."

"Thank you, Mr. Gerard." The words came slowly and coldly as he forced himself to utter them. "My compliments to Mr. Harcourt and that will do very well."

"Aye, aye, my lord. This will be the first appearance of your flag in Port of Spain, and a salute will be fired."

"Very well."

"The governor by virtue of his appointment takes precedence of you, my lord. Your lordship must therefore pay the first call. Shall I make a signal to that effect?"

"Thank you, Mr. Gerard. I would be obliged if you would."

The horror still had to be gone through and endured. He had to make himself spick and span; he could not appear on deck unshaven and dirty and untidy. He had to shave and endure Giles' conversation.

"Fresh water, my lord," said Giles, bringing in a steaming can. "Cap'n's given permission, seeing that we'll be watering today."

There might once have been sheer sensuous pleasure in shaving in fresh water, but now there was none. There might have been pleasure in standing on deck watching Crab make the passage of the Dragon's Mouth, in looking about him at new lands, in entering a new port, but now there was none. There might have been pleasure once in fresh linen, even in a crisp new neckcloth, even in his ribbon and star and gold-hilted sword. There might have been pleasure in hearing the thirteen guns of his salute fired and answered, but there was none now; there was only the agony of knowing that never again would a salute be fired for him, never again would the whole ship stand at attention for him as he went over the side. He had to hold himself stiff and straight, so as not to droop like a weakling in his misery. He even had to blink hard to keep the tears from overflowing down his cheeks as if he were a sentimental Frenchman. The blazing blue sky overhead might have been black for all he knew.

The governor was a ponderous major general, with a red ribbon and a star too. He went rigidly through the formalities of the reception, and then unbent as soon as they were alone together.

"Delighted to have this visit from you, my lord," he said. "Please sit down. I think you will find that chair comfortable. I have some sherry which I think you will find tolerable. May I pour your lordship a glass?"

He did not wait for an answer, but busied himself with the decanter and glasses.

"By the way, my lord, have you heard the news? Boney's dead."

Hornblower had not sat down. He had intended to refuse the sherry; the governor would not care to drink with a man who had lost his honor. Now he sat down with a jerk and automatically took the glass offered him. The sound he made in reply to the governor's news was only a croak.

"Yes," went on the governor. "He died three weeks back, in St. Helena. They've buried him there, and that's the last of him. Well—are you quite well, my lord?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Hornblower.

The cool, twilit room was swimming round him. As he came back to sanity he thought of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. She, disobeying her husband's commands, had been carrying food to the poor—an apron full of bread—when her husband saw her.

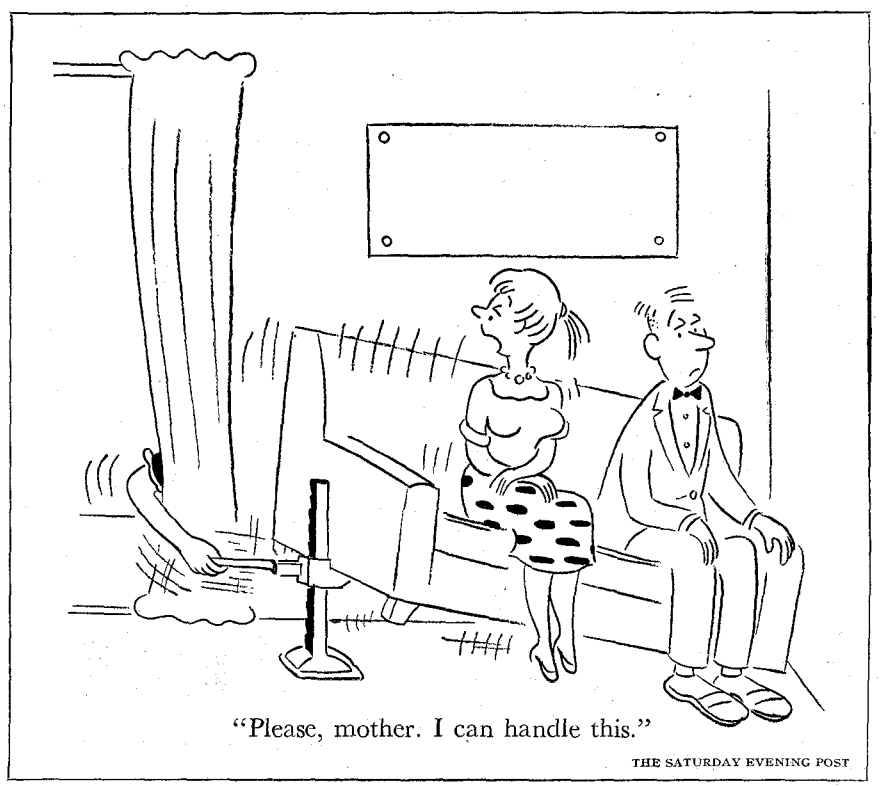
"What have you in your apron?" he demanded.

"Roses," lied Saint Elizabeth.

"Show me," said her husband.

Saint Elizabeth showed him—and her apron was full of roses.

Life could begin anew, thought Hornblower. THE END



"Please, mother. I can handle this."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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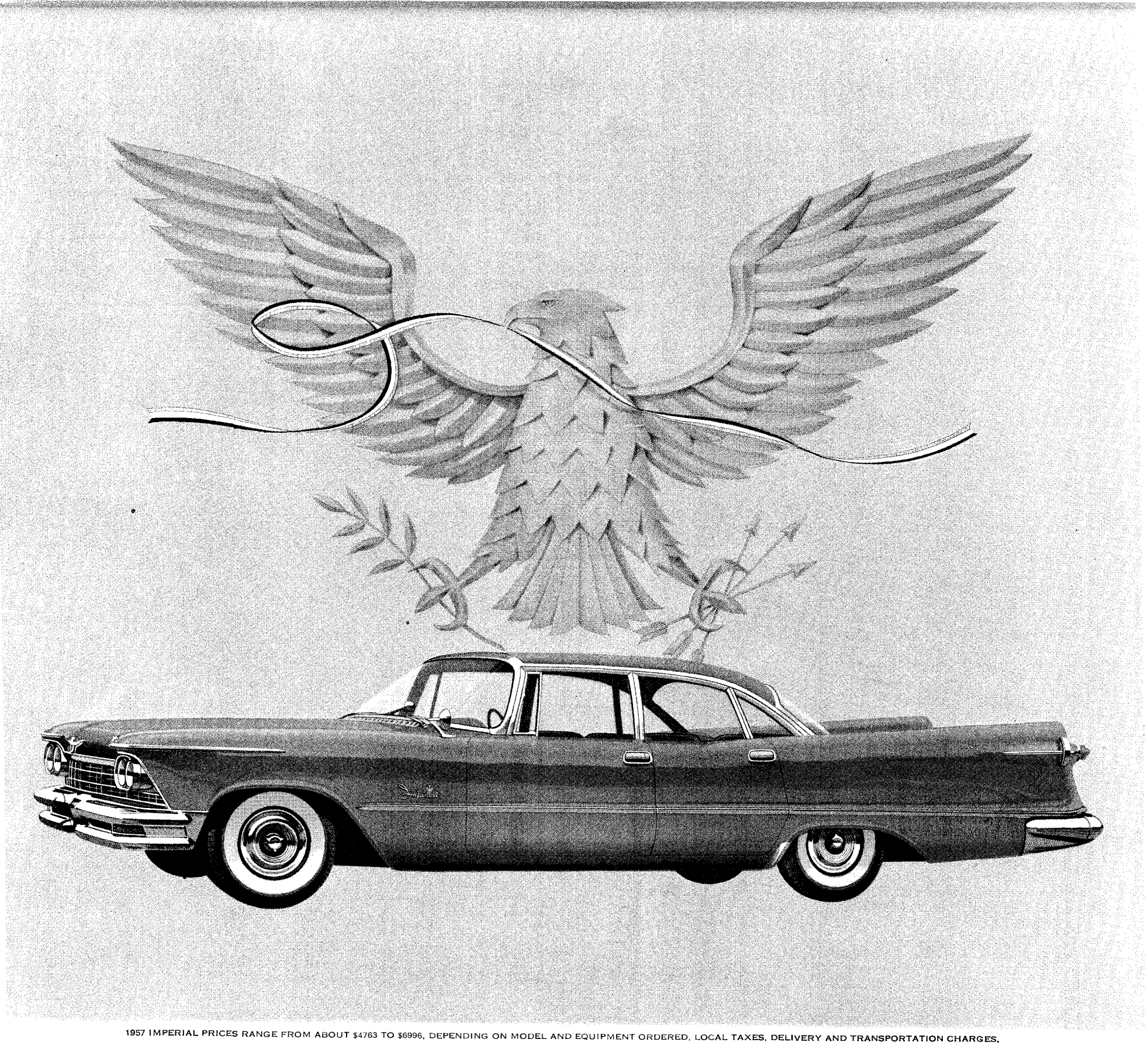

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The Capture of the Swordray

(Continued from Page 33)

of the Swordray, his services were very much in demand by the electrical companies who were beginning to build nuclear generating plants.

Coxe had stopped halfway down the afterdeck and was staring blankly into the fog. Suddenly he realized that the white sheen cutting through the swirling moistness had disappeared. The fantail light had gone out. *This we will have to fix immediately*, he thought. Swordray's stern stuck well out into the channel, and while there was little likelihood of traffic that time of night, it was a ComSubLant regulation to keep a fantail light burning.

Coxe felt his way aft through the utter darkness until his big field shoe struck the coaming of the after hatch. He undogged the hatch wheel, lifted it and yelled, "Hey, below! Below!"

A sleepy-eyed face appeared, wreathed in a blinding shaft of light. It was Torpedoman's Mate Second Class Welch.

"Pass me up a light bulb. The stern light's out," Coxe said. Then he added, "And a three-sixteenths wrench."

Coxe squatted by the hatch while waiting for Welch to fetch the bulb and wrench, staring into darkness, deliberately keeping his eyes turned from the hatch, so that he would not be blinded. He thought he heard a scraping noise near the stern. He looked aft and fancied he saw several dark forms bobbing around the light post. But believing that the bright light of the hatch had temporarily distorted his vision, he did not give it a second thought.

Torpedoman's Mate Welch passed the bulb and wrench up, and Coxe, after carefully dogging the hatch shut, crawled aft along the narrow, tapering superstructure of the submarine. His right hand found the lower shaft of the light post, and he was inching it upwards toward the bulb enclosure when suddenly a blinding sheet of fire dazzled his eyes. For a split second he believed that somehow the light had gone back on, right in his face. But when he became aware of the pain on the back of his head and the fact that he was slipping rapidly into unconsciousness, he knew he had been struck.

One of the dark forms that Coxe had seen a few minutes earlier emerged from his hiding place behind the after-line chock. He dragged Coxe up the deck toward the conning tower. A second, then a third, dark form appeared.

One of the men whispered into the fog, "All right. Come aboard and sink the rubber boat."

Had Coxe been conscious he would not have understood the language, for the man was speaking Russian.

Within thirty seconds several more men clambered aboard. One said, "The rubber boat has been sunk."

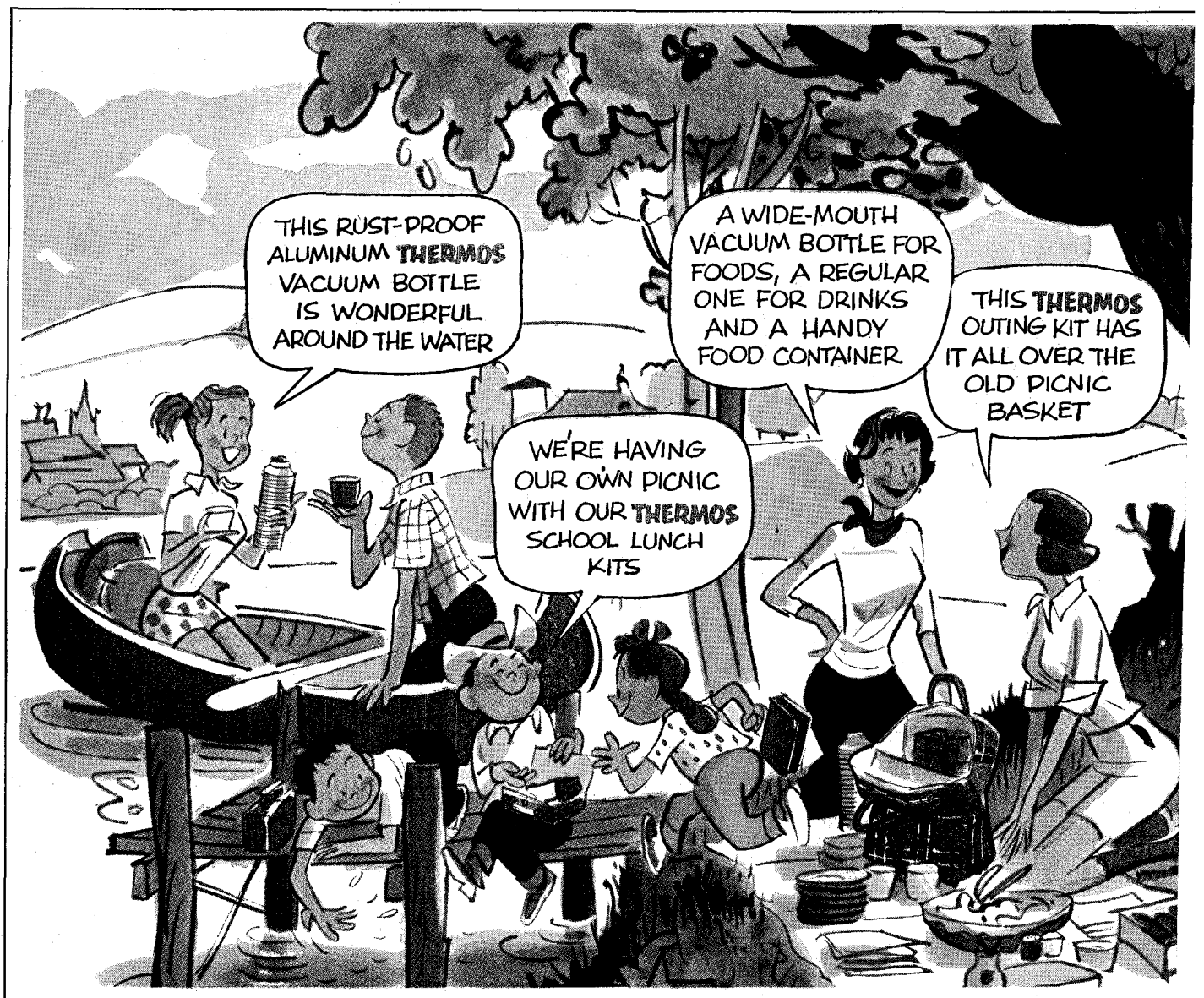
The Russians gathered in a knot on the afterdeck of the Swordray. Coxe, still unconscious, lay at their feet.

One of the Russians—obviously the leader of the group—spoke softly. "All right. This will be Coxe, here on the deck. He is the assistant reactor officer and we'll need him. There should be twenty men sleeping below decks. Dispose of them as planned. Remember, do not use your guns. Knives will suffice. I will remain topside to meet the midnight base-security check. Now hurry!"

The leader was Comdr. Ivan Ilychev, Soviet submarine service. His mission: to steal the U.S.S. Swordray, so that Soviet nuclear engineers, who had been unsuccessful in creating a nuclear-powered submarine of their own, could copy her. Among the men under his command were two other Soviet submarine officers and two Soviet physicists. The mission, code-named Lotus, had been planned and studied for more than a year. A sizable Soviet spy net had been especially created to gather information about the operating schedule and crew of the Swordray and the operation of the United States submarine base. A Soviet submarine had brought the party to Long Island Sound, where they had launched into the fog a rubber boat powered by a specially built silent outboard motor. They were working on a precise time schedule—one that would permit them to get Swordray under way, steam downriver and disappear beneath the sea before daybreak.

Commander Ilychev, as calm as the river water lapping against Swordray's pudgy hull, dragged Coxe forward on the starboard side of the deck until his body was hidden behind the conning tower. Then he removed Coxe's jacket, pistol, belt and battered cap, and donned them himself. Lastly, he scrubbed the lampblack off his face and hands and walked around the conning tower. Ilychev was confident that his mission would succeed. He knew that if it did he would be a hero of the Soviet Union, and would surely be promoted to admiral, if not put in command of the entire Soviet submarine force.

He could still hear the stern words of the Defense Minister: "Commander Ilychev, I cannot overemphasize the importance of this mission to the Soviet and to the party. An entire shipyard and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a great laboratory of nuclear physicists are standing by, waiting for your successful return. Within a year they will duplicate the Swordray. Within two years they will have a fleet ready for action. It will be a fleet composed of nuclear-powered submarines capable of destroying all the NATO navies."

Commander Ilychev had tried to picture in his mind how Soviet historians would treat his adventure and ultimate promotions. "I will be the greatest Soviet naval hero since Marakov or perhaps even Peter the Great."

Now aboard the Swordray, Ilychev, disguised in Coxe's uniform, took up a stance near the gangway leading from the deck of the Swordray to the finger pier. There was no gangway watch—he had died as Coxe felt for the broken stern light. The pier, like the rest of the submarine base, was dark and deserted. But Commander Ilychev knew that at exactly midnight the base-security guard would drive out onto the pier in a jeep and make a routine check. He glanced at his watch: 2355. He wondered how his comrades were making out below decks.

They were doing very well indeed. Four men had entered the Swordray through the forward hatch, which let down into the chrome-plated officers' wardroom. They crawled down through a second hatch into the crew's mess, just below the wardroom. As expected, it was deserted. Just off the crew's mess to port was the chief's quarters, a special sleeping compartment. They found Chief Electrician's Mate James Dorsey asleep. By prearranged agreement, one of the two Soviet naval officers slipped into the bunkroom and slit Dorsey's throat. Then the four men climbed through a hatch into the forward torpedo room, where they found several more Swordray sailors in their bunks, including Welch, who was not yet asleep. All were murdered by the Soviet officers. Another Russian party entered the after sleeping compartment.

It was now midnight. Precisely on schedule, the headlights of the security jeep swung out onto the pier. Commander Ilychev, who had stuck a clip into Coxe's .45, made one final check to see that the holster was unsnapped. The jeep ground to a halt on the pier opposite Ilychev.

The driver of the jeep, a shore patrolman, opened a flap in the plastic side and shouted, "O.K.?"

In perfect English, Commander Ilychev responded, "All O.K. here! Merry Christmas!"

The jeep driver shouted back, "Merry Christmas!" swung the vehicle hard around and roared off the pier.

Meantime, the comrades below were working swiftly. They had rendezvoused in the control room. Now they were gathered around the foot of the ladder which led up to the fire-control compartment, where they knew they would find the one remaining United States sailor on the Swordray, the below-decks watch. The Soviet naval officer who had killed Chief Dorsey mounted the steps carefully, then disappeared into the compartment above. He was back at the top of the ladder two minutes later and waved his comrades up. The body of Quartermaster Walker lay in one corner in a pool of blood.

A pioneer is anyone who settled there before they raised the taxes. HAROLD COFFIN

A detail of four men scrambled up a long, stainless-steel tube which led to the deck. Quickly they dragged Coxe's still-unconscious body to the forward hatch and lowered it into the officers' wardroom, where it was laid on the leather sofa along the rear bulkhead. The officers hurried back on deck and singled up Swordray's mooring lines. It was now 0005. In twenty minutes ten Russians had gained complete command of the Swordray and were almost ready to get under way. According to the sunrise tables, exactly seven hours remained before daylight.

The two Soviet physicists had obtained from Coxe's pocket the keys to the reactor and maneuvering rooms of the Swordray—always kept locked in port. Now they were gently bathing his face and neck with cold water. Coxe came to slowly, aware only of a tremendous stabbing pain in the back of his head and of a contrasting coolness on his face. Soon he blinked his eyes open. When he saw two strange men, dressed in black trousers and turtle-neck sweaters, faces darkened with lampblack, leaning over him, he believed he was having a nightmare.

Suddenly he remembered, and sat bolt upright, shouting, "What kind of joke is this?"

One of the physicists replied, "This is no joke. If you do not want to die like your shipmates, then you will do what we say. Try to stand on your feet."

Coxe stared at the two men unbelievingly; then he swung his long legs onto the floor, and, steadying himself with one hand on the wardroom table and the other against the shelf library, he stood up shakily. For the first time he noticed

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DON'T WORRY... I HAVE AN EXTRA THERMOS VACUUM BOTTLE OF COFFEE ALONG
OUR THERMOS PICNIC JUG IS SO HANDY FOR BUFFET PARTIES AT HOME, TOO.

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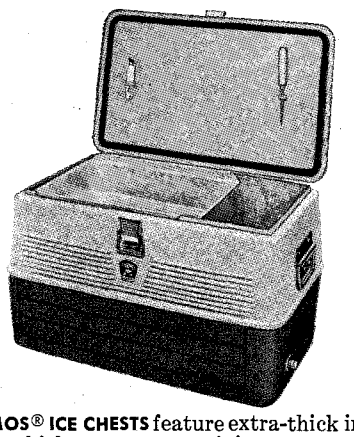

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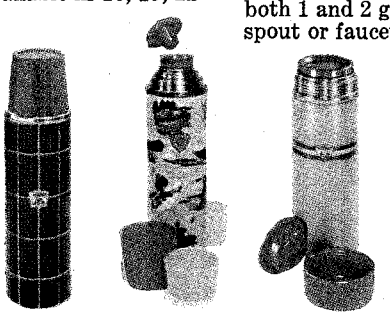

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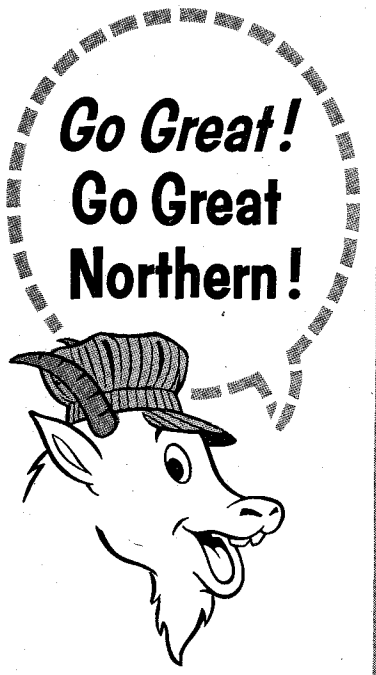

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that one of the men held a pistol leveled at his chest. Coxe felt faint.

The physicist with the pistol said, "All right. We go aft to the maneuvering room."

Coxe responded automatically, as though spouting a Navy regulation, "No one is allowed in the reactor or maneuvering room without a Q clearance."

The man with the gun moved in closer. "Get moving," he said.

Coxe did as ordered. The three men, with Coxe in the middle, walked aft and climbed through the hatch into the fire-control room. Coxe noticed a huddle in one corner, and he peered for a better look.

"Walker!" he shouted, kneeling beside the dead below-decks watch. Then he turned to the two men in black. "What have you done to him?" he asked.

"We have killed him, and we will kill you if you do not keep moving," the man with the pistol said.

Coxe stared in bewilderment at the two men. A shudder swept through his body. Then, without further comment, he turned and walked to the locked hatch leading to the reactor compartment. He felt in his pocket for the key.

One of the men in black handed him the key ring and said, "We already have the keys. Open the door, fast."

Coxe unlocked the door and swung it open. The three men stepped into a compartment cluttered with dials and dominated by a large, stainless-steel cylinder which reached from the deck to the overhead.

The man with the gun pointed to the cylinder and asked, "What's that?"

Coxe looked the Russian directly in the eye. By now, his head had cleared appreciably, and he thought, *What is going on here? Who are these men? What do they want? Where is the crew? All murdered too?* Then he remembered the midnight security patrol. *If I am not up topside to report, they will come aboard to investigate*, he thought. Slowly he turned his head toward the clock on the bulkhead: 0010. With a sinking feeling, he realized that the men, whoever they were, had probably taken care of the patrol too. He was alone and alive, and presumably they wanted to keep him that way—at least until they obtained what they were after. *Very well*, Coxe thought, *I will play their game until I can find a way out.*

He responded aloud, "That is the housing for the reactor-control rods." It was a true statement.

One of the Soviet physicists said, "Take us to the maneuvering room and show us how to start the reactor."

"O.K.," Coxe said, and he moved aft through a large room—the steam room—jammed with pipes, boilers, turbines, valves and gauges. At length the three men entered a small compartment which contained a large board filled with dials and meters, blinking red, green and yellow lights, and levers that were obviously the reactor controls.

The man with the pistol jammed it into Coxe's side and said, "Start the reactor."

Coxe, committed to stalling tactics, flicked several switches, changing the order of the blinking lights.

As though conducting a tour for CNO, he said, "We have a small heating unit like an electrical stove which we must turn on first to heat the water in the primary water system." Coxe then stood mutely before the board, intently watching the dial needles and the order of the blinking lights. Three minutes later he said, "Now I will remove the hafnium control rods from the reactor core. Hafnium absorbs neutrons, and, of course, stops the nuclear fission. When I pull these out, the fission process will begin. Now, as you can see by the order of these lights, the water in the primary system is already moving through the reactor. Very soon the water will be hot enough to transfer heat to the secondary steam system."

The two Soviet physicists were watching Coxe's every move. Though the mechanical operating parts were strange to them, they more than grasped the fundamental working principles of the reactor. Very quickly, they understood which lever controlled which system, and it was difficult for them to hide their astonishment at how simply and how efficiently the reactor performed. Steam began to build up in the boilers.

The man with the gun said, "How do you connect the electrical generators to the motors and shaft?"

"Very simple," Coxe said, swinging around to another control panel. "Once steam is up, the bridge gives traditional signals on these engine order telegraphs. You answer by turning this knob; then, to give the desired RPM's, you simply twist this dial. One man can operate the entire system, if necessary."

The physicist with the gun was so impressed with this statement that he could not hold back a Russian exclamation of admiration.

Coxe, recognizing the foreign dialect, spun around and asked, "Are you Russian?"

The man with the gun snapped, "Never mind who we are. Keep on with the lecture."

At that instant a noise like the sharp bark of a dog filled the compartment. The two Russians looked around, startled. Coxe waved his hand toward the bulkhead. "It's the phone," he said. Then he wondered who could be calling. Could it be the security patrol? He reached for the telephone, but the physicist with the gun brushed his arm away and answered himself.

It was Commander Ilychev, calling from the fire-control room. All lines had been cast off and he was eager to get under way. He had started up the radar set and would use it to navigate down-river through the fog. Twenty times in Russia he had maneuvered a Soviet submarine by radar down a river with almost the same topography. Two other Russians were manning the rudder and the engine telegraph.

The physicist spoke Russian into the phone. With the discovery that there were more Russians aboard—he had no way of knowing how many—Coxe then realized what they were after. *Incredible*, he thought. *Steal the Swordray.*

But, as he pondered the scheme, he concluded that it was not so fantastic as it first appeared. Most of the men on the submarines and the base were away on leave or liberty. Few men, if any, would be walking about on the base this time of night on Christmas Eve. In the darkness and in the fog, Swordray, only one of a hundred submarines moored in the slips, would probably not be missed. *The only real problems are the midnight security check, which they have taken care of someway, and starting the reactor, which I have already done for them*, he thought. Then a painful realization swept over him: *I am the only one left who can stop them. But how?* There was one way. If he was lucky.

With a smile, Coxe turned to the physicist with the gun. "Do you wish to get under way?" he asked.

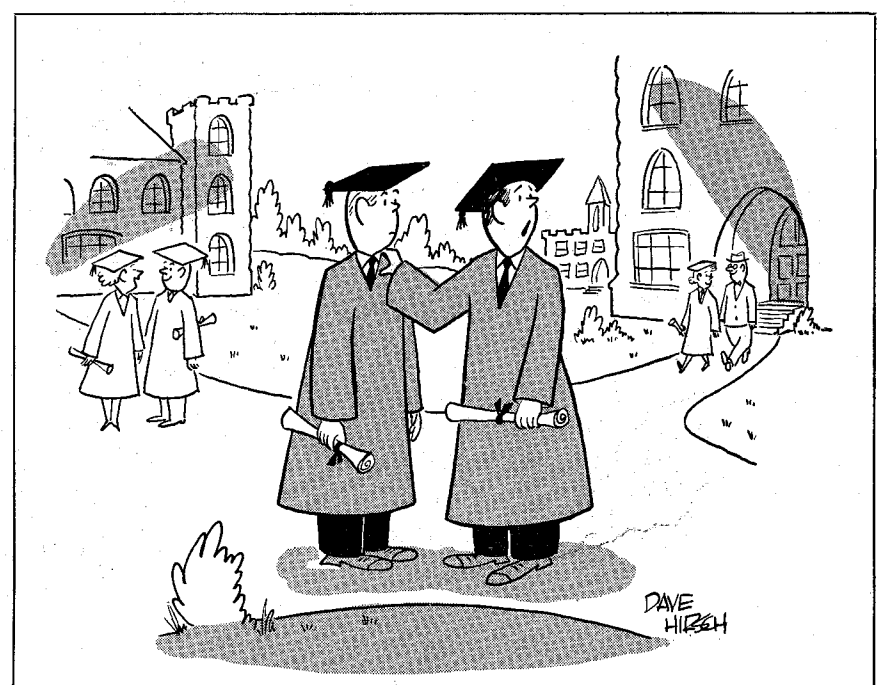
"Yes," the Russian said.

"Very well. You may tell your friends we are ready to answer bells."

The physicist with the gun relayed this word to Ilychev by phone, and soon the engine-order telegraph on the starboard shaft flicked to "Back 2/3."

Coxe answered the bell and spun the valve which would make the shaft turn. The three men could both hear and feel the great propeller churning water as the Swordray slowly backed out into the river. Coxe could imagine that whoever was in the control room had put the rudder hard to port and that the ship was now backing her stern around upriver. Two minutes later, the engine-order telegraph registered "All stop." Then, in a moment, it went to "All Ahead 2/3." Coxe answered, winding up two-thirds speed on both shafts. Swordray, with her blunt nose rolling back an enormous bow wave, disappeared into the fog. When Swordray reached the railroad bridge at Groton, the draw was open, the operator dead at the controls. A Soviet agent closed the draw, then leaped onto the stern of Swordray.

Coxe sat in the maneuvering room for three hours, staring blankly at the shaft-turn indicator while the Soviet physicists familiarized themselves with the reactor controls. Soon he could feel the ship rolling (*Continued on Page 80*)



"It's tough to say good-by to all this . . . the campus . . . these halls of ivy . . . friends . . . my allowance. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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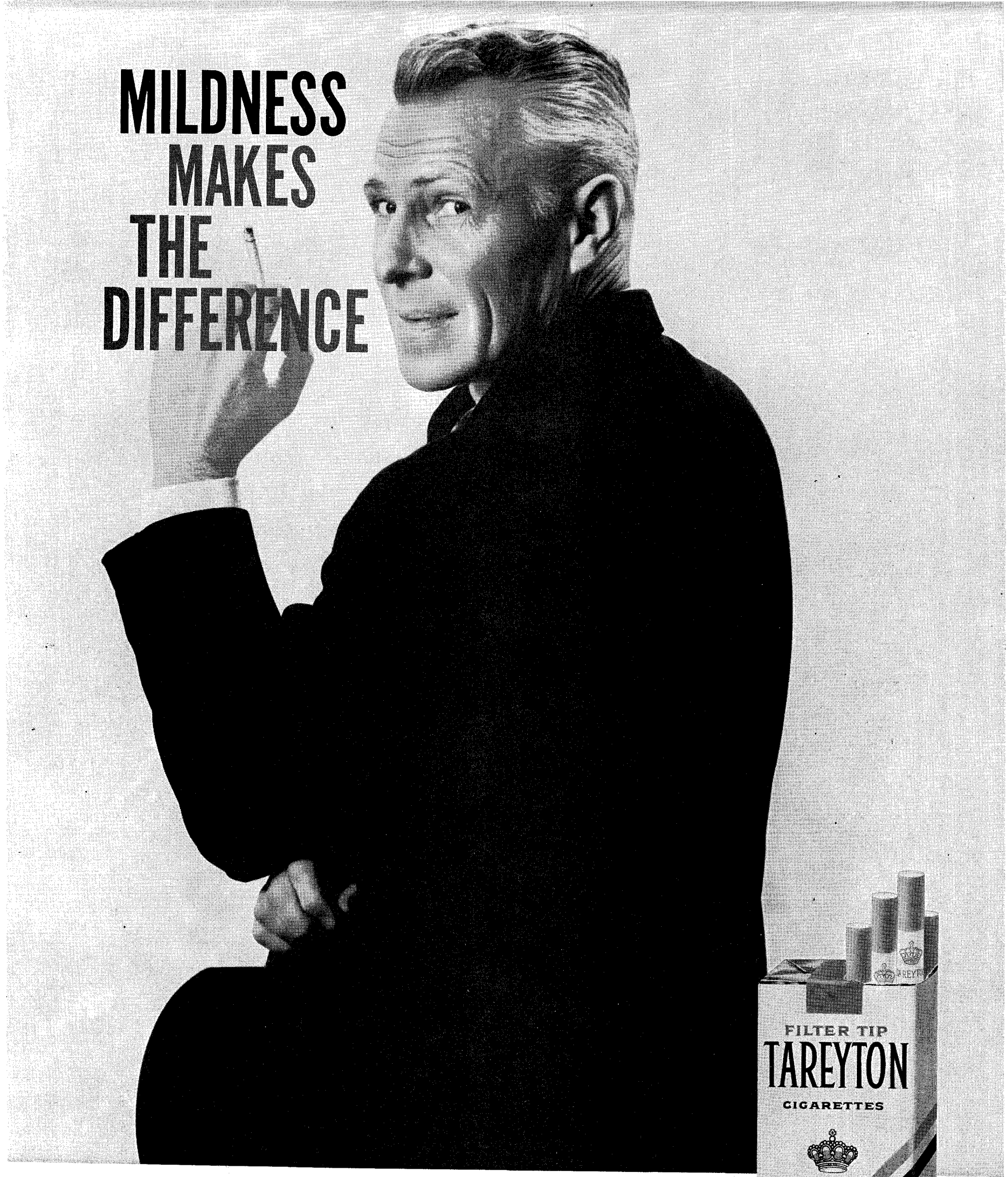

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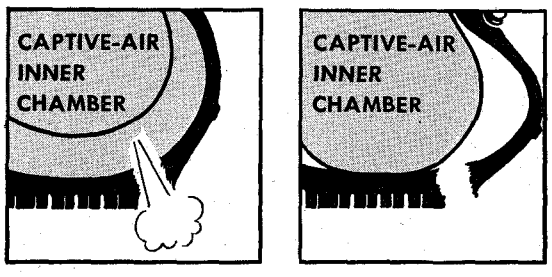

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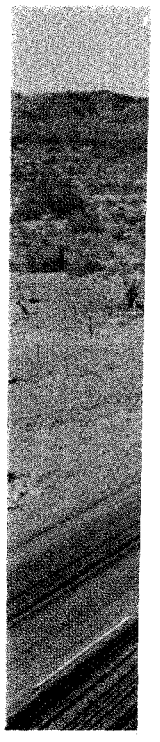

13 MILES

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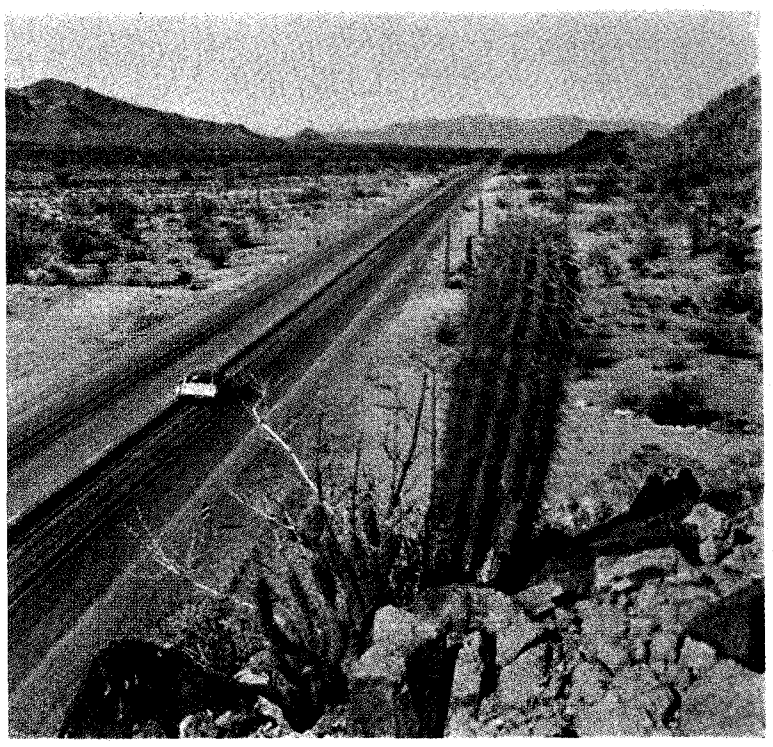

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(*Continued from Page 76*) gently. The Soviets would probably submerge as soon as possible in order to avoid radar detection, but the Sound was too shallow. His thoughts were interrupted by the sharp bark of the phone. It was Commander Ilychev again.

"Can you operate the reactor controls now?" he inquired of the physicist with the pistol.

"Yes," the physicist replied.

"Very well," Ilychev replied. "We will dive shortly. Have Petrov bring Coxe to the control room."

By the time Coxe and his escort reached the control room, Commander Ilychev had removed Coxe's jacket and hat; although, Coxe noted, he was wearing the .45. He was hunched over the radar screen, and occasionally barked an order in Russian to the two Soviet naval officers who were manning the helm and engine controls in the compartment below. Coxe's eye wandered from Ilychev's face, eerily lighted by the reflection of the green radar screen, to Quartermaster Walker's body, still slumped in the corner.

Ilychev glanced up. "Well, well," he said in English. "Lieutenant Coxe? I am Commander Ilychev, Soviet Navy."

Coxe was at a loss for words.

Ilychev swept his stocky arm toward the radar set. "Well, we're out in open water. I can relax. Why don't we go back to the captain's cabin?" Commander Ilychev turned to the physicist, Petrov, who had escorted Coxe forward, and told him to put his gun away and return to the reactor compartment. A Soviet officer was stationed at the radar to maneuver Swordray past Montauk Point to the open Atlantic. Then Ilychev walked forward into the officers' wardroom and ducked off the passageway into Commander White's compartment. Coxe followed.

"Well," said Ilychev, settling down on the edge of the lower bunk and motioning Coxe into a chair. "This is a very fine ship. I notice that the diving controls are standard submarine equipment, and I feel that my men and I should have no trouble. But is there anything special we should know?"

"Only the operation of the diving and stern planes, which can be operated by one man, like the controls of an airplane," Coxe answered. It was true.

"Yes, we know about that," Ilychev said. "We have already rigged the planes and made a few test operations. The controls are very remarkable indeed. In fact, the entire ship is remarkable."

"Yes," Coxe said. "There is no need to make adjustments when diving. The ship is in trim." This was correct.

"Good," Ilychev said. "You want to be sure of that, I suppose, because if anything happens, you will go down with us."

"Yes, I know," Coxe said.

"We will remain submerged for about three hours. Then we will surface and rendezvous with the submarine that brought us in. We will transfer a larger crew aboard, so that the trip home will not be too strenuous."

"Yes," Coxe said.

"Coxe," Ilychev said, "you have been very helpful to us. I can assure you that if you continue to be, it could go very well for you in the Soviet Union. We intend to nuclearize the entire Soviet submarine fleet and, needless to say, your services could be invaluable, if you want to cooperate. Your father was a very famous submariner. You could become equally famous in the Soviet Union, working for me."

Coxe thought to himself, *This man is really incredible.*

Ilychev had stuck a cigarette between his yellowed front teeth, and was now searching through the drawers of the desk for a match, scattering the papers on the deck. "You seem to have as much paper work in the United States Navy as we have," he grunted. But Coxe had not heard the last statement. His eyes had fastened on one of the papers. It was the typed-up draft of Commander White's message to ComSubLant disqualifying him from submarines. In the rush to get home for Christmas, the ship's yeoman had failed to send it through. Coxe picked up the paper and handed it to Ilychev.

"You see, I may not be of much use to you. I am not a very good submariner," Coxe said.

Pursing his lips around the unlighted cigarette, Ilychev read the draft. At length he turned to Coxe and said, "Well, we'll see about this," then he tore the paper into shreds and dumped the remains into the chrome wastepaper basket beneath the desk. He turned to Coxe and held out his hand. "O.K.?"

Coxe shook his hand and replied, "O.K." The two men chatted for a long while. Finally, Ilychev, glancing at a clock, said: "Well, it is almost time. Let's go."

When they entered the control room, Coxe could see in an instant that the two Soviet naval officers on the controls knew what they were about. One of them had already closed the ballast-tank vents and checked the hatches shut. The Christmas-tree board showed "Straight," which meant Swordray was ready for diving.

Coxe turned to Ilychev: "On the dive, watch your angle. The blunt bow gives her a tendency to dive rather slowly. She likes to cling to the surface. You have to give her plenty of down angle. I recommend that you take her under at about fifteen knots on the first try; keep your diving angle at about twenty-five degrees." This was a flat lie. Swordray's blunt bow gave her a tendency to plunge underwater, and Coxe knew that with a twenty-five-degree down angle she would go down like a rock.

Ilychev nodded thoughtfully. "Very well." Then he turned to the Soviet officers at the controls and said in Russian, "Take her down."

(*Continued on Page 82*)

Beach Site

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Beyond the wharfside
juke-box joints,
The sandspit's slender finger
points,
As if to call attention to
Some finer facet of the view;
As if to say these rows of
shacks,
With twilight closing at
their backs,
Have not pre-empted all the
strip
Along this beach. With
level tip,
The pointing finger shows
me where
A lighthouse blinks its
solitaire,
And landward circling,
flying low,
A gull gives back the
afterglow.

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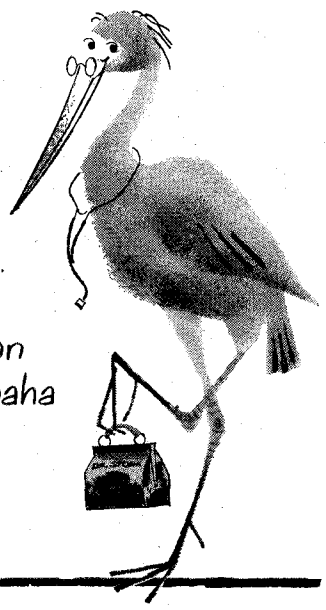

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Dad will be wise
to mail this coupon
to United of Omaha
right now—
Mother may too

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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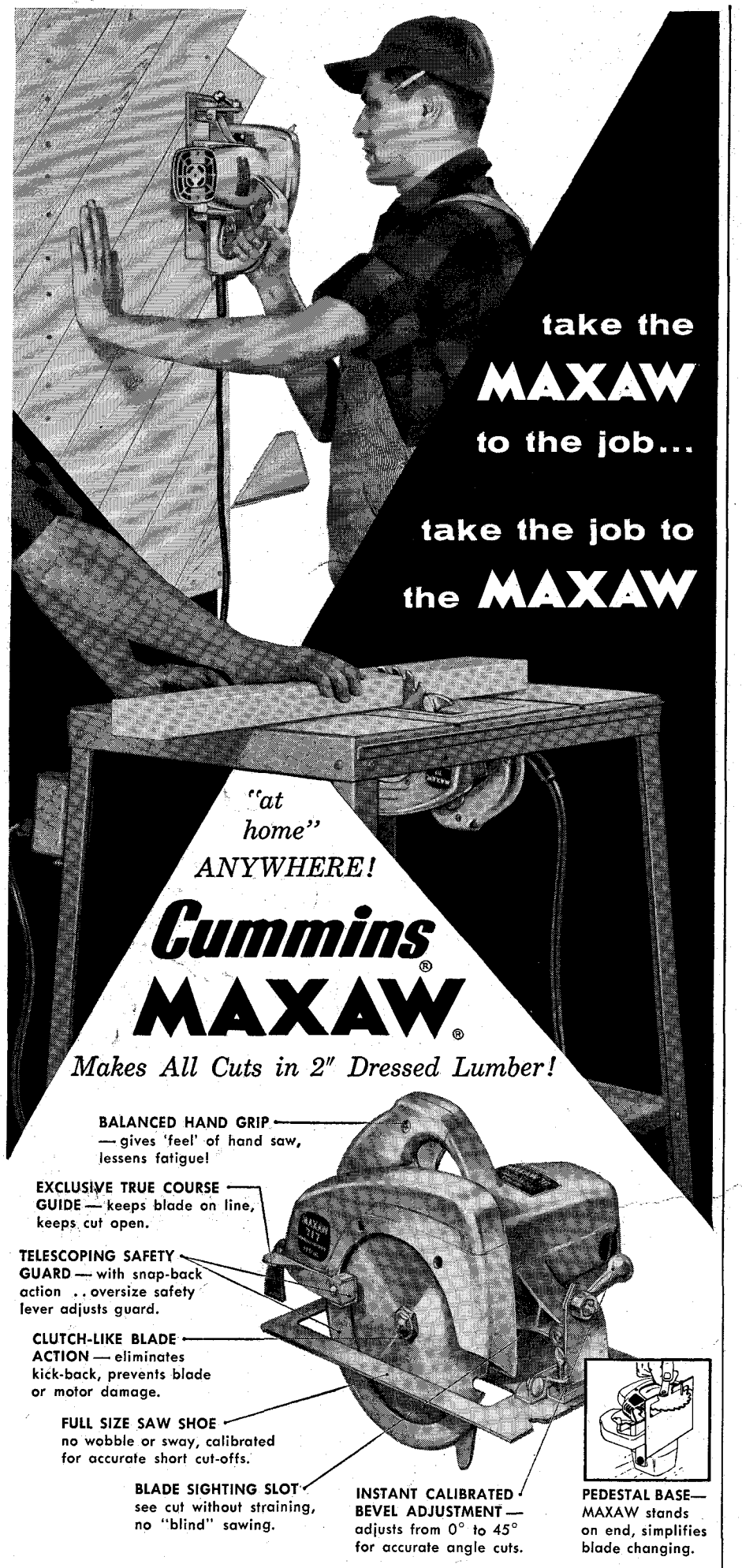
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the MAXAW
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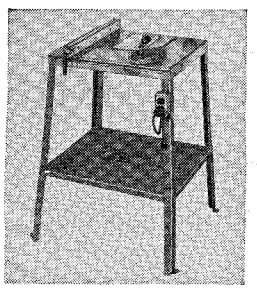

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Made by John Oster MANUFACTURING CO.

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(*Continued from Page 80*) The Red officer standing at the main-ballast-tank blow-and-vent manifold pulled four levers in quick succession, opening the ballast tanks. The other officer put the diving planes on full dive, and Swordray at once nosed under steeply. Quickly the angle on Swordray became acute—past thirty degrees.

Out of the corner of his eye, Coxe could see that Ilychev was beginning to pale. In the crew's mess, coffee cups fell out of their racks and clattered across the deck. Coxe knew that he had only a few seconds to act, because Ilychev would order the officer on the diving planes to pull back on the stick. Swordray would come out of the dive quickly, then nose up steeply.

Commander Ilychev and his two assistants were now so engrossed in maneuvering the Swordray that they momentarily neglected their lanky hostage. It was the moment of distraction Coxe had been waiting for. He had never swung on another man in anger, and the blow he delivered against Commander Ilychev's jaw was at best a glancing one. But, combined with Swordray's steep down angle, it was enough to knock Ilychev off balance and send him reeling forward against the diving controls.

Coxe spun on his heel and leaped up the ladder, two steps at a time. On reaching the level of the fire-control room, he raced aft to a small door, opened it, jumped inside the sonar room, slammed the door shut and slid the heavy lock bolt in place.

Ilychev was wildly angry. He shouted to the two men on the controls, "Level her off at a hundred feet! I'll get Coxe!" Then, as Swordray nosed up steeply, he lurched up the ladder to the fire-control room, waving Coxe's .45. But Coxe was already out of sight. Ilychev reached for a telephone and called his physicists in the maneuvering room.

"Petrov? Coxe has escaped! He's probably coming aft! One of you stick by the reactor controls, and one of you come forward! He can't go anyplace else! We'll trap him between us!" Ilychev slammed the phone into its cradle and started moving aft slowly.

Locked in the sonar room, Coxe was working at a frantic rate. First he lowered the long-range, hydraulically operated, high-frequency sonar head. He turned on the equipment and broke out the telegraph key. Hoping that Ilychev would not discover that the sound head could be raised in the forward torpedo room, he slowly tapped out in Morse code: "Mother Goose. Mother Goose. Emergency. Emergency. Swordray."

Mother Goose was a call sign for one of the Navy's best-kept secrets: a vast and effective, shore-based, underwater sonar system, which guarded the coastline of the United States for hundreds of miles out, like a huge underwater radar-warning net. Almost immediately Coxe received a response in his earphones, the metallic, wavy sound of Morse code being transmitted underwater: "Swordray. Mother Goose. Go ahead."

Coxe tapped out: "Mother Goose. Soviet agents steal Swordray. I am prisoner on board. Locked in sonar room. Lieutenant Coxe."

In the busy central-control room of Mother Goose, located on the tip of Cape Cod, a sonarman first class stared incredulously at the words he was spelling out on the white message form on his desk. He jerked off his earphones and called for the watch officer, Ensign McVey. The latter took one look at the message and grabbed the earphones. He called Swordray and asked Coxe to repeat the message.

In the sonar room of Swordray now steaming at 100 feet, Coxe slowly repeated his message. This time he added: "Steaming 100 feet. Course 090. Speed 15 knots." The sonar room was equipped with a compass repeater, pit log and depth gauge.

Ensign McVey took down the message, then raced to peer into a huge sonarscope which presented an image much the same as that of radar. He spun the knobs, cursing the fact that the machine had not been working properly all evening. He was looking for a blip which would confirm Swordray's presence. At length a dim spot of light appeared on the scope. Swordray. Then he ran to an electronic console and picked up a red telephone: "ComSubLant? This is Mother Goose. We have message from Coxe on board Swordray ——"

Ilychev opened the watertight door into the reactor compartment. He glanced cautiously around the room, then slammed the door shut. He met Petrov on the other side of the stainless-steel, reactor-control-rod housing.

Petrov said, "I am sure that he is not back here."

Ilychev answered, "Then he must have gone forward. Let's go."

●

A boom period is one in which the consumer feels prosperous enough to live beyond his means.

HERBERT VICTOR

●

The two men turned and ran forward into the fire-control room.

They stopped alongside the door to the sonar room, and Ilychev said, "He could be in here."

At ComSubLant headquarters, the duty officer had already called the admiral and the base security patrol. With unchecked amazement, the latter had confirmed that Swordray was indeed missing from her slip. The admiral called Comdr. Martin White, who was in New London asleep, after a late evening go at decorating the Christmas tree. Together they determined that the best course of action open was to send another nuclear-powered submarine, the Nautilus, which was at sea on sonar patrol, in pursuit. Arrangements were made to put White on board Nautilus via helicopter, and within twenty-five minutes he was airborne. ComSubLant had notified the Navy Department in Washington, and Mother Goose had alerted Navy patrol bombers and anti-submarine killer planes. When Commander White boarded Nautilus, he ordered her skipper to make flank speed.

Meantime Coxe was still slowly tapping out messages to Mother Goose: "Reactor-control rods on Swordray locked at two-thirds maximum. Unknown to Soviet agents. Believe Nautilus could overtake."

Mother Goose replied: "Nautilus in pursuit. Please send constant signal in order to fix position continually. We getting extremely weak and intermittent presentation on sonarscope."

Coxe replied: "Roger," and screwed down the telegraph key until it transmitted a steady signal. There was nothing to do now but wait.

Holding the .45 at the ready, Ilychev put his hand on the doorknob of the sonar room and turned slowly.

"It's locked," he whispered to Petrov. Then Ilychev gave a mighty heave with his shoulder. But still the door did not budge. (*Continued on Page 84*)

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(*Continued from Page 82*) Petrov pressed his ear against the door. "He is using the sonar," he said.

A frown crossed Ilychev's brow. This could mean real trouble. But he knew only one way to prevent it.

"Stand back!" Ilychev shouted. Savagely he swung the .45 toward the door lock and fired. The bullet ricocheted off the hard, stainless steel and twanged dangerously around the compartment. Then Ilychev screamed, "We'll deal with him later! Cancel the rendezvous! We'll have to make a run for it at full speed! Go aft and make sure we're getting all the turns the reactor will put out!"

As Petrov ran aft, Ilychev scampered down the ladder to the control room. Glancing at the fathometer, which was now indicating 500 feet under the keel, he shouted to the officers on the controls, "Take her down to five hundred feet! Ring up flank speed!" The physicists in the maneuvering room, unaware that Coxe had set a special control which would limit the reactor output to two thirds of capacity, turned the generators and motors up to maximum speed. Swordray moved ahead—and down—at seventeen knots.

Nautilus, guided toward Swordray by sonar signals from Mother Goose, quickly began to close the lead. Comdr. Martin White was in constant sonar communication with the admiral.

The last message from the admiral stated: "Nautilus. Navy Department orders follow. Quote. Destroy Swordray unquote. This headquarters concurs. ComSubLant."

When he received the message, White recoiled, but nevertheless ordered all of Nautilus' forward torpedo tubes made ready and armed with long-range homing torpedoes.

Now Mother Goose had a message for Coxe on board the Swordray: "Coxe. Nautilus' position twenty-five miles due west, closing rapidly. What is status on board? Can you take over? Mother Goose."

Coxe tapped back: "Status follows. At least ten maybe more armed agents on board under command of Commander Ilychev, Soviet Navy. Two physicists. Walker dead. Believe Dorsey, Welch, Pleve and rest of crew same. If I leave sonar room may be overpowered. Do not want to take chance and have you lose contact. Over. Coxe."

Mother Goose replied: "Roger. Will relay to Nautilus."

Coxe knew what action he must now take. But he was too busy to think about its consequences. He lowered a second sonar head—the special one that would permit talk between submerged submarines at a distance up to seven miles. Later he advised Mother Goose: "Please have Nautilus man underwater telephone." Then he waited. Every ten minutes he spoke into the telephone: "Hello, Nautilus. Swordray calling."

One hour later, Coxe heard a faint but recognizable voice come in over the underwater phone, "Hello, Swordray. Go ahead." It was Commander White.

Coxe responded, "On course zero-four-five, speed seventeen knots, depth five hundred feet. Sonar room secure in my hands. Do not believe Soviets capable of manning torpedoes. Over."

White replied, "Roger." His voice was becoming more distinct as the distance between the two submerged submarines narrowed.

Coxe now secured contact with Mother Goose and switched his high-frequency sonar to "Attack," which gave him a visual presentation of Nautilus.

Then he got back on the underwater telephone: "Nautilus. I see you clearly. True bearing from me, two-two-seven. Range nine thousand yards. Zero-four-five T. You are dead astern. Over."

"Ed"—it was Commander White—"we have you on sonar now. Our TDC checks perfectly with your estimate. Good setup. Damned good setup. Ed, is there anything we can do?"

Coxe snapped back, "Just one thing. Fire when you have a solution light on TDC. Over."

"I mean—is there anything else we can do for ——"

Coxe broke in, "Fire when you have solution light. I must go off the air now. Have local calls to make." Coxe put down the underwater telephone, picked up the local ship's phone, set the call button on "Control Room," and turned the crank.

Ilychev answered instantly.

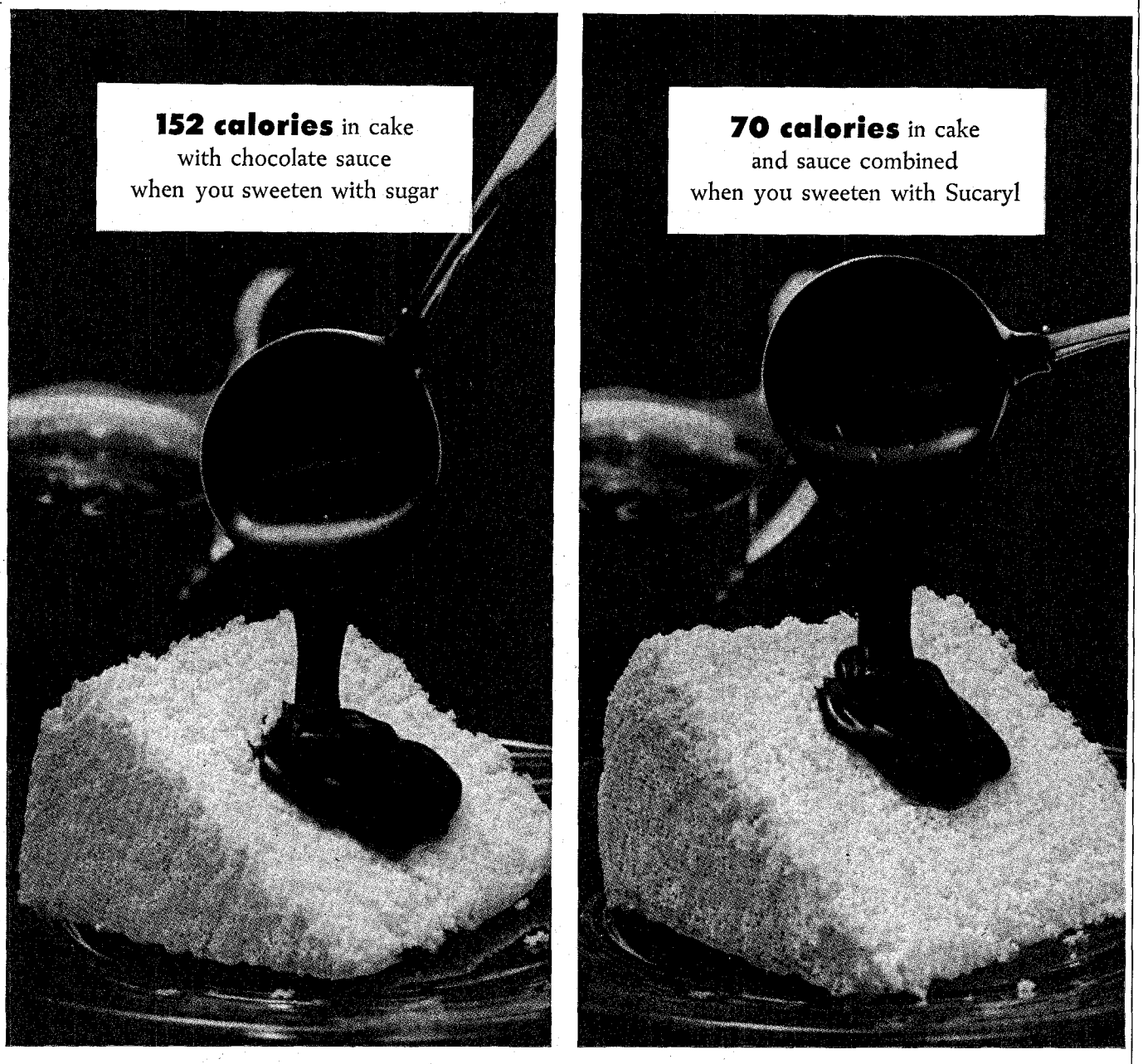
Coxe said, "It's me, commander. I wanted to tell you that we'll be down a lot longer than you think!"

Ilychev's response was drowned out by the whine of the six homing torpedoes as they bore down on Swordray.

After giving the order to fire and hearing the subsequent explosion on sonar, followed by the breaking-up noises of Swordray as she plunged down for the last time, Commander White had left the fire-control room of Nautilus and gone to the captain's cabin. Now he was sitting at the folding desk, writing out a dispatch on ruled paper:

To: Secretary of the Navy.
Via: ComSubLant.
Subject: Medal of Honor, Recommendation For Edward Fausten Coxe, Jr.——

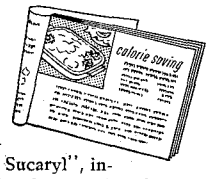
THE END


152 calories in cake
with chocolate sauce
when you sweeten with sugar
70 calories in cake
and sauce combined
when you sweeten with Sucaryl

You can save a lot of calories by sweetening with Sucaryl

and you can't taste the difference

Sucaryl makes it easier for you to watch your weight...by giving you wholly natural sweetness in your diet . . . without one single calorie. Sucaryl is the first calorie-free sweetener that tastes just like sugar in ordinary use. You'll find it sweetens drinks, fruits, and cereal to perfection. Cook with it, bake with it; use it practically anywhere you would sugar. Any Sucaryl-sweetened dish tastes just like its sugar-sweetened twin. Sucaryl, of course, is for anyone sensibly counting his or her calories, and for those who cannot eat sugar. You get Sucaryl in tablets or solution; low-salt diets call for Sucaryl Calcium. Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. Abbott



JUST OFF THE PRESS! Our brand-new cookbook, "Calorie-saving Recipes with Sucaryl", includes the recipes for the sugarless Sponge Cake and Low-Calorie Chocolate Sauce shown above. Also dozens of new, kitchen-tested ideas for desserts, sweet breads, sauces, dressings...50 wonderful recipes in all! Get your free copy, at your drug store.

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I Call on Groucho (Continued from Page 31)

into each container as it came along, but she caught a cold and every time she blew her nose a couple of empty containers slipped by her, so she got bounced.

"She was so wonderful that I kept her on my show for a whole half hour. It's the only time I've ever done that. Finally I said, 'After talking to you, I realize that when we come to the quiz part of our program you're not going to win anything. You will probably sneeze and won't hear me. Would you like some help?' "I sure would," she said; "I'm pretty dumb." So I asked my studio audience, 'Is there an eight-year-old boy in the house who would like to help our guest?'

... ...

Earthling

By Louise McNeill

The earth is such a solid
place,
Though we are riding
boundless space,
For all our purposes and
intent,
We do not go where we are
sent.

On such a journey, go or
stay,
It little matters, night or
day,
As long as tree roots cleave
to rock
And pumpkins to the
fodder shock.

The terra's firma, I believe—
Although we go, we do not
leave.
The wood path keeps its
groundy hump,
The acorn lies upon the
stump
And, all astronomy despite,
The upright man stands up
aright.

... ...

"A fat sailor came up on stage. He didn't know the answers to the questions either—I was fascinated by the audaciousness of this gob—but he bulled his way happily through, and in the end he won Esther and himself fifty bucks apiece by accidentally using the secret word we'd selected for the evening.

"The point is that the material I got from both the pudgy sailor and Esther was great. I couldn't have found anything funnier in a show written by the best comedy writers money would hire. All Esther had to do was to keep talking and priceless stuff kept tumbling out of her mouth."

Groucho contemplated his cigar while he relished Esther Bradley's memory. There was a pause, and I said that as long as we were on the subject of comedy writers, the lines Shakespeare had written for his clowns left me mirthless. "Maybe it's because I can't understand anything they say," I explained.

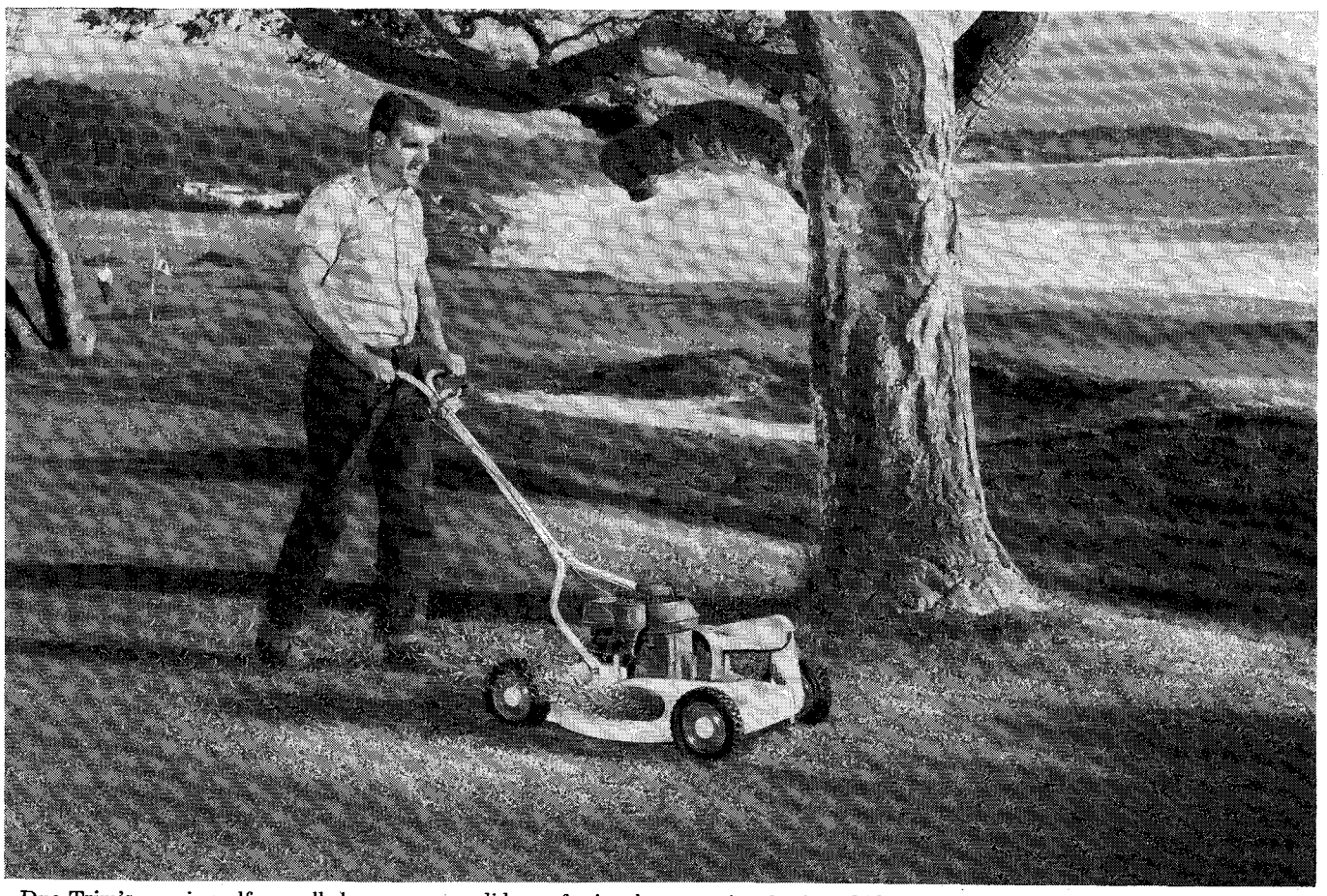
I needn't have explained, for I found that Groucho felt more strongly about Shakespeare's shortcomings as a comedy writer than I did. "The last time they had a half hour of Shakespeare on Omnibus, they lost me," he said. "That guy should have left his clowns at home. He couldn't get a job as a comedy writer for a television show today. He'd starve. Apparently it's illegal to just say Shakespeare's words the way you say the words of another playwright. For some reason that's not good enough. Actors—especially those who play his comic clods—feel they've got to snuffle and snort when they read his lines. Come to think of it, Snuffle and Snort would be a good name for a law firm. It would look just fine on a Boston law firm or a Philadelphia law firm.

"There's one school of thought that thinks it's courageous when shows like Omnibus toss a bone to the public with some shreds of meaty culture clinging to it," Groucho said. "It's easy to be courageous when somebody else is picking up the tab for your boldness, like the Ford Foundation did for Omnibus. When Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford filmed The Taming of the Shrew back in the early days of talking movies, that was really sheer, raw courage, for neither of them could act. But they didn't let that stop them. They went ahead anyhow.

"Not long ago I watched Romeo and Juliet in color. Then I walked into another room, where I have a black-and-white set, and I tried it out there. But for technical reasons which I don't understand, when a network does a show in color, it comes off badly as a black-and-white Kinescope. For still another set of technical reasons I also don't understand, some color shows look like two badly

We tested Duo-Trim through the rough, over hills, around trees and traps—

IT TOOK THE PEBBLE BEACH COURSE IN EASY STRIDE!



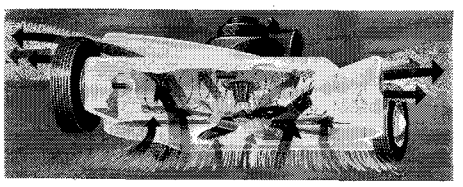
Duo-Trim's amazing self-propelled power mower did a professional cutting job at this famous California golf course, and it will do the same in a backyard like yours. It leaves the finished lawn looking like a vacuum cleaned green carpet . . . and no raking is needed!

DUO-TRIM the power mower that "VACUUM CLEANS" YOUR LAWN

Duo-Trim with exclusive "Wind-Tunnel" Vacuum Action, cuts smooth and clean—sprays tiny clippings out over a wide area, *into* the lawn, *out* of sight. It all disappears without raking, even dandelion shoots and weeds!

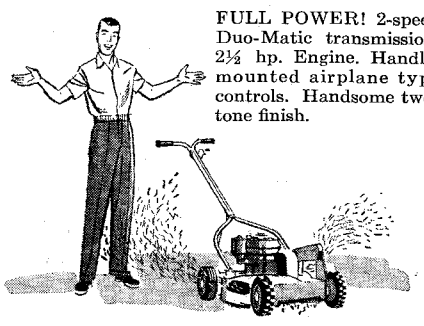
And you don't push this new Duo-Trim . . . just steer! Its positive chain drive transfers non-slipping power to the front-wheel Traction Tires. Slight handle pressure lifts front-wheels for easy turns. Flick levers with a finger to change cutting height.

See how easy cutting the grass can be—take a new Duo-Trim for a spin today. A dealer isn't far!

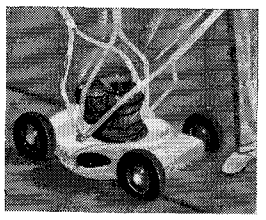


Duo-Trim's completely enclosed cutting blade creates a gale force vacuum that stands each blade of grass on end. Clippings are chopped finer, sprayed high and wide out of side ports.

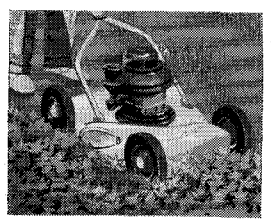
the most versatile mower you can buy



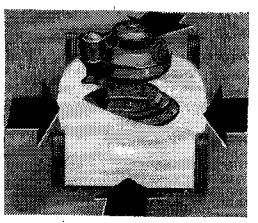
FULL POWER! 2-speed Duo-Matic transmission, 2½ hp. Engine. Handle-mounted airplane type controls. Handsome two-tone finish.



Deluxe Duo-Trim hand-propelled mowers have reversible handles that eliminate "U" turns. 18" or 21" —2 or 4-cycle engines.



Ends raking leaves! Just snap on Port Closures, mulches without extra-cost attachments. Trims within ½" of obstacles.



Extra-safety! Front and back deck is extended to protect user. Cutting blade is completely enclosed. Positive shut-off switch.

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CAR MANUFACTURERS SAY IT!
THE SOCIETY OF AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS SAYS IT!
THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION SAYS IT!
THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS SAYS IT!
YOUR SERVICE MAN
and I say it!

Have your car's radiator drained NOW

or risk the consequences!

"UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES should anti-freeze solution remain in the cooling system during the summer." So warns the National Bureau of Standards in their circular #506.

But isn't permanent anti-freeze supposed to be *permanent?* Permanent for a full season, yes—but not forever. Continued use depletes the rust inhibitor, the solution turns acid, and the resulting corrosive action is far more destructive than the rusting effect of plain water alone. Adding a rust inhibitor doesn't restore the original rust-protection qualities of the anti-freeze. It has no effect on acid salts already present and contributing to corrosion.

With hard summer driving to speed up the corrosive process, your radiator can clog before you know it and serious engine damage can result. Here's what you're risking:

Overheated Engine—caused by rust build-up

Oil Waste—the result of higher engine heats

Valve Trouble—started by cooling system hot spots

Excessive Cylinder Wear—because of overheating of the cooling system

Damaged Automatic Shift—when pitting of heat-transfer coil lets anti-freeze into the transmission, or prevents proper cooling of the transmission oil

Because there's no way of knowing if the inhibitor is depleted, the only safe thing is to drain old anti-freeze each spring. Let me get you started right for a summer of safe, happy driving!

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PETROLEUM RETAILERS
THE NATIONAL TRADE ASSOCIATION OF SERVICE STATION OPERATORS

beaten eggs. After fifteen minutes I turned off both my sets. For one thing, I knew how it was coming out. I went upstairs and read The Atlantic Monthly. I didn't know how that was coming out.

"So much for Shakespeare," Groucho said. "The best thing they can do with his plays is use them as an obstacle course for school kids. If a child can learn to say his words so a person without a head like a calculating machine can understand him, it may improve the way that moppet uses the language."

Standing up, he strode up and down in the space between the coffee table and the divan. "I'm interested in improving the way I use my English, too," he said. "For one thing, I'd like to learn to stop calling it 'langwidge.' There's a television show I like named The Last Word. It's four intelligent people sitting around talking about how to use speech properly. Watching them is like having a group of interesting people drop into your living room. But it will never get much of a rating, for there aren't enough viewers who'd like to have a group of interesting visitors drop into their living rooms. Even fewer people are interested in trying to keep our language pure.

"When the children who are learning their English now, through watching television, grow up and become panel members on TV shows in twenty-five years, we'll have panels of illiterates sitting around mangling the language and slurping words. The word 'wonderful' has already disappeared and has been replaced by 'wunnerful.' In fact, it has been replaced by 'very wunnerful,' and if that's not a redundancy, I don't know a redundancy when one slaps me a double rap on my eardrums. However, there's one thing we can look forward to. The TV panels of the future will undoubtedly think up new phrases to take the place of 'let's face it' and 'I've got news for you.' Not that their new phrases will be any less repulsive, but I'll certainly be glad to see these two go. I was once going with a beautiful girl and I stopped dating her because she began every sentence with, 'Let's face it.' I told her, '*You* face it, honey,' and I blew.

"The word 'congratulations' has disappeared, too," Groucho went on; "it's become 'congradulations.' And I hear myself saying 'a hunnerd' instead of 'a hundred,' and here it is only 1957. Think how I could mangle the spoken word if I had until 1967 or 1977 to work on it."

He patted his cigar with the third finger of his right hand and said, "You haven't asked about the tax money that's squeezed out of a quiz show. Did it ever occur to you that maybe the Government was secretly helping young Charles Van Doren so they could get more money out of him?"

I confessed that that suspicion had never crossed my mind.

"Well, you couldn't blame the Internal Revenue boys if they had the FBI slip him the answers," Groucho said. "For after all, the more Van Doren won the more they got; however, if it never crossed your mind don't feel bad about it. Twenty years ago I wouldn't have believed that the Government would be the biggest winner on a quiz show either. What they ought to do on such shows is to ask a contestant, 'Do you want to go for our theoretical $150,000 prize?' It should be explained to him that the adjective 'theoretical' has been used because even if he wins he'll only get about $31,526. The rest of it will wind up being spent by your Government to make itself popular with other governments. As a matter of fact, the contestant ought to be told, 'Colonel Nasser will probably end up with more of your money than you.'

"Once you get into the kind of tax bracket where (*Continued on Page 89*)

The Perfect Squelch

Walter, a young but confident undergraduate, was very fond of his own literary opinions. So when the professor of his creative-writing round table criticized his review of John Marquand's The Late George Apley, Walter simmered to a quick boil.

Interrupting the professor's mild comments, he announced that he had made a careful study of all of Marquand's works. He suggested the professor was too detached from modern life, that he didn't really know writers like Marquand and therefore wasn't able to understand the review. "You," he said finally, "simply don't appreciate the quality of Marquand's works."

"Perhaps not," the professor said gently. "But when I had him at Harvard I gave him an A."

George Morrill

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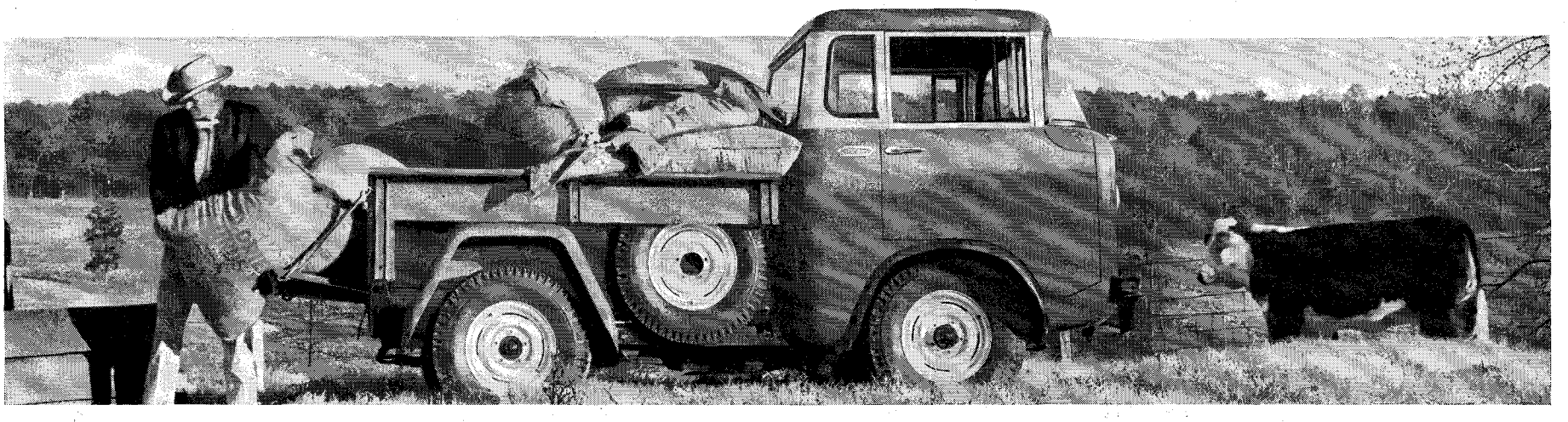
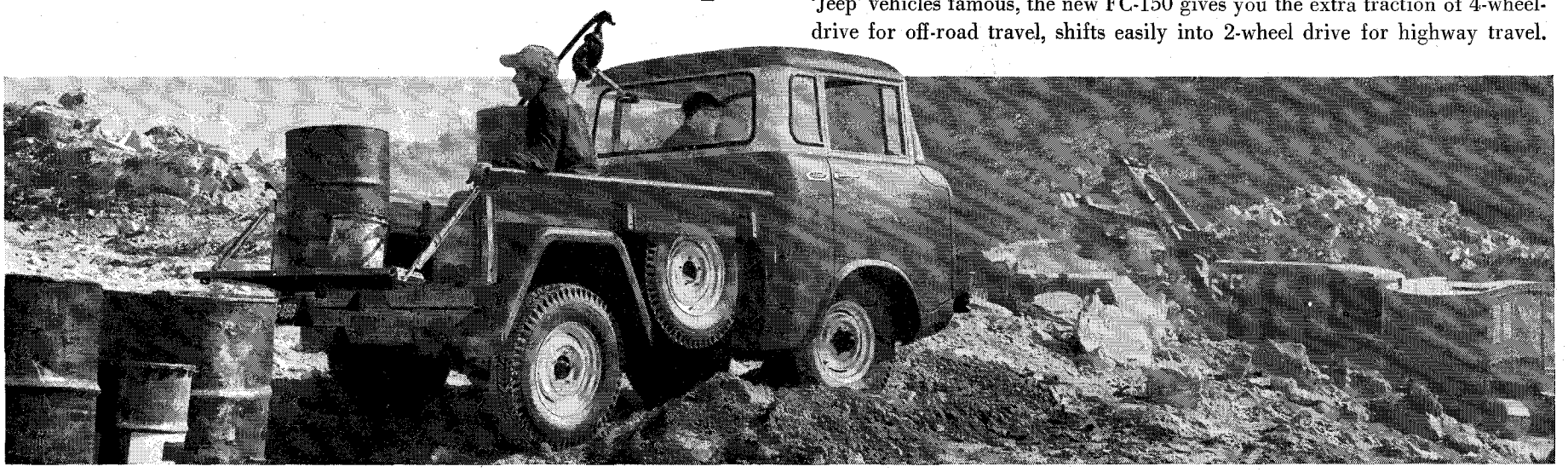
New capacity!

The completely new Forward Control 'Jeep' FC-150—the first time a 4-wheel-drive Truck has so effectively combined maximum cargo capacity with such exceptional maneuverability! New Forward Control design puts a 74" pickup box on an 81" wheelbase, places the engine behind you, makes every inch work for you. And the FC-150 retains famous 'Jeep' ruggedness and versatility.



New maneuverability!

It's the world's shortest turning 4-wheel-drive Truck, with a turning radius of only 18 feet! For safer off-road maneuverability, its new Safety-View Cab provides up to 200% greater forward visibility. Powered by the engine that made 'Jeep' vehicles famous, the new FC-150 gives you the extra traction of 4-wheel-drive for off-road travel, shifts easily into 2-wheel drive for highway travel.



New style!

The new look and feel of tomorrow! The FC-150's Safety-View Cab combines beauty with utility and spaciousness. Its new wrap-around windshield (1,192 sq. inches) is the largest in the 5,000 GVW class. For maximum driver comfort, there's plenty of extra leg, head and hip room. Here is new styling, comfort, convenience and safety all in today's most advanced 4-wheel-drive Truck.

New 'Jeep'® 4-Wheel-Drive Forward Control FC-150

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...he's insured in the New England Life

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The New England Life agent in your community will gladly explain why this contract means *a better life for you*.

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU **NEW ENGLAND** *Mutual* **LIFE** *Insurance Company* BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA — 1835

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(*Continued from Page 86*) you can afford to pay the taxes that are expected of you," Groucho said, "you'll find that you're buying more gardening equipment for the Hindus and the Sudanese than you're buying for your own back yard, and if you think that's fair, you have another think coming, and a good thing too. You'll need it."

"Has anyone ever called you on the phone to find out what TV show you're watching?" I asked him.

"One Tuesday night someone called me," Groucho said, "and asked me what show I was viewing. I said, 'The Groucho Marx Show.' 'Thank you,' the poll taker said, and made a notation of my Tuesday-night preference. It was a fairly humiliating experience, for the Groucho Marx Show had been on Thursday night for years.

"I was once called in a poker game, which was fairly costly because I only had a pair of jacks, but that Tuesday-night call is the only call I've ever had from a poll taker. For that matter, I've never been sure that poll taker was actually taking a poll. My wife was out of town. Maybe she called to check on where I was."

I said, "I've been reading about the various audience-rating systems television networks and sponsors use to tell them which entertainers to can and which to rehire. I thought you might have some ideas on that."

Money may not buy happiness, but it's a pretty good down payment.

CHARLES RUFFING

"I have plenty of ideas on that," Groucho told me. "And all my ideas are just about as scientific as the thinking behind the rating systems themselves. That means if you think the rating systems are scientific, you're crazy."

Once he tackled the subject, Groucho laid about him with the abandon of a man beating carpets. And although I listened to his unorthodox opinions with considerable relish, I knew that there was another side to the question, which doubtless would be espoused—and with considerable heat—by a considerable segment of the television industry. I was equally sure that a lot of performers would see nothing unorthodox in his views, but would think it high time somebody gave them an airing.

Groucho said that he had given it a lot of thought and that he is convinced that TV performers are the only sane people connected with the medium. He pointed out that few television comics had ever gone to MIT or Cal Tech, but that he'd bet I'd have a hard time finding one of them dopey enough to believe you can achieve a pinpoint analysis of the TV viewing habits of 39,000,000 homes by screwing a tape-recording gadget into the TV sets in only 900 of those homes.

"The number of viewers these rating systems use as a sampling base seems ridiculous to me. These electronic Peeping Toms are supposed to record the telecasts viewed by the people who live in those homes," Groucho said, "but naturally not all those 900 sets are in use at the same time. Some of these 900 home owners occasionally go out at night. There must be others who'd rather play poker with their friends than tune in, and half of those who do watch must be drunk, otherwise they wouldn't be viewing."

Groucho went on. "I don't know how many million homes there are in the country equipped with television sets, but let's say there are the thirty-nine million I've mentioned. If you telephoned only a thousand out of these thirty-nine million homes at random, the way still another system does, you might get a thousand eggheads who despise Red Skelton and just love Sir Larry Olivier or one of the more esoteric routines on Omnibus, and you might miss the cross section made up of viewers who love to see Red skid on a piece of soap. If you miss this last cross section you'll miss me.

"I was reading not long ago about a man who had been making a study of the rating systems," Groucho said. "He came up with the thought that what the TV industry needs is to survey the effect a television show has on sales, not merely to do a nose count. This guy even said that TV surveyors should try to measure quality, originality and impact. All I have to say is that boy had better watch his step. He's getting out of line. He's making too much sense.

"A lot of network and advertising men can't make up their own minds whether a TV show is good or not," Groucho continued. "So they carry the rating-table booklets with them, and if you ask one of them, 'How'd you like my show last week?' he'll whip out his booklet, flip a few pages and say, 'H'm-m-m—you pulled a twenty-eight. I liked your show a lot.' Or he'll say, 'You dropped to twenty-seven and three-quarters. I don't think I liked you as well this week.'

"It's asinine to accept such figures as Holy Writ because you can have a good rating and not sell a product, or you can have a poor rating and sell lots of product," Groucho said. "The thing is to aim your show at the kind of audience that might possibly want to buy your product. If my show went on at six o'clock in the afternoon, my guess is that it would reach very few children who have three thousand dollars in their dimpled hands to spend on De Sotos. On the contrary, six o'clock is a fine time to sell Popsicles.

"About midnight the depilatories, the deodorants and the cathartics sneak in," Groucho said. "All I can say about these products is that their commercials are more offensive than their users. It must be pretty generally accepted that no one with good taste stays up after twelve o'clock at night."

Groucho let a cloud of fragrant smoke emerge from his lips and said, "A few months ago I attended a dinner for General Sarnoff, the chairman of the board of NBC. He made a speech about the wonder of electronics. I knew it was an intelligent speech because I couldn't understand it, but I was impressed by the amount of learned obscurity it contained.

"When the general was through, I stood up to say a few words. I have a long-term contract with NBC, otherwise I would have stayed in my seat instead of standing up. For that matter, if I hadn't had a successful show I probably wouldn't have been invited to the dinner in the first place. Anyhow, I said to the brains around me, 'In the last decade you've achieved miracles, with your transistors and your scientific gimmicks. Why don't you pass a non-hocus-pocus miracle that will determine how effective TV acts *really* are?'

"General Sarnoff gave me what I thought was a very ambiguous answer," Groucho said. "I know why he did; it was the only answer he had handy. He looked me squarely in my Trendex, slapped me on my Nielsen and said, 'Someday we hope to hit upon a method of determining the popularity of a TV attraction more accurately. In the meantime we're doing the best we can.'

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Simply lower handle to drive mower. Just raise handle for free wheeling around flower beds, trees, fences and other hard-to-get-at places.

Higher speeds for normal grass, faster mowing. Slower speeds for heavy grass, weeds, mulching leaves or for use by elderly people.

So easy-to-operate! Simply move handle down and rollers engage wheels to propel mower. Just raise handle to disengage drive for Free Wheeling. It's as easy as that—no knobs to turn . . . no levers to push. Cuts grass or tall weeds. Selective Speeds let you choose the best speed to meet your particular needs. Faster speeds for the large estate or the professional—lower speeds for heavy grass, mulching.

Available in 3 models: R321; R321A; R221-275. Choice of Cardinal Red and White or Metallic Green baked-on enamel finish. **$149.95** to **$159.95** (Colorado and West, **$152.95** to **$162.95**).

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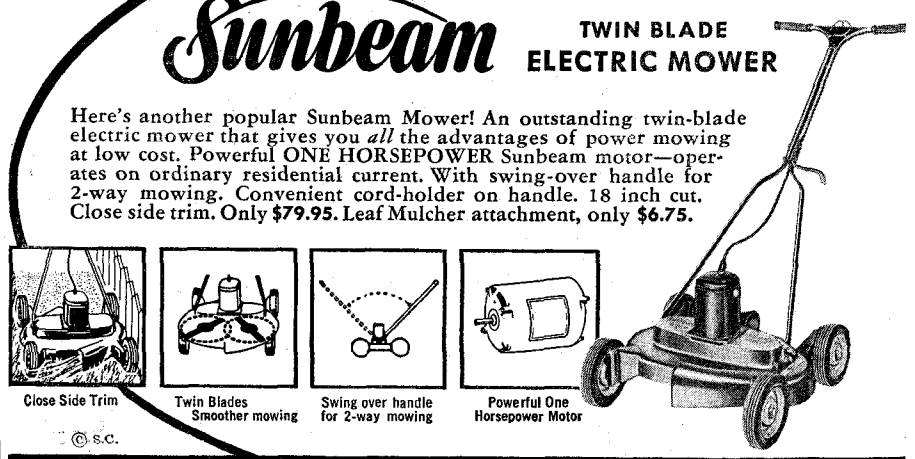
Sunbeam POWER MOWERS GIVE YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

- Powerful 2¾ HP, 4-cycle Briggs & Stratton engine with automatic recoil starter.
- Low tone muffler.
- 21" cutting blade.
- 5 cutting height adjustments from 1 to 3 inches.
- Adjustable speeds—from slow to a fast walk.
- Built-in Sunbeam quality throughout.

Lightweight . . . just 29 pounds

Sunbeam TWIN BLADE ELECTRIC MOWER

Here's another popular Sunbeam Mower! An outstanding twin-blade electric mower that gives you *all* the advantages of power mowing at low cost. Powerful ONE HORSEPOWER Sunbeam motor—operates on ordinary residential current. With swing-over handle for 2-way mowing. Convenient cord-holder on handle. 18 inch cut. Close side trim. Only **$79.95.** Leaf Mulcher attachment, only **$6.75.**



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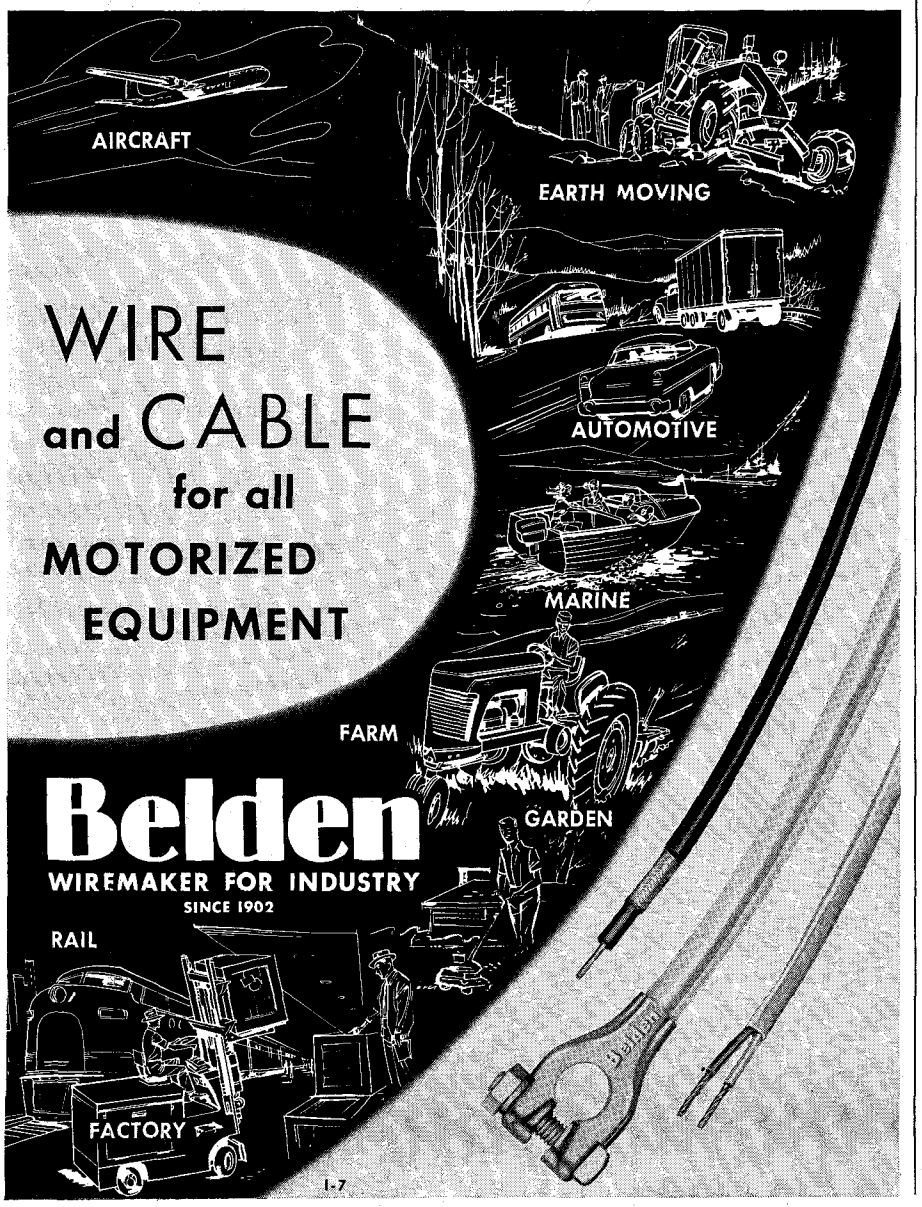

"'Also in the meantime,' I said, 'a lot of talented performers are being crucified and kicked out of their jobs because of the results of a thousand random phone calls made to homeowners, who, if they are home, may be doing such uncouth things as talking to each other or even reading.'

"I was brash enough to tell those who attended the Sarnoff dinner the result of all this rating nonsense is that the public suffers. If you want to see both Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan, you can't do it unless you invent a pair of glasses that will look around corners or you develop a nervous tic of the hands called channel switching. I'd like to see both Jackie Gleason and Perry Como on Saturday night, but I can't unless I keep leaping out of my chair and twiddling the knobs of my set.

"The trouble with my harangue was that General Sarnoff agreed with me, and you can't argue with a man when he agrees with you, particularly if he can fire you when your contract runs out."

Groucho came to a full stop, stood in front of me and said, "Well, it's been fun talking to you. I'd say you are only mildly captious, but as I told you, I've got a date at one o'clock. I don't think I've said anything that will offend more than half the nation, and while you may not believe it, that is more than I usually offend. I'll bet you've never thought about me this way, but I'm probably the only man in America who can offend nobody. I've been insulting so many people on my show for so many years that nobody thinks I mean it any more. But seriously, TV audiences can tell whether a performer is having fun with a guest or is really insulting him. If my audiences thought I was actually insulting my guests, my show would have died long ago.

"Gabby as I am, there have been a couple of times when I've been at a loss for words," he admitted. "Not long ago there was a little eighty-five-year-old lady on my show. She was alert and chirpy and sharp as a tack. I asked her a question and she gave me a long answer, and at the end of it she said, 'And I'd thank you to put out that very bad cigar, young man.' I put it out. I lit another one not long afterward, but first I did what she told me to do.

"The other time I was left speechless," he said, "was one day when I was walking down Beverly and an elderly man came up to me and circled me as if I were a wagon train and he were a tribe of Indians. He called his wife over; they buttonholed me and they both said, 'Keep on living. Just don't die.'

"It really touched me," Groucho said, "and I could think of no wisecrack comeback to that. What they were trying to say was, 'We like your show.' I'm going to try to grant that couple's request."

I wanted to say, "I hope you do," but I didn't. After all, he had called me mildly captious and I wanted to live up to it. I knew what captious meant. I'd looked it up in the dictionary not long before. It means: "Apt to catch one; calculated to entangle subtly; insidious, as captious questions; disposed to find fault, as a captious critic." All of these qualities were ones I wish I had, but I was afraid I hadn't developed sufficiently. However, if Groucho thought I possessed them, that was O.K. with me, even if he'd watered his praise with a qualifying "mildly."

As we shook hands at his front door he told me, "I thought you might be interested in a discovery I've made. It has nothing to do with television. It's this: any man wants to leave any party before any woman wants to leave it. There are two exceptions. If a man wants to stay, you can be pretty sure that he's a dipsomaniac and he knows that his host still has a few hookers of booze left. If a dame wants to leave when the men want to leave, it means that she has a job and she has to get up in the morning and go to work. If more dames put in their days earning a pay check, there'd be more couples willing to leave parties together."

I thanked him, but said that my own independent research had already led me to the same conclusion. THE END

"Down, Fang!!"

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Good-by, Grandma (Continued from Page 29)

you sometimes, sitting through Saturday matinees until nine at night when we send your dad to bring you home. Tom, when the time comes that the same cowboys are shooting the same Indians on the same mountaintop, then it's best to fold back the seat and head for the door, with no regrets and no walking backward up the aisle. So, I'm leaving while I'm still happy and still entertained."

Douglas, almost thirteen, was summoned next to her side.

"Grandma, who'll shingle the roof this spring?"

Every April for as far back as there were calendars, you thought you heard woodpeckers tapping the house top. But no, it was great-grandma somehow transported, singing, pounding nails, replacing shingles, high in the sky!

"Douglas," she whispered, "don't ever let anyone do the shingles unless it's fun for them."

"Yes'm."

"Look around, come April, and say, 'Who'd like to fix the roof?' And whichever face lights up is the face you want, Douglas. Because, up there on that roof you can see the whole town going toward the country and the country going toward the edge of the earth and the river shining, and the morning lake, and birds on the trees down under you, and the best of the wind all around above."

Her voice sank to a moth flutter. Douglas was crying.

She roused herself again. "Now, why are you doing that?"

"Because," he said, "you won't be here tomorrow."

She turned a small hand mirror from herself to the boy. He looked at her face and himself in the mirror and then at her face again as she said, "Tomorrow morning I'll get up at seven and wash behind my ears; I'll run to church with Charlie Woodman; I'll picnic at Electric Park; I'll swim, run barefoot, fall out of trees, chew gum. Douglas, Douglas, for shame! You cut your fingernails, don't you?"

"Yes'm."

"And you don't yell when your body makes itself over every seven years or so, old cells dead and new ones added to your fingers and your heart. You don't mind that, do you?"

"No'm."

"Well, consider then, boy. Any man saves fingernail clippings is a fool. You ever see a snake bother to keep his peeled skin? That's about all you got here today in this bed is fingernails and snakeskin. One good breath would send me up in flakes. Important thing is not the me that's lying here, but the me that's sitting on the edge of the bed looking back at me, and the me that's downstairs cooking supper, or out in the garage under the car or in the library, reading. All the new parts, they count. I'm not really dying today. No person ever died that had a family. I'll be around a long time. A thousand years from now, a whole township of my offspring will be biting sour apples in the gumwood shade. That's my answer to anyone asks big questions! Quick now, send in the rest!"

At last the entire family stood, like people seeing someone off at the rail station, waiting in the room.

"Well," said great-grandma, "there I am. I'm not humble, so it's nice seeing you standing around my bed. Now, next week, there's early gardening and closet cleaning and clothes buying for the children to do. And since that part of me which is called, for convenience, great-grandma, won't be here to step it along, those other parts of me called Uncle Bert and Leo and Tom and Douglas and all the other names will have to take over, each to his own."

"Yes, grandma."

"I don't want any Halloween parties here tomorrow. Don't want anyone saying anything sweet about me; I said it all in my time and my pride. I've tasted every victual and danced every dance; now there's one last tart I haven't bit on, one tune I haven't whistled. But I'm not afraid. I'm truly curious. Death won't get a crumb by my mouth I won't keep and savor. So don't you worry over me. Now, all of you go, and let me find my sleep."

Somewhere, a door closed quietly.

"That's better." Alone, she snuggled luxuriously down through the warm snowbank of linen and wool, sheet and cover, and the colors of the patchwork quilt were bright as the circus banners of old time. Lying there, she felt as small and secret as on those mornings ninety-some-odd years ago when, wakening, she comforted her tender bones in bed.

A long time back, she thought, *I dreamed a dream, and was enjoying it so much, when someone wakened me, and that was the day when I was born. And now? Now, let me see.* She cast her mind back. *Where was I?* she thought.

Ninety years. How to take up the thread and the pattern of that lost dream again? She put out a small hand. There! Yes, that was it. She smiled. Deeper in the warm snow hill she turned her head upon her pillow. That was better. Now, yes, now she saw it shaping in her mind, quietly, and with a serenity like a sea moving along an endless and self-refreshing shore. Now she let the old dream touch and lift her from the snow and drift her above the scarce-remembered bed.

Downstairs, she thought, they were polishing the silver, and rummaging the cellar, and dusting in the halls. She could hear them living all through the house.

"It's all right," whispered great-grandma, as the dream floated her. "Like everything else in this life, it's fitting."

And the sea moved her back down the shore. THE END

... ...

Coming Attraction

By Loyd Rosenfield

Our yard now has a
children's gym
Which rarely sees our little
him;
Its swings and slides and
teeter-totters
Are fully occupied by
squatters;
Beginning with the dawn's
first beam
The happy and the injured
scream;
I've thought of selling out
and blowing,
But there's one thing that
keeps me going:
Our neighbor three doors
down, the fool,
Is putting in a swimming
pool!

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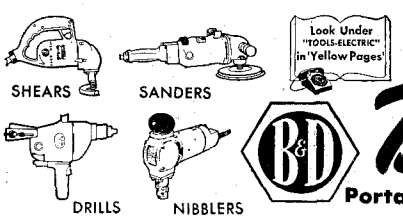

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The Fabulous Jock Whitney

(Continued from Page 46)

terms of the interest and vitality they bring to the world, and his attitude has paid out handsomely in a life full of fine and varied friendships."

Another cross the rich man is liable to bear is what might be termed a fear of being identified with wealth. The multimillionaire who gallops around the country in tennis sneakers and a ten-day growth of beard and the wealthy executive who eats at the automat and travels to work by subway are both apologists for wealth. The motivation behind such an imposture may be either simple parsimony or a democratic conscience—but as often as not the rich man in a poor man's clothing simply wants to be taken for what he is not.

Whitney is apparently incapable of such deception. He thoroughly enjoys being a wealthy man, and he doesn't care who knows it. His preference for nothing but the best is marveled at, even by his financial peers. One of them recently remarked, "Jock likes to eat big and drink the best and live first class. He is not ashamed of being a millionaire."

Jock is not sure when he first realized that the Whitneys might be more fortunately endowed than most other people. He suspects that his first intimation occurred in early childhood, during a visit to a toy store with his parents. Jock centered his covetous attention on an expensive-looking tricycle; to his immense surprise, the tricycle immediately became his.

Payne and Helen Hay Whitney balanced such occasional generosity by object lessons on the virtues of honest labor. When the family occupied John Hay's summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire, Jock and his sister, Joan, made their spending money by picking blueberries for a penny a hundred.

Whitney started his schooling at Miss Chapin's, then a coeducational institution in the earlier grades. "I had a real talent for spelling, so I moved up rapidly," he recalls. "My sister, Joan, complains that I stole the limelight from her. She was to recite a piece on parents' day and just before her turn I began to recite, 'Under the thpreading chethnut tree . . .' It brought down the house."

Jock's lisp had turned to a stammer by the time he moved on to St. Bernard's, a school for boys. During that period, young Whitney had a nurse, a Swiss who had her own distinctive therapy for such nonsense.

"Whenever I would stutter," Jock recalls, "this nurse, a big, strong woman, would take me into my bedroom and make me sit motionless on the bed, while she sat on a chair in front of me. When she thought I'd had enough, she'd say, 'Go,' and before I got to the door, she'd give me a boot in the tail. After that, I wouldn't stutter for days. She had just about cured me when the family found out about her methods and fired her. Within a month I was worse than ever—and the nurse came back."

Young Whitney finally outgrew his stutter at Groton, where he spent five precollege years. Jock spent several years at Groton in sportive indolence before he was called to account.

"I was a fourth former when a French teacher named James Regan gave me a talking-to I've remembered all my life—about where did I think I was going, and what did I think my family had sent me to Groton for, and when was I going to stand up to my responsibilities. It got me to thinking and I began to take a more active part in school life."

Whitney's scholastic reform was apparently successful, for the outgoing sixth form and the masters' committee elected him senior prefect—the highest student honor—for his final year. Jock entered Yale in 1922 and became stroke of the crew, starting with the freshman boat and making the varsity in his junior year.

A serious attack of what was thought to be rheumatic fever kept Whitney out of school for two months during his junior year, and wrecked his opportunity to stroke the crew. But he did stage enough of a comeback his senior year to stroke the junior-varsity boat.

Personal events in the Whitney family are often reflected later in benefits to a great many people. Thus, Jock's attacks of what was then hazily diagnosed as rheumatic fever induced his sister, Joan, some years later, to establish the Helen Hay Whitney Foundation, which subsidized the study of rheumatic fever, and subsequently extended its activities into the whole field of human-tissue research. The various Whitneys' participation in Yale athletics later bore fruit in the form of the elegant Payne Whitney Gymnasium, a gift to the university from Jock, Joan and their mother.

The first step in Jock's financial education came with his entrance to Yale. "When I was about to go to college," he says, "my father and I had a talk. He told me that his father, who was a rich man, had given him about half the allowance other boys of his age group received. My grandfather did this in order to teach my father the value of money and to make sure he didn't throw his weight around. The result, as my father described it, was that he could never do his share. My father told me that he was going to give me more than other boys got, because he wanted me to do more than my share. Then he said, 'The test is going to be whether any of your friends know you are doing more than your share. The first time I learn that they know you are doing more, I'll cut your allowance.'"

Whitney apparently did not forget this warning against ostentation. A man who played a good deal of poker with Jock in Italy during the war recently remarked that Whitney "never showed his bank roll, no matter how cutthroat the games became." The extent of Jock's resources sometimes amuses his intimates. Once, while playing bridge at Greentree with John McClain, Winston Guest and "Shipwreck" Kelly, Jock turned to his valet when the time came to settle and said, "Joe, will you bring me my money?" At that, Kelly registered mock dismay and said, "Good God, Jock—all of it?"

Whitney was a Scroll and Key man at Yale. The papers he prepared for this senior society and his work on the Yale Lit staff sharpened a natural interest in literature, and after his graduation in 1926, Jock decided to take a year of postgraduate work in English literature at New College, Oxford.

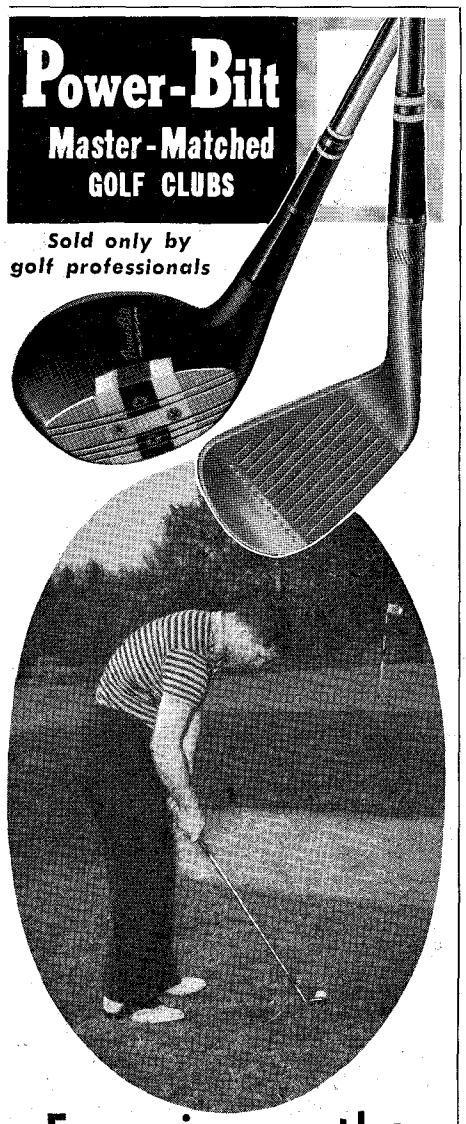
Though Whitney set off for Oxford with a liberal enough allowance to take care of his needs, he found, after some close figuring, that he had only enough money to take one horse with him. Jock remedied this parlous situation by winning two ship's pools—totaling almost $3000—on the way over to England. With this additional capital he bought two more horses in England, hired a groom and found quarters for his stable near Oxford. On his first competitive ride—a drag hunt called the Oxford Grind—Whitney was humiliated to find that his mount, one of his English horses, was simply plowing through the fences. Jock quit early in the race, took the indifferent beast home, had him examined and found he was almost stone blind. It is hard to imagine a more salubrious experience for a future ambassador.

When Payne Whitney died in the spring of 1927—from a heart attack induced by a strenuous game of court tennis at Greentree—Jock dropped his studies at Oxford and returned home. The elder Whitney left an estate valued at close to $300,000,000 before taxes, in shares of a personal holding company called the Northern Finance Company. About one third the net estate went into philanthropic bequests. The remainder was left to the family, with Mrs. Payne Whitney receiving ninety-six shares and each of the two children forty-eight shares. Most of Jock's and Joan's portion was bequeathed in the form of trust funds which were to mature when they reached the age of forty. Upon Payne's death, Jock and Joan also received inheritances which their uncle, Oliver Payne, had established as trusts for them in 1913.

Though he was obviously under no pressure to hustle for a living, Jock decided he ought to have a job. He picked the publishing field as his first target.

"I went to Nelson Doubleday," recalls Jock, "but he talked me out of the publishing business. His point was that in view of my personal problem—administering the money I was going to have—I ought to get into a field which would give me a more rounded experience in general business."

Fred Allen, a senior partner of the Lee Higginson & Company brokerage firm and an oarsman who had succeeded Payne Whitney as (*Continued on Page 95*)



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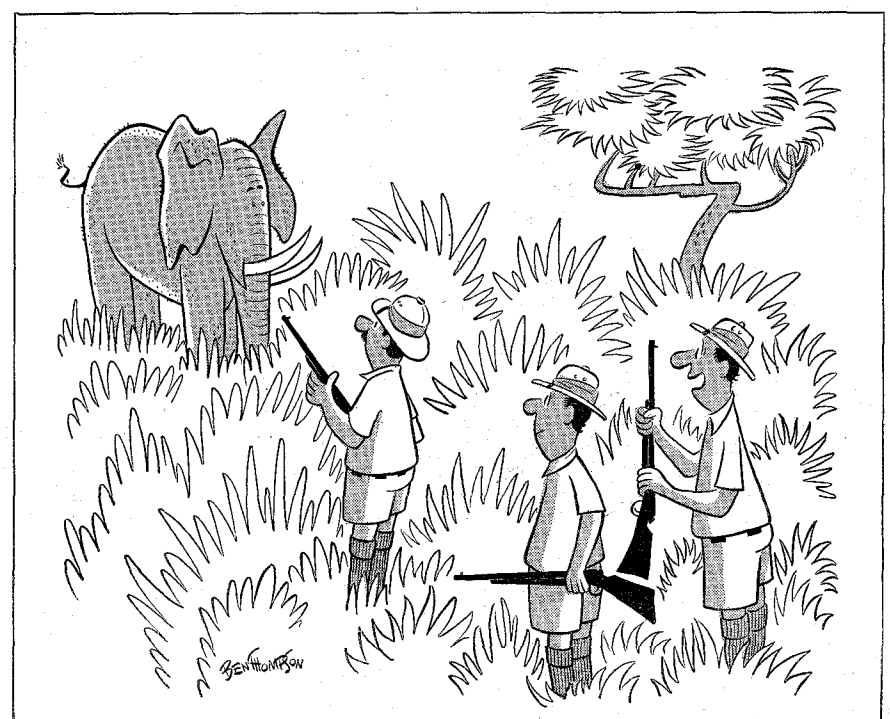

"Let Horace shoot it . . . he's a Democrat."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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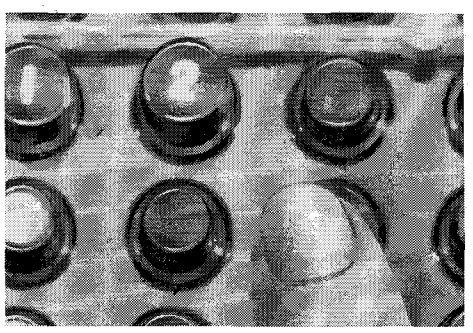

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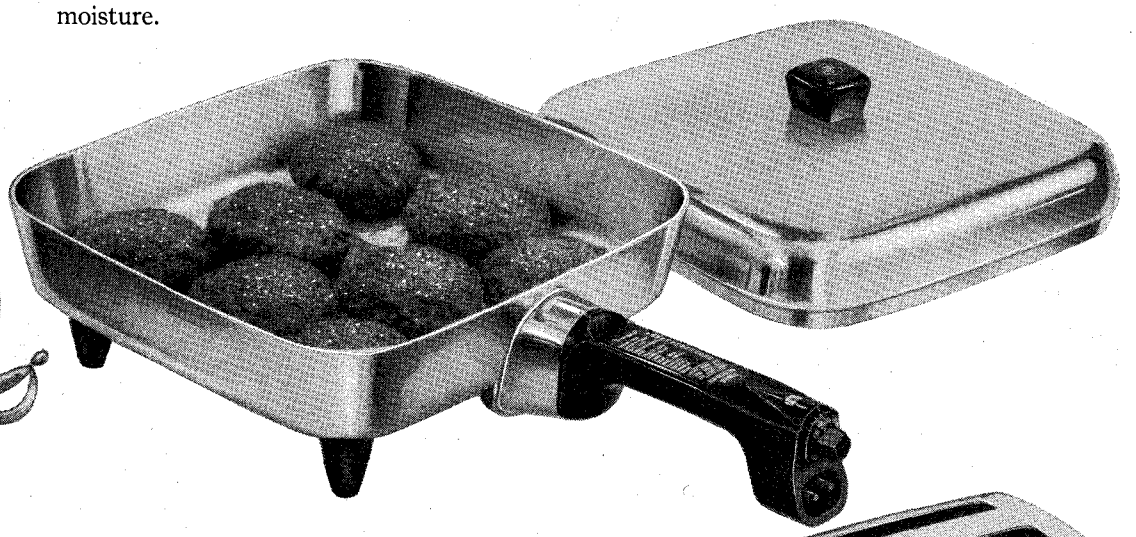

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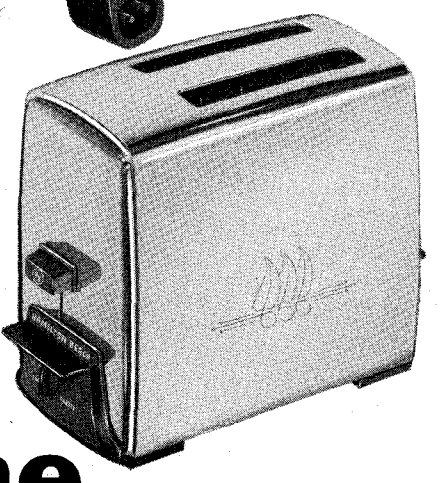

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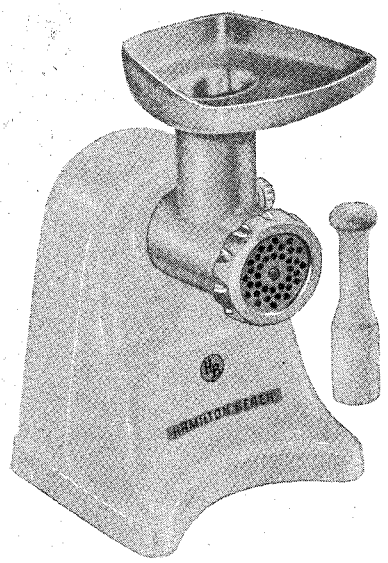

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Blends twice as fast, twice as fine. High-low speeds.
Chrome . . . **$47.95**
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Makes real soda-fountain drinks, tasty fruit drinks.
Chrome . . . **$27.95**
White **$22.95**

New Food Mixer
Beats *everything* without a spatula.
White **$44.95**
Chrome . . . **$54.95**
Cake-Mix Timer, **$4.00**

NEW Mixette

now in pink, yellow, turquoise, chrome or white, to match the bride's kitchen. Balance-tested. New 3-speed switch on handle. Positive beater ejector. Stands on end for draining. Wall bracket. Gift-boxed. Colors, **$19.95;** Chrome, **$22.95**

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(*Continued from Page 92*) captain of the Yale crew, gave Jock a job as a buzzer boy at sixty-five dollars a month. In the two years he was with the firm, Whitney worked himself up to a post in the correspondence department—at forty dollars a week—where he wrote letters encouraging investors to put their money in any number of gold-plated equities.

Whitney's immediate superior at Lee Higginson was a man named J. T. Claiborne, Jr. Claiborne's predecessor had been Langbourne Meade Williams, a young Virginian. When Williams left Lee Higginson late in 1927 to enter his family's banking business in Richmond, he found himself in a proxy fight for control of a moribund enterprise called the Freeport Texas Company. In need of financial help, Williams turned to Claiborne, who turned to Whitney. After studying the little company's somewhat dismal position, Jock invested $500,000, an act of faith which subsequently made him chairman of the board. Whitney is still chairman, and his original stock holdings—in what is now Freeport Sulphur, one of the largest producers in its field—are worth approximately $10,000,000.

When Whitney left Lee Higginson & Company in 1930 his action served notice that he was to become a somewhat different breed of capitalist than his father before him. Payne Whitney had been a conservative investor, who believed that his prime responsibility was to increase his wealth. The younger Whitney is an experimentalist. Though he is not averse to making money, Jock has always been more interested in the social effects of the use of wealth than in wealth itself. This outlook had results which Jock now describes as "a time when my stewardship left something to be desired."

There was The Tree, for instance. The tree, called Brotex, was really a large shrub, an African hybrid which promised all things to all men. The leaf of the Brotex made ideal fertilizer, the bark was a substitute for hemp and sisal, and the core could be used as wood pulp for making newsprint. Jock met Brotex in London, where it was the honored guest of a Canadian promoter.

"They had a specimen growing in a big showroom with a glass roof," recalls Jock. "All sorts of big people were in the project, including some of the directors of the Bank of England. Tests were conducted by the University of London and various scientific groups, and nobody could find anything wrong with Brotex. Somewhere I still have a picture of myself walking through a grove of Brotex with my bowler hat on. It grew like a weed and it was going to transform the agriculture of the United Kingdom. Well, I bought the American rights to Brotex. I was going to be the tycoon of all tycoons."

Whitney brought the Brotex and a small staff of English scientists familiar with the wonder bush to this country, enlisted several partners and set about planting groves of the stuff. Georgia, South Carolina and parts of California were chosen as the lucky centers of Brotex culture, and Whitney sat back to await the happy results. Unfortunately, the American sponsors of Brotex were never able to grow a bush more than a foot high. In England, Brotex continued to flourish, but so did East Indian sisal production; the bottom dropped out of the sisal market and that was the end of the English version of the golden dream.

Whitney's experiences with publishing ventures have, with some exceptions, followed the same unhappy pattern. He was an early investor in the late PM, a New York newspaper, before it turned left and got lost; in a string of shopping throwaways which were to become a new Los Angeles daily paper; and in half a dozen magazines, including Outlook, Polo, Newsweek, Scientific American and a journal called Interior Design. Scientific American and Interior Design are prosperous and healthy; so is Newsweek, although it nearly died of anemia while Whitney and the syndicate he headed were giving it $6,000,000 worth of transfusions. After the Whitney syndicate surrendered, Vincent Astor invested a few more millions and hung on till the venture became a success. The other investments sank without a trace.

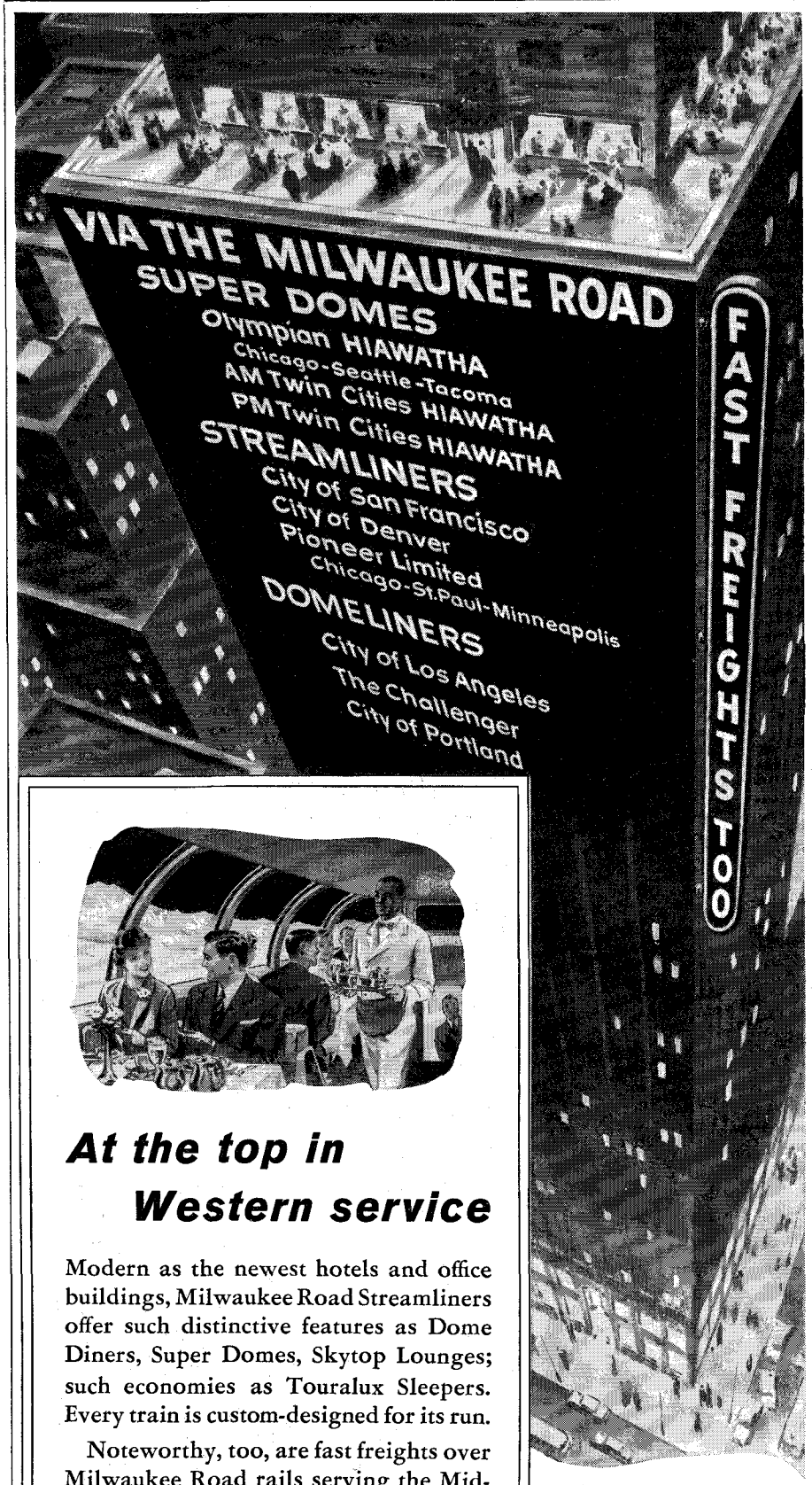
One of Whitney's most unusual investments, during the mid-'30's, was in a giant, economy-sized heavyweight fighter named Abe Simon. Tommy Shortell, a professional who had been Jock's boxing instructor during his younger days, had Whitney in for an exhibition Simon gave at the Racquet and Tennis Club. Jock was so impressed at the treatment Simon gave the club's sandbag that he called in his old friend, Gene Tunney. They arranged a few test rounds with an established pro. When Simon stayed on his feet, Tunney and Whitney became his managers.

Simon was put on a weekly drawing account. He sometimes trained at Whitney's Greentree estate, and gave exhibitions at such unlikely spots as the lawn of Jock's Saratoga racing farm. Despite this gold-plated regimen, Simon had little success in the ring, and the Whitney-Tunney-Simon partnership was finally dissolved. Some years later Simon managed to last thirteen rounds before he was knocked out by Joe Louis. By that time Whitney's investments were in more conventional fields.

Whitney and the theater have enjoyed what amounts to a lifelong romance. Jock traces his first interest in the stage to his boyhood days at St. Bernard's, where the lads were schooled in abridged versions of Shakespeare's plays. Whitney trod the boards in school plays at Groton and was the first freshman to make the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm not sure that new man is going to work out."



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Yale Dramat, where his coach was the man who later came to dinner, Monty Woolley.

Whitney first became a Broadway angel in 1929, when he backed a play called Broken Dishes, which introduced Bette Davis. It was a big hit. During the following decade, when a nonmusical could be opened for as little as $15,000, Jock and his sister, Joan, had slices of more than a dozen Broadway productions. Among the straight plays which brought profits were Whistling in the Dark, Kind Lady, On Borrowed Time and that theatrical miracle, Life With Father, which ran for 3213 performances.

The history of Life With Father imbued Jock with a healthy skepticism of his theatrical sagacity. The late humorist, Robert Benchley, was Whitney's closest friend at the time when the "L.W.F." script was making the rounds, and both of them read it with little enthusiasm.

"Actually," Jock recalled recently, "I couldn't make up my mind whether I liked it or not. So I gave it to Bob, and his decision was that the play might have some appeal for a few types of people. So that was that. Then my sister got hold of the manuscript, and she couldn't wait to get a check in. So we invested about twenty thousand dollars, which gave us forty per cent of the show.

"Bob and I went to the opening night, and both of us came out shaking our heads. Our worst fears had been confirmed. We'd been right about this one, we decided. All I can say now is that, as Life With Father played on through the years, Joan was very kind to me about it."

The Whitneys took profits from the play for some years and finally turned their interest, together with the profits from the subsequent movie sale, over to the Helen Hay Charitable Trust.

Though Whitney angeled dramatic plays with success, his experiences with Broadway musicals were horrific. One of these financial tragedies was a vehicle called Here Goes the Bride, which was to be ornamented by the crooning of Bing Crosby. Jock is a dedicated Crosby fan. When he heard that Bing was to star in the musical, he took an $85,000 piece of the show. Crosby, for his own good reasons, quit the cast long before the show opened, and Here Goes the Bride proved to be a seven-performance disaster. Whitney, who had arranged an elegant after-theater party at The Waldorf for opening night, found himself at the festive board with only a handful of the cast and a few loyal and embarrassed friends, among them, Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead and Averell Harriman.

Whitney also stubbed his toe, to the tune of about $75,000, on a musical extravaganza called Jumbo, produced in 1935 by Billy Rose. By 1940, when rising production costs and changes in the Federal tax structure had made theatrical financing less profitable and far more risky, Whitney had withdrawn from the Broadway theater business. Meanwhile, however, he had moved in on Hollywood. The two Whitneys, Joan and Jock, were invariably associated in their Hollywood ventures.

"We were real movie buffs," recalls Jock. "When we were kids, and spent our summers on Massachusetts' North Shore, Joan and I worked out a schedule that included all the theaters between Salem and Gloucester, and managed to see two movies a day for six days a week. As we got older we kept our interest in the movies, but we never felt that we wanted to get into it in a business way until there was something new to be done."

This opportunity presented itself in 1933, when Whitney's old friend, the producer Merian C. Cooper, asked Jock to see a test of the new three-color Technicolor process. Dr. Herbert Kalmus, developer of Technicolor, showed Whitney and Cooper a test film with Mary Pickford as Alice in Wonderland.

"It was spectacular," recalls Jock. "As we walked out, Coop said, 'Someday we ought to get in on this.' And I said, 'Someday? Why not now?' "

The result of this decision was that Cooper and the Whitney family—Jock and Joan; his cousin, Sonny Whitney; and two of Sonny's sisters—bought stock in Technicolor and formed a producing company, Pioneer Pictures, to act as a showcase for the new color process. The total Whitney investment was in the neighborhood of $7,000,000.

Pioneer's first effort was a full-color short, La Cucaracha. Though it pleased movie audiences, La Cucaracha failed to lure any of the large producing companies into the Technicolor fold. In those days everybody was busy making money in black-and-white pictures, and unwilling to risk capital in the new medium. So Pioneer went ahead on its own and made two full-length pictures in color, Becky Sharp and The Dancing Pirate. Becky was an artistic success, but lost money because of production difficulties. The Pirate, made as a quickie to capitalize on the public interest in color, promptly walked the plank.

Chastened by these experiences and handicapped by the illness of Cooper—their only practical production man—the Whitney clan invited David Selznick to the party and formed a new company, Selznick International, in which Selznick and the Whitneys owned equal blocks of 42 per cent of the stock. The remainder was held by five individuals, including two Lehman brothers and another Selznick. Under this arrangement, Selznick was to run the production end, and Jock was to control the business and financial arrangements. Though this suggests the usual New York-Hollywood axis—creative genius at one end, bedeviled by hardhearted bankers at the other—knowledgeable observers say that Whitney's efforts accounted for at least 42 per cent of Selznick International's success.

Starting in 1936, the new company produced ten pictures which made money and a lot of movie history as well. The first, a saccharine success in black-and-white called Little Lord Fauntleroy, put the company in the black. This was followed by such features as Nothing Sacred, A Star is Born, and Rebecca.

Shortly after the new company got under way, it became obvious that the incandescent and unpredictable Selznick had met his match in Whitney. Though Jock enjoyed every day of his Hollywood hitch and learned to talk studio jargon with the biggest cigars in the movie colony, the effort involved would have permanently scarred a less resilient character. For three or four years Whitney traveled by plane between New York and Hollywood almost every week. For these trips Jock always reserved two seats, one for himself and one for his long legs.

The Hollywood compulsion to do things in a big way sometimes presented Whitney with some costly chores. Sitting in his New York office one day, Jock received a wire from Selznick directing him to buy the former transatlantic liner Leviathan and arrange to have her sent to the West Coast. Whitney knew the studio was considering a picture about the sinking of the Lusitania, so he manfully set about executing his assignment. The old Leviathan, all 54,000 tons of her, was rusting at a Hoboken dock. Whitney got as far as finding out that it would cost him $50,000 to have the hulk towed to the West Coast, when another wire from Selznick announced that the picture idea had been scrapped and the Leviathan deal could be dropped.

It was Whitney's habit to read possible picture material on his plane trips to the Coast. On one flight, early in 1936, Jock read the galleys of an unpublished novel which was making the rounds of the studios. It carried a price tag of $50,000 for the movie rights. At the next refueling stop, Whitney wired his New York office to buy the rights. Arriving in Hollywood, Jock found that Selznick liked the story, but was reluctant to pay $50,000—at that time an unheard-of price for an unpublished work. Whitney said that if the company didn't buy the film rights, he'd do it himself as a personal investment. So Selznick International got the movie rights—and not a moment too soon—to Gone With the Wind.

The production costs of "G.W.T.W." were originally budgeted at $1,500,000. What with one thing and another, including the re-enactment of the burning of Atlanta, costs grew like a tapeworm with each day of shooting. When the figure reached $3,000,000, most of Jock's associates were looking brave, but feeling terror-stricken. At $4,000,000, Hollywood was predicting disaster, and everybody was ready to run for the storm cellar except Whitney—and Selznick, who was too busy spending the money to worry.

"Whitney simply kept saying," an associate recently recalled, "that this was going to be the best damn picture ever to come out of Hollywood."

"G.W.T.W." cost over $4,250,000 before it was put in the cans. Up to now, the picture has grossed some $33,000,000 in this country alone—and it's still attracting first-run audiences over a large part of the world. "G.W.T.W." is by far the biggest money-making film ever produced.

The liquidation of Selznick International began in mid-1940. At the time, Selznick wanted to revise his investment portfolio for tax purposes; and Whitney realized that the war probably would take him out of the business world for a long time.

Whitney had cause to be satisfied with the Hollywood chapter of his business career. Jock had participated in the making of some fine pictures, he had seen his faith in Technicolor justified, and he had made a net personal profit of some $3,000,000.

Whitney's absorption in Hollywood spanned six years, and coincided with an unhappy period in his personal life. When Jock married Mary Elizabeth Altemus in 1930, the event was hailed by the Sunday supplements as the culmination of a sort of Graustarkian romance. Liz, as she was popularly known, was the country's prettiest debutante; in evidence, she had danced with the then Prince of Wales and turned down movie offers. She was also an expert horsewoman and a family friend of the Whitneys. Jock, twenty-six at the time, was acceptably handsome, an even more notable horseman and a racing-stable owner.

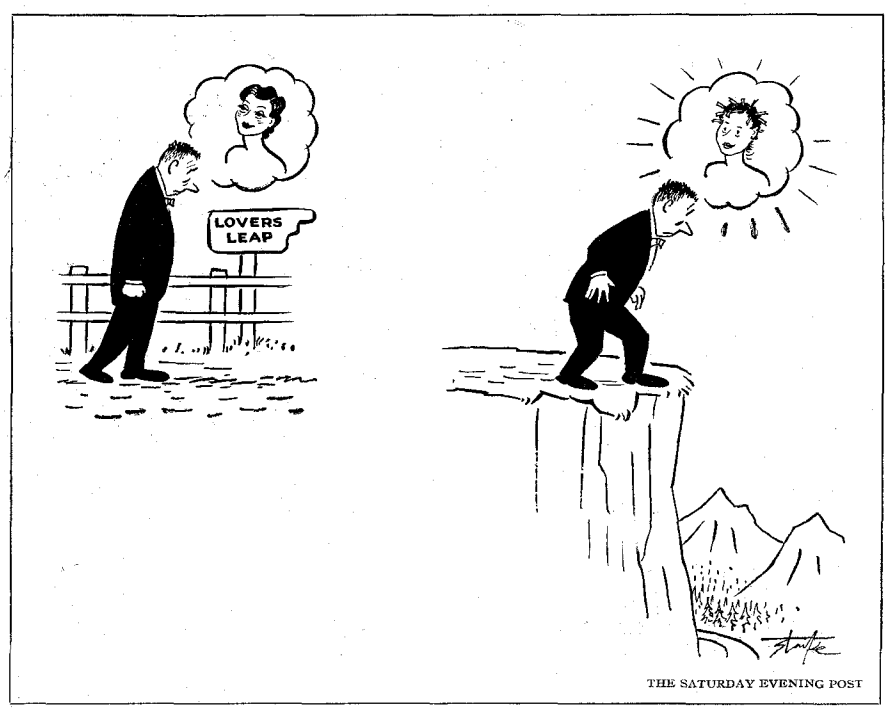
The marriage, unfortunately, was not a success. Though Whitney now refuses to discuss that period of his life, the union appears to have foundered through a lack of compatibility. "They both loved horses—and that was that," a family friend said recently. The couple spent much of their time surrounded by dogs, horses and horsy people at the 2000-acre Virginia estate Jock had given his bride as a wedding present; after four or five years, they drifted apart. Jock settled $3,000,000 on Liz, and she obtained a Reno divorce on the ground of desertion.

Though Whitney never properly earned the title of playboy, it may be said that he worked at it during the years when he was a free agent. In this pursuit of pleasure he was abetted by some able companions. Among these blithe spirits was the late, fabled humorist, Robert Benchley, who had been best man at Jock's wedding. During the mid-'30's they made several heroic safaris to Europe, just for fun and games.

John ("Shipwreck") Kelly, a lively ornament of Café Society, and drama critic John McClain, then a columnist and man-about-town, were also close associates of Whitney's during this period. McClain is built much like Whitney and this coincidence was an advantage. Whitney's clothes are made by his tailor in England; when Jock's valet sees that his employer needs additions to his wardrobe, clothes are simply ordered by mail from London.

"I was out at Greentree one day," McClain recalled recently, "when we all decided to go to a polo game. All I had with me was a business suit, so Edgar—he was valet at that time—lent me a tweed coat which Jock rarely wore. After that, I fell heir to a number of suits, usually brand-new, that Jock didn't care for. It worked out very well. Those I didn't like I passed on to my father in Ohio, who wore the same size Jock and I did. The story that I was outfitted entirely in Whitney castoffs is a base canard fabricated by other friends of Jock's who weren't lucky enough to be his size."

Benchley and McClain often accompanied Whitney (*Continued on Page 98*)



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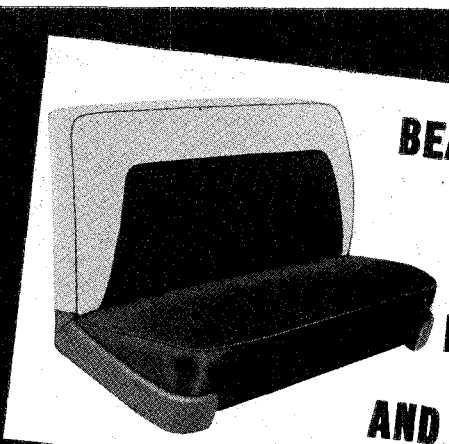

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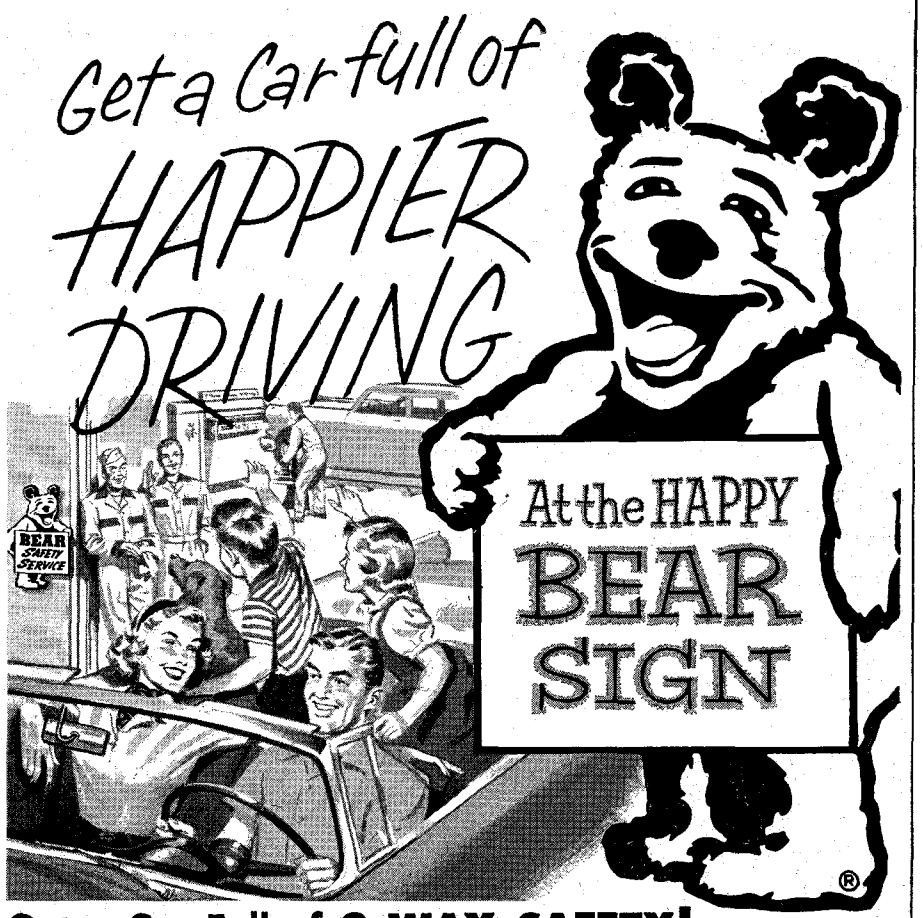

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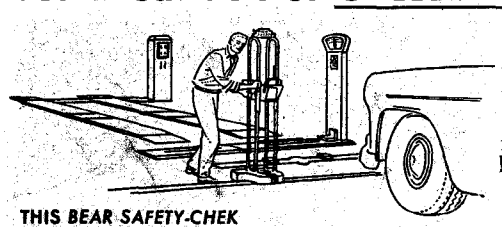

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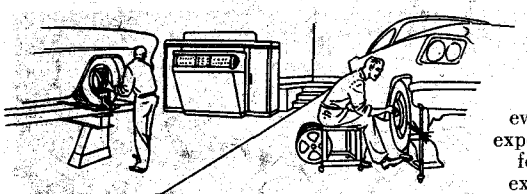

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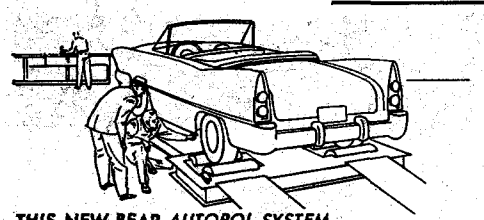

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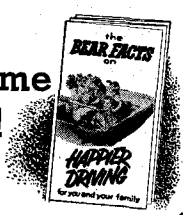

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(*Continued from Page 96*) to the West Coast, where the three hacked around the movie colony together. On one occasion, after a Whitney horse named Sharpie had run poorly at Hollywood Park, Jock accepted an impulsive offer by his two friends and sold them Sharpie for $1000. The two new horse owners soon discovered that Sharpie ate prodigious quantities of expensive oats and hay. Benchley and McClain were about ready to cut up Sharpie for steaks when, luckily, he won a claiming race and was claimed for $2500.

Whitney's views on horse racing are somewhat old-fashioned. He feels that racing is an institution primarily designed for the improvement of the breed. Whitney's labors as president of the American Thoroughbred Breeders Association, his several terms as one of the three members of the New York State Racing Commission, and his thirty-year membership in the Jockey Club have all fostered this idealistic attitude, along with the practical goal of making racing a popular sport. Though Whitney has never bet heavily on the races, he is on edge when one of his own Thoroughbreds is on the track.

"I've found it difficult," Jock once told a reporter, "to follow a precept given by an old trainer to my mother, when she began racing. He told her, 'You must learn to lose as if you like it, and to win as if you're used to it.' I'm afraid I find myself winning very vociferously."

Jock's mother conducted a large racing operation and was generally known as the First Lady of the American Turf. When Helen Hay Whitney died, in 1944, Jock and his sister, Joan, amalgamated their mother's stable with smaller ones they were operating separately, and established the Greentree Stud, Inc., with headquarters on a 750-acre farm in Kentucky.

The Greentree Stud is presently valued at approximately $11,000,000, in horses and securities. The cost of the Whitney racing operations runs between $700,000 and $800,000 a year, less whatever the stable earns through stud fees, Thoroughbred sales and racing purses. The Greentree Stud racing activities frequently show a profit—in 1951 its race winnings were $622,000—but the associated breeding-farm expenses generally force the operation as a whole to run at a loss. Jock and Joan charge this off to fun and the business of improving the breed.

Though Whitney has had some famous horses, such as the steeplechaser Easter Hero, and Tom Fool and Capot in flat racing, he has never been able to wear his bowler into the winner's circle at England's Grand National Steeplechase. This gives Jock a common cause for self-commiseration with the English royal household and should provide him with a made-to-order conversational gambit for the Queen, who is an inveterate racing fan as well as a horse-owner.

Editors' Note—The concluding article of this series by Mr. Thruelsen will appear next week.

ASCMA—Good Car * Keeping Week

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The Marriage Secret (Continued from Page 41)

"Daddy, I've just been trying to make him happy!"

Henry beamed. "Well, now we're getting somewhere!" he said. "Suppose you tell us how you went about making him happy this morning."

Mary Colton protested, "Henry, it's absolutely none of our business what she did this morning. Besides, why shouldn't she try to make her husband happy?"

Henry evaded the question. "All right, then, what did you do this morning that made him so happy he left you?"

"Henry!" Mary objected. "This is no time for sarcasm."

"Mary, up until a minute ago the only excitement in this dining room was the drinking of cold coffee. Now a man has left a woman. The man is our son-in-law. The woman is our daughter. I want to know what started it!"

Joan said, "Why, daddy, we were just making some resolutions."

"What kind of resolutions?"

Joan hesitated. "Just resolutions—to make things go smoother."

"Who was making these resolutions?"

"Well, I was suggesting them and——"

"He was agreeing to them?"

"He agreed to a few of them."

Mary Colton interrupted, "Darling, what kind of resolutions were they?"

Joan looked from her father to her mother. "Well, in the first place," she said, "I don't think he should go out on the porch for the morning paper in his pajamas. And—and he smokes too much, and I don't like it when he——"

"I suppose Jim was also loaded with resolutions," Henry interrupted.

Joan's eyes widened. "Oh, no; he didn't have any at all. He had some criticisms—and about the silliest things! Like hanging my stockings in the bathroom. Mother, where else should I hang my stockings? They have to dry, don't they?"

"Hah!" Henry exploded. "A remodeling job! No wonder he left you!"

Joan had gone. And Henry and Mary faced each other soberly. "Well, who's going to do it—you or I?" Mary said.

Henry was purposely dense. "Do what?"

"Tell those kids the facts of life."

"Mary, you don't mean about the birds and the bees? Not after they've been married for nineteen months!"

"I imagine even the birds and bees get mixed up now and then," Mary said.

Henry thought about this a minute. Then he said, "I'll see Jim."

And Mary said, "I'll run over to Joan's."

Joan was busily crying on the sofa. Mary wasted no time in sympathy. "Why did you let a good man get away from you?" she said.

Joan sat upright on the sofa. "Mother! I didn't let him get away! He left me!"

"Is there a difference?"

Joan looked at her mother as though she were seeing a woman she had never met before in her life. "Mother, I don't understand you!"

"I think it would be wise if you made an attempt. I still have my husband, you know, and I expect to keep him."

"You mean you have to keep daddy?"

"There isn't a man in the world who doesn't require hanging onto. Men didn't invent marriage, you know. However, they did invent divorce, and ever since they invented it they've been conniving to find more reasons to justify it."

"But women get the divorces!"

"Purely a holdover from the days of chivalry and King Arthur's Round Table. Someday men will demand equal rights."

"Mother, I've never heard you talk like this."

"That's because a marriage is a private affair. Why didn't you keep yours that way?"

Joan stiffened. "I never talk about my marriage!"

"You did this morning."

"But that was to Jim!"

"Who is the last man in the world you should have talked marriage to."

"Mother, Jim is my husband!"

"He knows it. You don't have to remind him." Then Mary said, "Personally, I think he was a pretty good husband. Why didn't you let him stay that way?"

"You sound as if you were on Jim's side!"

"I am. I know husbands."

Joan's eyes wavered. "You don't know anything about Jim!" she cried.

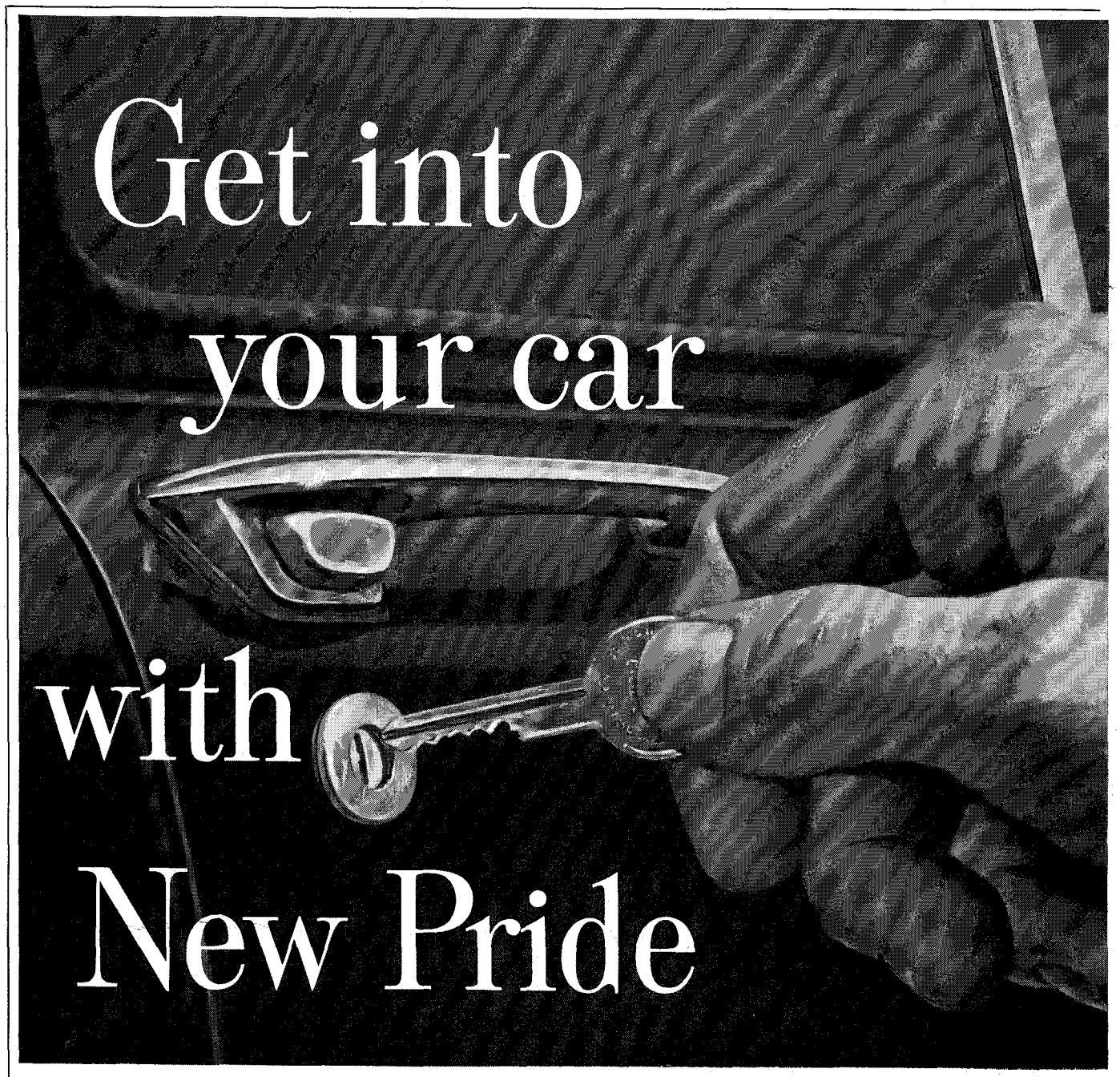
"Possibly. But I don't think you do either. I don't think you even know now why you married him. Do you?"

"Mother!" Joan's face flamed.

Mary stood up. "I have to clean up my dishes. I'll drop over later. Meantime, you see if you can remember why you married him."

As Mary drove home she had a guilty feeling that she had given away one of the priceless secrets of her own marriage.

Henry Colton walked into his son-in-law's office with some trepidation. Not because Jim was a square-jawed, towering ex-marine, but because he was in no mood to be mollified.



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"If you want to talk about Joan," he said, "I don't want to discuss it."

Henry chose to attack. "I want to know why you let her walk all over you for nineteen months!" he said.

"How do you know she did?"

"I can read between the lines," Henry asserted calmly. "You don't know much about marriage, do you?"

Jim sighed heavily. "I know more than I did."

Henry also sighed. "Why did you let her do it?"

"Do what?"

"Try to make you over. That's what she did, wasn't it?"

"She tried to," Jim admitted.

"Did you like it?"

Jim glowered. "No woman is going to own me—ever!"

Henry felt more comfortable now. "I never was owned," he said. "Funny thing—a man can't stand being owned by a woman. But a woman is never really happy unless some man owns her. It's kind of a way of shifting responsibility, I guess. But Joan's mother was too smart a woman to try to own me. Jim, your mother-in-law knows more about marriage than any woman I ever married."

Jim was startled. "Were you married more than once?"

Henry lowered his voice. "Jim," he said, "I guess every man gets married seven or eight hundred times before he gives up. Whenever he feels the chains chafing a bit, he just dozes off and gets married again. I've married some beauts in my time. It's sort of like the way a woman goes window-shopping. It never quite jelled with me, though, because Mary was always too smart to let me forget why I married her. How long since you thought about why you married Joan?"

A puzzled expression knotted Jim's eyebrows. "Why, I married her because ——"

"Don't tell me, Jim!" Henry said quickly. "I'm old enough to know a man doesn't marry a woman because she knows how to darn socks." Henry got up from his chair. "Jim, what do you say you and I have lunch this noon?"

Jim shook his head. "Can't make it," he said. "Frankly, I don't want to get talked into anything."

"I won't talk you into anything," Henry said. "Come on, have lunch with me."

Jim said, "Look, I spent seven years in the marines. I guess every top sergeant, lieutenant, captain and major in the Marine Corps had his crack at making me over—and I still wound up with a mind of my own. And no wife is going to change it, bar none.

"I like to snore in bed!" Jim went on. "And I like to get the morning paper in my pajamas. I like to smoke when, if and as much as I please. I don't like to get my own breakfast! I don't like leftovers for dinner! I'm big enough so I can take razor creases in my pants or leave them alone. I don't like Sunday picnics. In fact, I'm just a regular guy and no wife is going to change me into something else! If your daughter wanted to marry a tremble-chin, why did she have to pick me?"

Henry sighed. "You're sure you won't have lunch? You do like to eat, don't you?"

"At the moment," said Jim bitterly, "I am looking forward to digesting my food in solitude."

Henry Colton walked out of his son-in-law's office with the smarting knowledge that he had failed. He didn't bother to go to his own office. Instead he walked home, forgetting that he had parked his car in front of Jim's office. He found Mary talking on the telephone, briskly arguing with the butcher over chickens.

He slumped on the divan and began to reread the morning paper. He was annoyed when Mary arrived at terms with the butcher and came and stood before him.

"Well, how did you make out?" she asked.

"I didn't. He wouldn't even have lunch with me."

"Oh."

For some reason, this irritated Henry. "Look," he said, "you women invented marriage! Why don't you straighten out problems like this?"

"You mean with Jim?" Mary was only mildly surprised. "Why, of course, dear." Mary bent over and kissed him. "I just thought you would want to see Jim yourself. Naturally, I'll straighten Jim out, if you want me to." She kissed him again.

Henry stirred uncomfortably and tried to read the newspaper. But the print was elusive. Somehow he hadn't a doubt in the world that Mary would straighten Jim out. He wished he knew why.

After lunch Mary Colton walked to Jim Whiting's office with the uneasy feeling that too many secrets of her own marriage were certain to see the light of day before Jim and Joan had been convinced that, so far as marriage was concerned, they were mere babes in the woods. However, as Mary entered Jim's office she seemed as serene as a battleship at a rowing regatta.

"Jim," she asked, "didn't you go out with any girls before you married Joan?"

Jim blinked. He was unprepared. "Why—uh ——" he began.

"I thought you did," Mary said approvingly. "Fun, wasn't it? Kissing them, I mean."

Jim stared and swallowed. Then he was unable to repress a reminiscent smirk. "That was before I got married," he said.

"Which you did entirely too soon. No man should ever get married until he knows a lot more about kissing than you do."

Jim glowered. "What's the matter with my kissing?"

Mary shrugged. "It's ineffective."

"Who says so?"

"I do."

"I never kissed you!"

"Fortunately for you. I have a man in my family who is an expert on the subject. His comments on your kissing would have left you bitterly disappointed."

Jim tried to visualize Henry as an expert on kissing. He smiled.

"Don't laugh, Jim!" Mary said. "He's been doing it for twenty-four years and fifteen days with extraordinary results. You've been doing it for a mere nineteen months, and at the moment you don't even know who's going to cook your dinner!"

"At least I don't have to worry any more about resolutions," Jim retorted.

"A girl doesn't make resolutions while a man is kissing her," Mary said.

"Your daughter can make resolutions at any time of the day or night, under any conditions, prohibitions or inhibitions known to the human race!"

"A man who always knows how to kiss his wife the way he did the day before he married her never has trouble with resolutions," Mary said, completely unruffled. "Your trouble is, you give her too much time to think. And when a married woman gets too much time to think, she becomes dangerous. If I were a man, I'd keep my wife so busy that thinking would be a luxury she couldn't afford."

"By kissing?" Jim was skeptical.

"I've known one kiss to keep me busy all day long."

ASCMA—Good Car * Keeping Week

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"Are you kidding me?"

"My dear boy," she said, "have you any idea what a man with a thorough knowledge of kissing can accomplish for himself?"

Jim still didn't know whether he was being kidded. He waited.

"A mere man ——" said Mary, wagging her finger. "A mere man who, before his marriage, races himself into a dither trying to give away his kissing, spending his most priceless possession like a fool with an inheritance, can, with half the dither, get himself a woman to cook his meals, a housekeeper to run his house, a lover to cherish him, a charwoman to scrub his floors, a laundress to iron his shirts, an errand boy to buy his groceries, a gardener to water his flowers, a baby sitter to tend his children, a window washer, a nurse, a valet, a dietitian and a slave willing to do anything under the sun for him. And she'll even shower gratitude on him for letting her do it! And all this for about a quarter of the kissing that he was once so eager to squander on girls who would accept it only if he threw in a dinner and a night at the theater!"

"Do you really think I didn't kiss her enough?" Jim asked.

"The only resolution a woman makes on her honeymoon is to keep things that way forever," Mary said. "But when her man starts to run out of funds in the kissing department, look out. Personally, I suspect that you're bankrupt."

Jim was thoughtful when Mary left.

As Mary drove the car Henry had forgotten to Joan's house, her mind was occupied with a disturbing thought. There was always the possibility that one day Jim and Henry would get together and compare notes. *If they do, I'll just lie down and die*, she thought. And she couldn't get the thought out of her mind until she found Joan viciously harassing a vacuum cleaner.

"Well, have you remembered why you married him?" she asked.

Joan pulled the plug from the vacuum cleaner and sat down. "Mother," she said, "I think there are some things about marriage today that you don't understand."

"Indeed? What, for instance?"

Joan hesitated. It seemed to embarrass her to explain the facts of life to her mother. "Mother, girls today marry for different reasons than they did twenty-five years ago."

"Such as?"

"Well, security, for one thing; and affection, a home of their own—and children, of course."

"Well!" said Mary. "Are those the things you wanted from Jim when you married him?"

"Of course!"

Mary considered this only an instant. "And are all modern girls as extravagant with these things as you are?"

"Extravagant!" Joan gasped.

"Prodigal and reckless!" Mary retorted. "Joan, you're spending your marriage like a crazy woman."

"Mother, you can't spend a marriage!"

Mary smiled grimly. "No? At the moment, what have you got left of yours?"

"You're taunting me!"

"I should be spanking you. Don't you know that there is no security on earth for a woman, except love? Don't you know that Jim Whiting will never give you that affection you want if you try to change him into Casper Jones?"

"And who is Casper Jones?"

"Some mythical character that mistaken wives dream up when they start remodeling their husbands."

"Jim needs remodeling!"

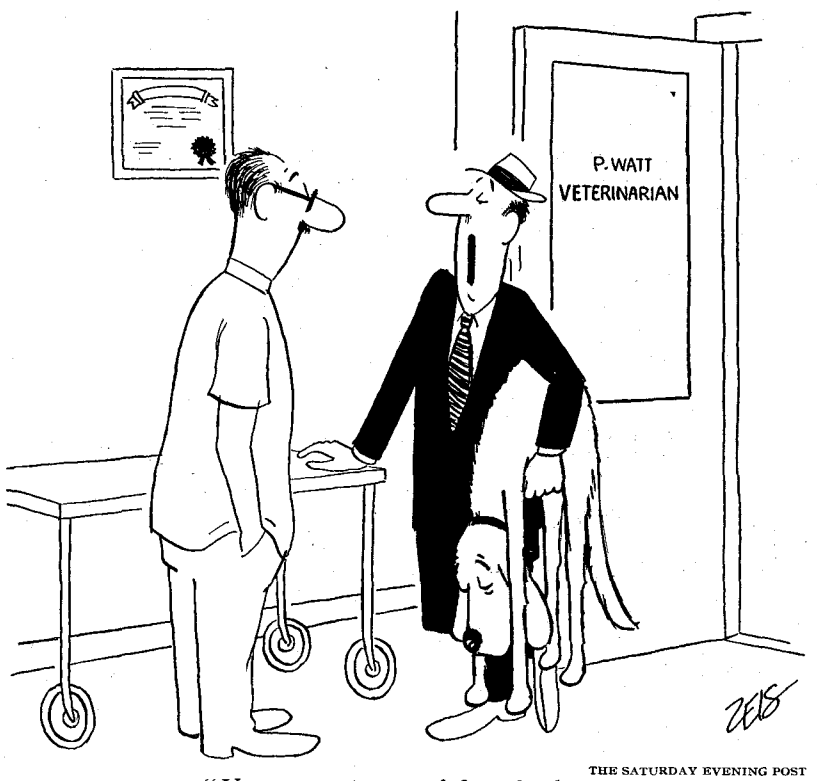
"Then why didn't you marry a man who was already remodeled? If you don't like being married to Jim Whiting, say so and let him go make an honest man of himself. If you want to be married to Casper Jones, whoever he happens to be, go find Casper Jones. But I'd pity the poor man, because the first thing you'd do to him would be to start changing him into Jim Whiting." Then Mary asked bluntly, "Joan, dear, do you want to stay married to Jim?"

Tears welled in Joan's eyes, but her chin trembled rebelliously. "Mother, he left me!"

"He'll come back," Mary said. "A man always comes back the first time."

Joan smiled grimly. "I'll make him crawl when he does."

"Well, if you want to go off on another spending spree, that's your business. How much of a marriage do you think



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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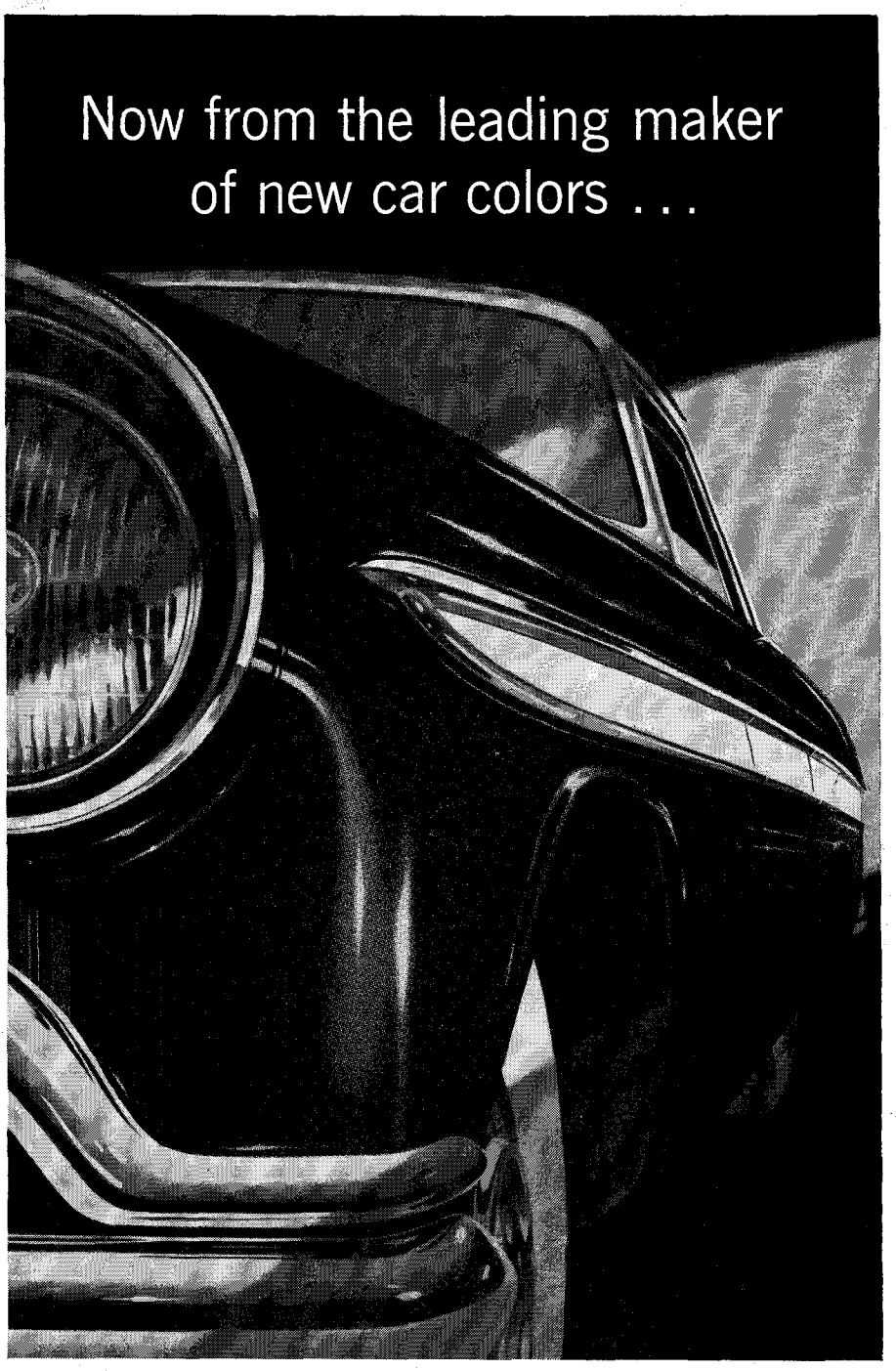

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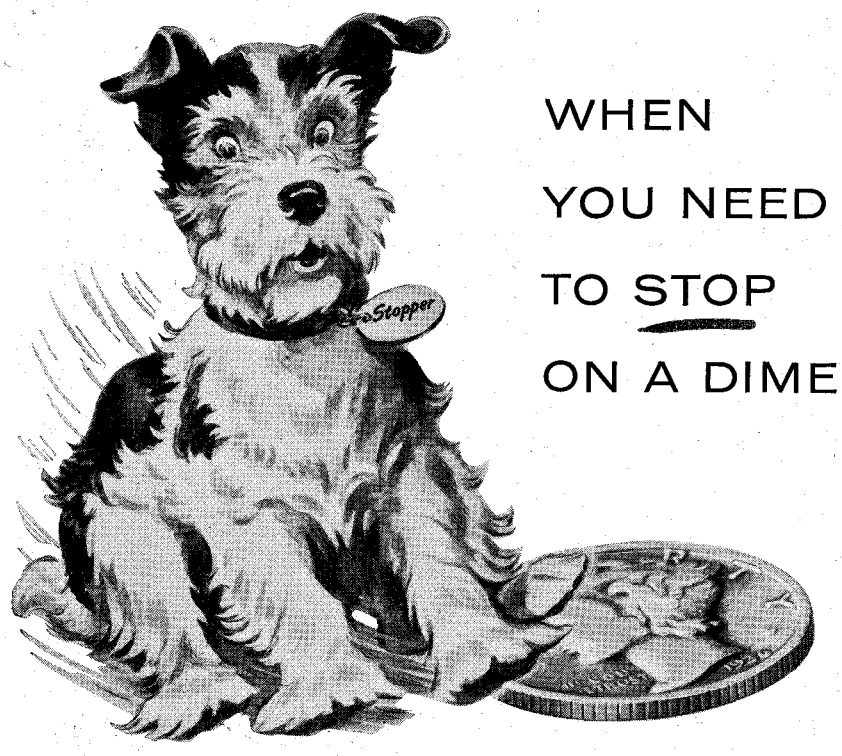

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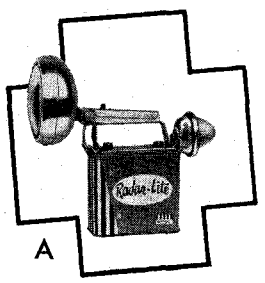

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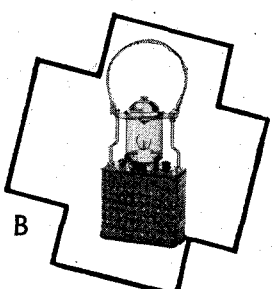
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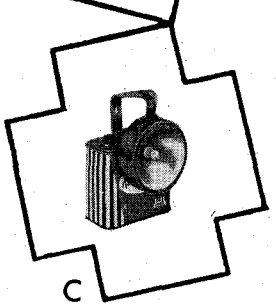
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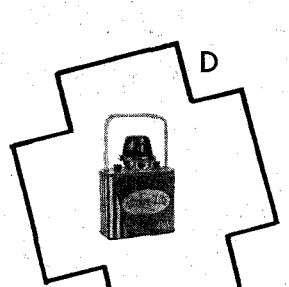
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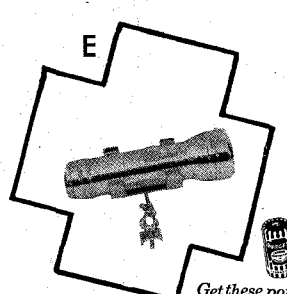
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ASCMA—Good Car • Keeping Week

you can spend and still have anything left?"

"My marriage isn't spent!" Joan flamed. "He's coming back!"

"Are you sure of that?"

It was a telling blow, and Joan crumpled under it.

"You said he was."

"I've made mistakes before," Mary said. "Are you sure he is?"

"No, I'm not sure."

"So what are you going to do, if he does?"

"Ask him—if he's sorry."

Mary became impatient. "Joan, you're making me feel kindly toward wife beaters!" she said. "Now, once again, what are you going to do if he does come home?"

"Mother, I can't tell him that I'm the one who is sorry!" Joan cried.

Mary stood up decisively. "I think you'd better come home with me," she said. "It will never do for him to find you here."

"Why shouldn't I be here?"

"Because your husband will be coming home to find the girl he married, not the wife who has been heckling him. It'll be far better for him to run around looking for the girl he married than to walk in on the wife he just ran away from. Come. Maybe when he finds the girl he married, you'll be able to recognize the man you fell in love with."

Mary put the issue squarely up to Henry. "You have sired a stubborn daughter," she said.

"She was never stubborn before!"

Mary said bluntly, "She was never in love before."

"And what are you going to do if he comes here?"

"Whisk her upstairs until he goes."

"I may have something to say about that," Henry said.

Mary was undisturbed. "Well, until you do, I'm going to spend my time in unremitting labor, which I hope will be blessed by fried chicken, corn on the cob and candied sweet potatoes."

"I don't like this, Mary! If a man is good enough to come home to his wife after he has left her, he deserves a welcome."

Mary Colton had known that Henry wouldn't understand. In twenty-four years and fifteen days of marriage she had always been certain that Henry had never guessed her secret. She dreaded the day when he would find out, and she had an uneasy feeling that time was running out on her.

At seventeen minutes past six the front doorbell rang imperiously. Mary hastily scooped the extra plate from the dinner table and hustled Joan to the stairs.

"Don't you dare answer that bell, Henry, until we get upstairs!" Mary hissed.

Henry nodded, but he had a gleam in his eye. The doorbell rang again. Finally Henry answered it. "Why, Jim!" he said.

Jim had the air of harassment. "Have you seen Joan?"

Upstairs, Mary held her breath and clutched Joan's arm fiercely.

"Isn't she home?" Henry asked. Mary breathed easier.

"Home! I've been waiting for her over an hour!"

"Maybe she went to a movie," Henry said.

"And leave me without my dinner?"

"I thought you didn't want dinner there any more."

"I changed my mind."

"Well, come in and have a bite to eat. Mary isn't here either. I've been frying myself some chicken."

Mary gritted her teeth. "There goes our dinner," she whispered.

Jim looked at the second plate on the table. "Are you sure your wife won't be home?" he asked.

"Oh, she can always get a sandwich," Henry said.

"A sandwich!" Mary groaned. "After I slaved over that dinner!"

"Mother, will you be quiet? I want to hear this."

There was a clatter of plates and Henry began to put food on the table. "Jim, you don't know how I love to cook fried chicken!" he was saying.

Upstairs Mary fumed. "He never cooked a chicken in his life."

"Help yourself, Jim!" Henry said.

Jim did. He helped himself to chicken; then to rolls and corn and candied sweet potatoes. He tasted and he liked what he tasted.

"You sure know how to cook!" he said with some admiration.

Mary sniffed. "He doesn't even know how to boil eggs!"

"What made you change your mind, Jim? About coming back, I mean," Henry asked.

"Your wife."

"Mary?"

Jim stuffed a slab of white meat in his mouth. "She said I probably didn't know enough about kissing."

"Jim, if she said that, you can depend on it; she's absolutely right!"

Upstairs, Mary felt goose pimples rising on her skin. "Oh, dear!" she said.

"Jim," said Henry, "kissing is God's gift to husbands."

Upstairs, Mary didn't utter a sound. But she was sinking with despair. *He knows*, she thought.

"Mother," Joan whispered, "what on earth is daddy talking about?"

"Put your hands over your ears!" Mary said fiercely. "You're too young to know about things like this!"

"Jim," Henry continued, with a glance toward the stairs, "kissing in the hands of a capable husband has more horsepower per cubic inch than any other form of energy known to man." Henry heaved a sigh. "I would have been broke long before this if it hadn't been for kissing."

Jim was puzzled. "Broke?"

"Bankrupt, delinquent and unreliable. Instead, I have a bank account, a fine home, a passable wife and the hope of grandchildren."

"Passable!" Mary sizzled.

"Grandchildren, yet!" Joan seethed.

"And you did this just by kissing?"

"Absolutely. Jim," Henry said, louder now. "I have kissed your mother-in-law out of more new cars than you could count on your fingers. I have kissed her out of more resolutions than have passed both houses of Congress. I have kissed her out of a maid, a laundress, two mink coats, a trip to South America and a great Dane! Have more chicken, Jim."

"Mother, is this true?" Joan whispered.

Mary nodded abjectly.

"Why did you let him do it?"

Mary's eyes were brimming with tears. "Your father kisses awfully well."

"No man kisses that well!"

"Some men do."

Jim was saying to Henry, "Did she ever try to make you over?"

"Every time she did, I kissed her. And I'm the same man today that I was when I married her."

Now Joan was demanding, "Mother, is that true too?"

Mary was smiling through her tears. "And I'm the same girl," she whispered.

"Jim," Henry was saying, "just kiss 'em. Women are suckers for kissing. Kiss 'em the way you did before you married 'em. It isn't hard. I sort of like it."

"He loves it," Mary whispered happily. And then she was suddenly brought back

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to stern reality by a thought: *He knows everything about me now.*

Jim was saying, "You know, I think I'll give it a try."

"You can't lose, boy!" Henry said.

Joan leaped to her feet. "He can't, can't he?" Ignoring her mother's anguished whispers of protest, Joan clattered angrily down the stairs. She marched into the dining room. She grasped a drumstick from Jim's hand. "This is mine!" she declared. She grabbed half a chicken from Henry's plate. "And this is mother's!" Then she turned on her husband. "Now, Jim Whiting, let me see you kiss yourself out of this situation!"

"Joanie!" Jim leaped to his feet and advanced. "I've been waiting for you."

"With a drumstick in each hand!" Joan cried wildly.

"Kiss her, Jim," Henry said.

"Don't you dare!" Joan cried as Jim advanced. She backed to the wall. Then she said, "What are you going to do?"

"Kiss you."

"You are not!" Joan cried.

"I guess you didn't hear what I just said, honey," Jim said, wrapping his arms around her.

Joan wriggled and squirmed, but Jim kissed her as Henry watched with admiration. Joan tore herself away. "That's once, Jim Whiting," she said. "But twice is more than I'll stand for."

"Try her again," said Henry.

And Jim did, thoroughly. "Do you want me to come back, honey?"

"Jim, you're making a fool of me!"

He kissed her again. "Do you like me the way I am?"

"I hate you!"

Jim poured on the coal. "Do you like me better?" But he made sure she couldn't answer. "Do you like me at all?"

"Jim, you haven't kissed me like this for six months," Joan faltered.

"Do you like it? Want me to stop?"

Joan gasped for breath. "It—it makes a girl feel pretty helpless," she said faintly.

Then Jim said softly, "Would you kiss a guy?" And Joan did.

"Again?" And Joan did.

Suddenly Henry heard Mary crying softly upstairs. He hurried up to her. He put his arm around her. "Mary ——" He felt his own eyes smarting.

"Henry, you knew all the time!"

"About kissing?"

"Yes." Mary was still sobbing. "You knew all the time."

"Why, of course," said Henry in surprise. "Didn't you?"

Mary dried her tears, and she slowly turned her face up to his. Her smile was tremulous, but it was a smile. "Do you ever kiss a girl, Henry?"

"What?" said Henry stoutly. "With guests in the house?"

Then Mary said, "I need a new coat."

Henry kissed her quickly and expertly. "Mary, what in the world would you do with a boat?" He kissed her again. Softly and gently.

"I said a coat, Henry!"

"That's what I thought you said—a boat. Where would we ever use a boat?"

"Oh, Henry, you're impossible! Is there any chicken left?"

"If Joanie hasn't dropped it on the floor."

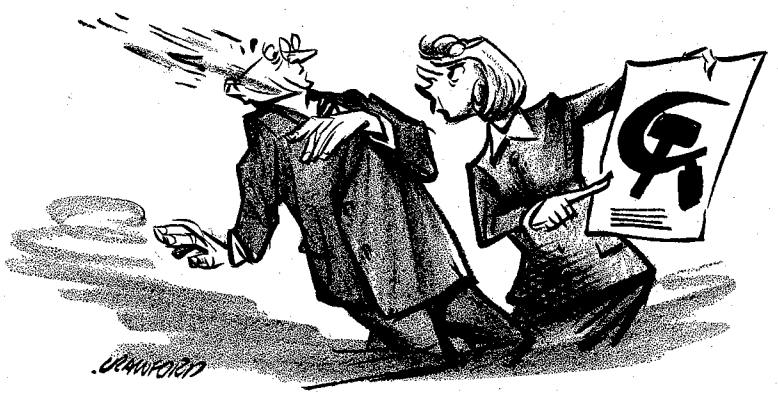
"Then there isn't any left. Henry, why did we ever get married?"

For a moment Henry looked dense. Then he said, "That's a good question. Why did we?"

"Henry!" Mary cried.

Which only went to show that they knew how to be very happy people.

THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Conservative Robert knew, when he married Sonya, that she was a left-winger politically. But he was shocked to find that she espoused Communism. She associated with known Communists and invited them into Robert's home. Embarrassed and upset, he pleaded with her to stop. When she refused, he sued for divorce.

"Marriage to a Communistic wife is like living with a stranger," Robert asserted. "We don't have the same friends, views or beliefs. We don't agree on anything. Free me from this torture."

"Women," Sonya countered, "are entitled by law to vote and shape their political views as they please, not as their husbands want. This is a free country for wives too."

If you were the judge, would you grant Robert a divorce?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Robert lost. The court ruled that political and social opinions of a spouse, no matter how hard to live with, are not, at present, grounds for divorce or separation.

Based upon a 1951 Washington decision.

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ALLOWS YOUR SKIN TO BREATHE—HEAL

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Here's the handiest Sheer Look Beauty FRIGIDAIRE has ever made!

Of course, it has all the magic of Sheer Look styling to make your old kitchen look radiantly new now—and keep you in style for the future.

And it has color, too—because Frigidaire now is selling *all* its color appliances at no extra charge over white.

But above all is the happy fact that here's the *handiest* food freezer-refrigerator ever to speed your meal-getting routine!

—Two main shelves—with a special big-bottle shelf to boot—roll out, all the way. Every square inch of every corner is usable—with no gadgets to trip your fingers—much more shelf area, model for model, than most other makes.

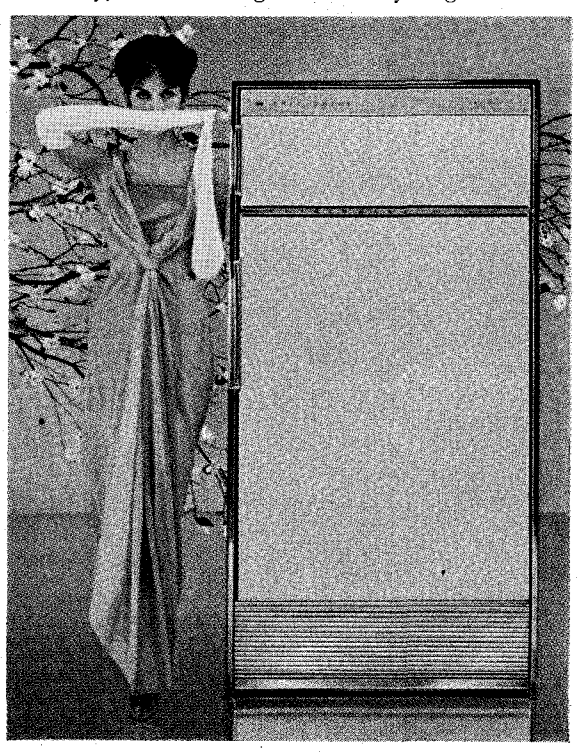
—The ingenious Plan-A-Door, with interchangeable containers and movable shelves, that lets *you* be the boss on door storage.

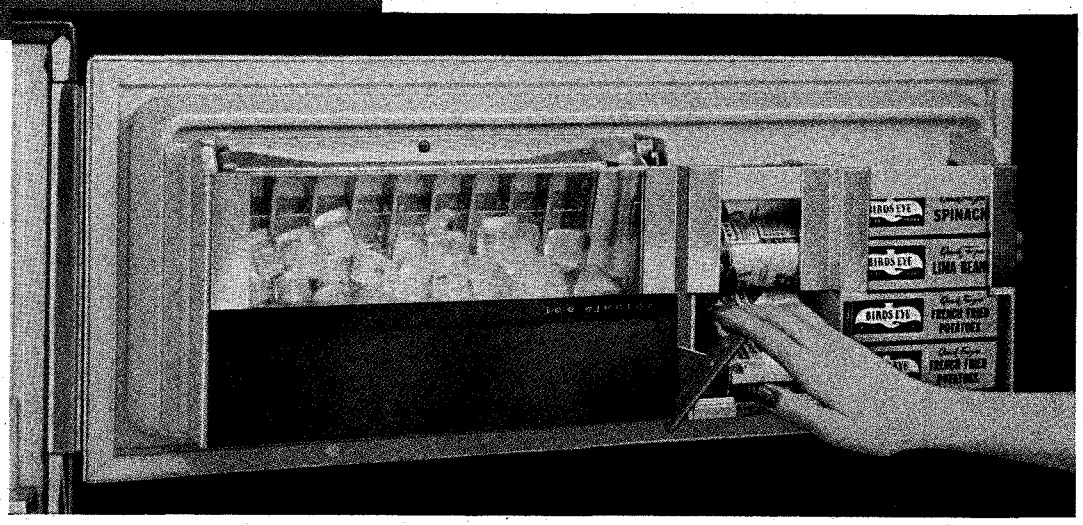
—The freezer section—a real zero-cold freezer—holds 84 pounds—and door dispensers drop cans and packages right into your fingers.

—There are two big Hydrators – a giant Meat Tender (all three porcelain enamel finished), and the finest automatic defrosting system ever invented for the refrigerator section.

—Lady, *this is it!*—and you'd better act fast. See your Frigidaire dealer—he'll show you it's all true! And the *price was NEVER so right!*

Model shown is Mayfair Pink—also available in Sherwood Green, Stratford Yellow and the new fashion-wise Charcoal Gray, the color that goes with everything.





Frigidaire Ice-Ejector delivers 27 cubes in 4 seconds flat!

Just pull a lever and the wonderful Frigidaire Ice-Ejector frees the cubes—you don't touch them—keeps them in never-stick cold—stored in a removable bin you can take anywhere!

Look for your Frigidaire Dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under the heading "Electric Appliances.

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AMERICA'S HANDIEST REFRIGERATORS

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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If H-Bombs Fall . . . (Continued from Page 25)

Actual tape recordings are made of each person's every remembered sensation and thought.

In this fashion, the committee has accumulated a vast store of information on human reactions to disaster. Already it has studied more than forty domestic disasters and several foreign ones, including the floods which ravaged Holland and Great Britain in 1953. In addition, it has dug back into the London blitz, the air raids on Germany and the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

None of these disasters approximates the agony of an onslaught by H-bombs, of course. Nothing can. But they do produce definite patterns of behavior that indicate how most men, women and children in the United States are apt to act in time of H-bomb horror.

As Doctor Williams says, "A man buried alive in a burning house is a man buried alive in a burning house regardless of whether it was a gas-main explosion or a hydrogen bomb that set the house afire."

In some respects, the committee's findings are far from reassuring. It feels, though, that if people recognize what they would be up against, emotionally, psychologically and physically, in the event of an H-bomb attack, they will be far more able to cope with its tragic consequences.

One thing the committee has learned is that most Americans won't listen to warnings. They just won't admit to themselves that something awful may befall them.

Back in May, 1953, for example, a tornado smashed into Waco, Texas. It killed 114 people, injured over 600, and did $52,000,000 worth of damage. Yet those people did not have to die. The majority could easily have saved themselves if they'd taken advantage of the warning broadcast by the United States Weather Bureau.

They didn't believe it. "I heard the warning all right," a badly injured woman told a committee investigator, "but I never thought it was really going to hit."

The same kind of wishful thinking made a needless tragedy of the Rio Grande flood that inundated Eagle Pass, Texas, and Piedras Negras, Mexico, in June, 1954. For thirty-six hours, warnings were issued that a record crest was sweeping down the river. They weren't heeded, and 130 persons drowned.

People will disregard the threat of nuclear attack itself. One morning in May, 1955, a flight of unidentified bombers was spotted approaching the California coast. The Air Force was so alarmed that it ordered a "warning yellow"—attack imminent—in the Oakland area. Sirens wailed throughout the city.

Fortunately, it turned out to be a false alarm—the planes were actually SAC bombers. The residents of Oakland can be thankful that they were. For a team of Survey Research Center interviewers later learned, to their dismay, that a mere three out of every twenty people had believed the sirens.

When disaster actually does strike, there appears to be one frequent reaction. It holds for injured and uninjured alike. A large proportion of them lose contact with reality. For varying lengths of time, they exist in a state of dazed indifference.

Shortly after the Worcester tornado hit in June, 1953, killing ninety-four and hospitalizing 490, a doctor came upon a woman lying in the rain in front of her home with a ghastly hole in her thigh. A piece of two-by-four lumber had blown through it.

The woman's husband—ordinarily very devoted to her—wasn't upset in the slightest. While she lay bleeding, he was rummaging through old papers, humming happily as he did.

"Your wife, she's badly hurt," the doctor said. "Get me some blankets."

The husband couldn't seem to locate any, so the doctor went to a closet himself.

"I'm going to take one of these coats and cover her up," he declared.

"Oh, sure, you go ahead and do that," said the husband. "But don't take my good coat."

This same doctor saw a twelve-year-old boy with a gaping wound from his ear down to his chest. "Your son's terribly hurt, but not dead," he informed the lad's father. "Get somebody with a car and take him to the hospital at once."

The father left. A few minutes afterward, the doctor looked around the corner. There was the father, reminiscing with friends. He had not made a move to obtain aid.

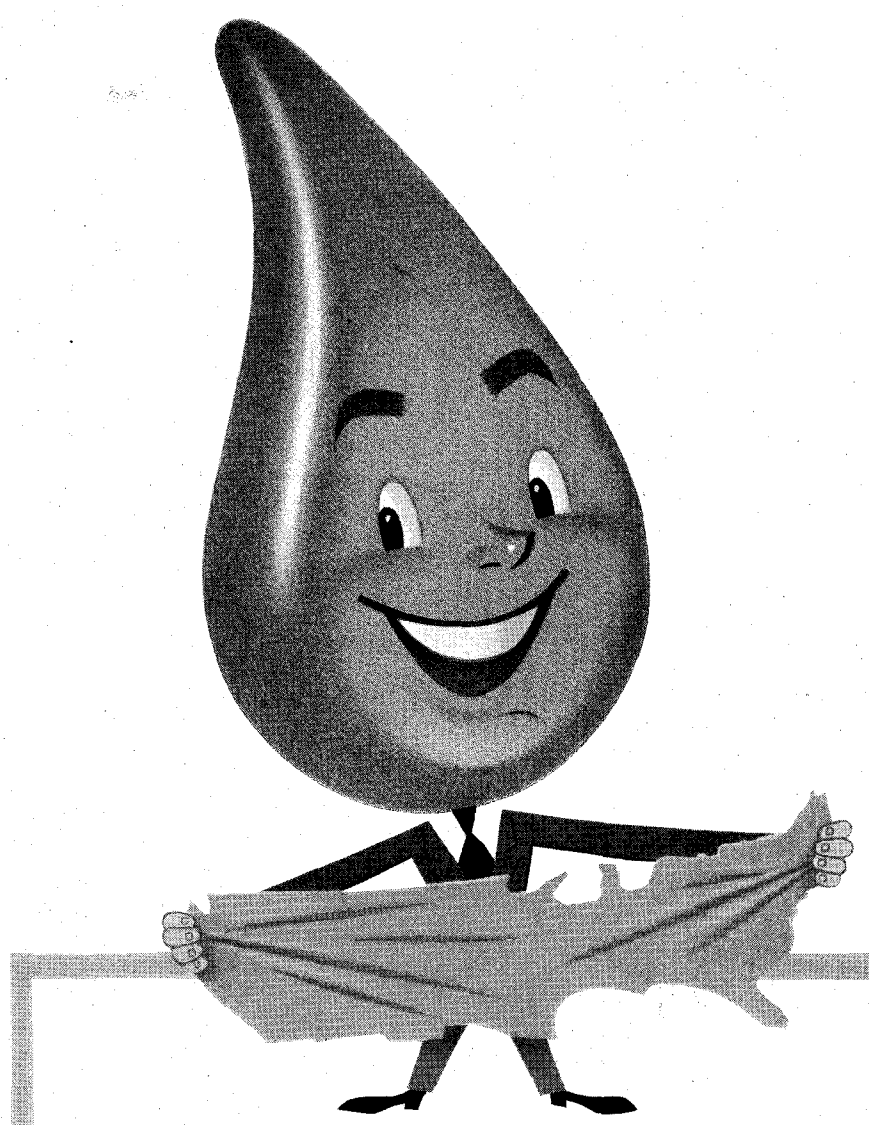
"Why haven't you gone yet?" the doctor inquired.

"I just can't leave," the father replied.

You'd think that there would be screams, (*Continued on Page 108*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Would it destroy your confidence if I called a plumber?"



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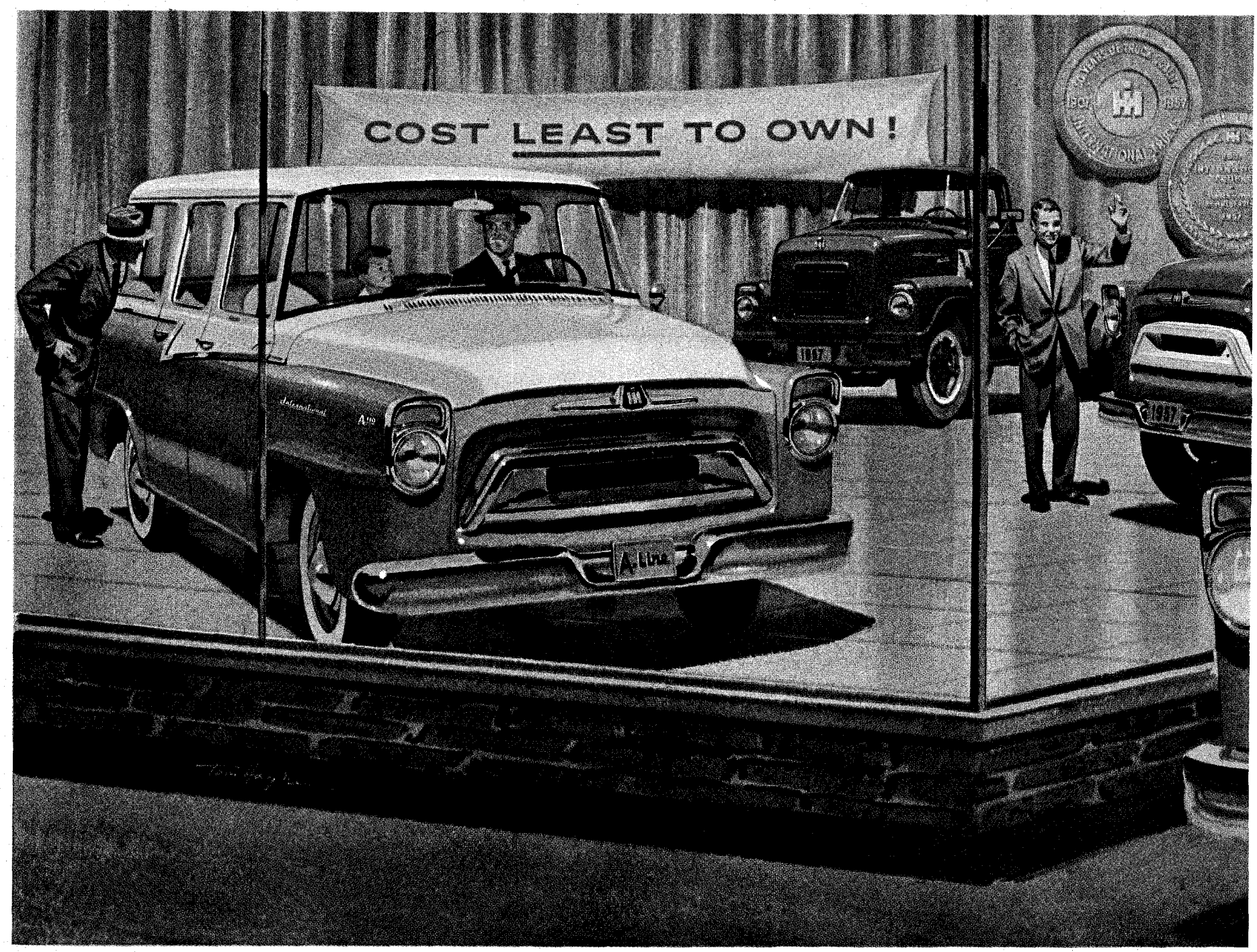
NEW FROM ROAD TO ROOF *Golden*



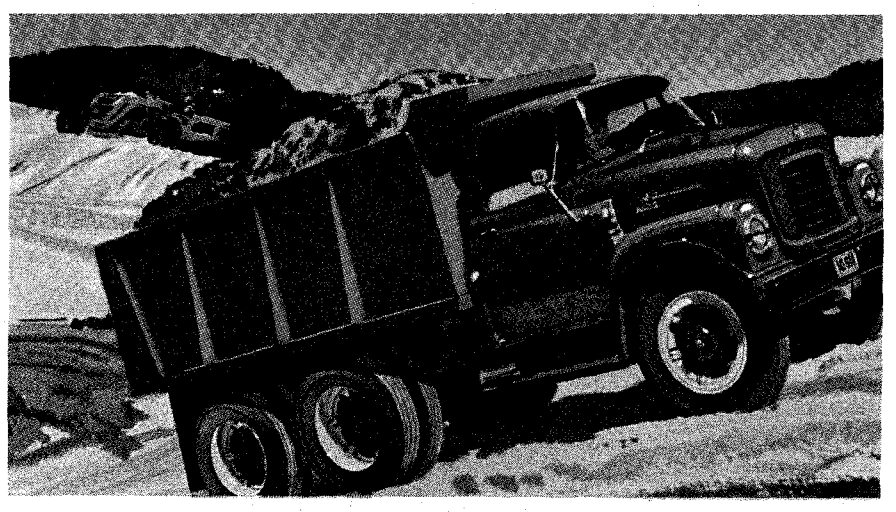
New INTERNATIONAL Trucks, left to right: *New Travelall®* with curbside third door, more leg and head room, lower over-all height, bigger glass area than any comparable vehicle . . . *New Cab-Forward* design features sho 89-inch bumper-to-back-of-cab dimension, maximum maneuverability wi

Here's the smart way to do a truck jo

A test-drive will convince you that the new Golden Anniversary INTERNATIONAL Trucks are not only the smartest-*looking* trucks ever to hit the road, but—even more important—are today's *smartest buys* for performance and long-range economy.

Go see your INTERNATIONAL Dealer. Find out what it's like to command more *usable* horsepower—to boss the most powerful six-cylinder pickup in its field—to drive a truck you *know* will pull you through, because it has all the power you'll ever need.

Above all, remember this: these newest INTERNATIONAL Trucks are built true to a tradition for truck *quality*. They are built to cost *least* to own over the years.



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • CHICAGO

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May 25, 1957

Anniversary Internationals

umper clearance . . . *New Tractors* have more power. . . *New Golden Jubi-ee Pickup* features custom 7-ft. body. All new models (to 33,000 lbs. GVW) have exclusive new 5-point cab mounting for quiet, level ride. Dozens more *new* features. Other INTERNATIONALS range to 96,000 lbs. GVW.

better, longer, at least cost

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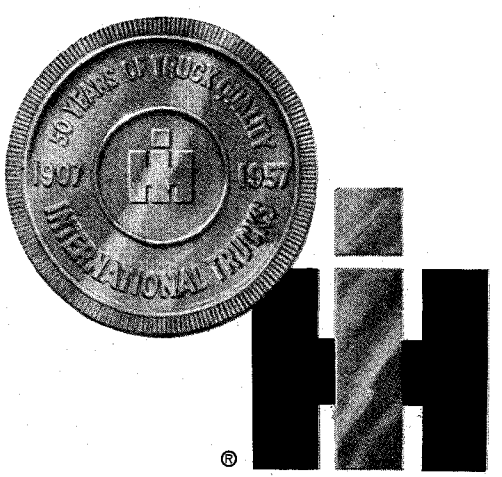

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(*Continued from Page 105*) shouts and other commotion immediately following a disaster. It's not so. The daze is too great.

A forty-two-year-old man whose wife and two children were in the Judsonia, Arkansas, tornado gave committee investigators a graphic description of the post-impact period. He'd arrived within ten minutes of the blow to find his family safe, but his house leveled.

"People were just beginning to crawl out of the wreckage or those that were out were beginning to walk the streets," he said. "No one was making any sound, no one was talking. It was deathly quiet. They were just walking and milling around. They didn't even seem to be in a hurry. They were just like they were lost. Like they couldn't believe it."

Dr. Donald N. Michael, of Dunlap and Associates, a social psychologist who is a consultant to the committee, explains the state of daze in this manner:

"Your sense of identity comes from your environment, your home, the people you know. If all these are gone, you're baffled, you're lost. It's like waking up and not knowing who or where you are."

Many survivors become obsessed with their disaster memories. "I keep thinking about it all the time," said a Chicago woman, who had been trapped in a collapsing building. "I just see them lying there—that terrified look in all their faces—all that terrific fright in everybody's face."

Some people can't sleep. "You close your eyes and see a house blowing up in front of you," a woman said after a catastrophic gas-main explosion in Brighton, New York. "You see it every time you close your eyes."

During World War II, a British air-raid warden served throughout the height of the blitz, fighting fires, aiding the wounded, extricating the dead, and never quivered once. Finally, he cracked. He was going home about one A.M. after a very mild raid when he saw a puppy prancing down the street, his tail wagging gaily, happy as could be. He seemed so pleased with himself that the warden peered closely to see why. The puppy was carrying a child's hand in his mouth.

Millions of children's hands and feet would be strewn about after an H-bomb. They'd play havoc with people's nerves, the committee fears.

The shock of a disaster can also make people physically ill. Fever, nausea, cramps, diarrhea and skin eruptions are common symptoms. Committee medical advisers are deeply worried about this, for they know that these are also symptoms of radiation sickness. It might be very difficult, the doctors think, to distinguish genuine radiation symptoms from psychosomatic ones. It could be even more difficult, they fear, to persuade people with such symptoms that they were not fatally ill.

As a rule, however, the psychological disturbances that accompany a disaster are not lasting. Not only does the overall incidence of mental illness not increase after broad-scale disasters; most victims actually regain their equilibrium remarkably quickly—often within a few hours.

Indeed, much of the initial help in disasters, the committee has found, is provided by the survivors in the impact zone and the residents of adjacent areas. They start digging victims from the ruins long before police and civil-defense squads reach the scene. These early rescue efforts are tireless and gallant. Frequently, they are also pathetically disorganized.

An amateur rescue worker in one disaster, for instance, spent ten minutes trying to take a casualty's pulse. Only then did he glance up and see that the man had no head.

"You'd be hauling bricks out of a hole to get at someone," a Waco man declared, "and you'd dump 'em and turn around to find that the next guy had dumped his bricks in the hole yours came out of."

The disaster survivors themselves are concerned first with saving their relatives and friends. Hiroshima demonstrated this vividly. A mere 17 per cent of its survivors either aided or were aided by strangers on the day the A-bomb struck.

It is interesting to note that husbands are chiefly intent on saving their wives, whereas wives think first of their children. This does not mean that wives aren't keenly apprehensive about their husbands as well. One of the most important findings of the committee is the degree to which husbands and wives, when separated in a disaster, are ravaged with anxiety for each other. Until they are reunited, many of them are in a condition of near-collapse.

On the other hand, many women whose husbands are away go through a disaster without a tremor—until the husbands arrive. Then they cave in. It's perfectly understandable, committee psychologists say. The (*Continued on Page 110*)

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

9. Of the Wife and Domestic Upheaval

Now, boy, 'tis thus with her, I warn you plain:
One morning she'll awake, her aspect terrible
With grim resolve as, viewing her domain,
She finds its pleasant lived-in look unbearable;
And then—believe me, lad!—'tis time to duck!
Oh, seek you now the city's farthest border
As from this nettle, Chaos, she doth pluck
With broom and eagle eye, the flower, Order.

And ask not, then, what happened to your keys,
Or camera bag, or the fine book you're reading;
These are the casualties—and she, unheeding,
Will know not of them, son. Attention, please!
With wives—if husbands' eyes were made for seeing—
'Tis neatness that's its own excuse for being!

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your business
or home . . .

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an independent
insurance agent or broker
as you would your
doctor or lawyer

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(*Continued from Page 108*) good ladies want assurance that someone is going to take care of them before they let go.

Not that men are any less emotional. One Worcester woman was at home with her children during the tornado, while her husband was safe at work. This is what resulted, in the wife's exact words: "The louse, I went through the whole tornado, he wasn't there. I'm up here now with three kids, and he's in the hospital with a nervous breakdown."

The committee has found that some public agencies do a splendid job in disasters. Others don't. It depends in large measure on how well trained they are. Within fifteen minutes of the time the Massachusetts tornado struck, the Worcester police had called in off-duty men, divided the impact zone into subareas for search and rescue activities, and set up roadblocks. It took the local police in one Midwestern town two hours to do this after a tornado in 1953. The state police were equally inefficient. They didn't even wake to the gravity of the situation for an hour and fifteen minutes after the tornado hit. And they had a post less than a mile from the shattered area.

The "disaster plan" at a big Eastern hospital fell totally apart under stress. Doctors used tap water to cleanse wounds and passed instruments back and forth without any attempt at sterilization. Critically injured patients were operated upon without shock therapy. At least one patient operated upon in this condition died.

In some cases the impulse to do something—anything—helpful in an emergency leads to all kinds of confusion and wasted effort. After a Midwestern tornado, for example, the mayor of one town decided that the hospitals needed blood. So did a Red Cross volunteer worker. Without consulting the hospitals, they each telephoned local radio stations and asked them to appeal for blood donors. Naturally, the radio stations did. In half an hour, 2000 people were clamoring at the doors of one hospital, blocking traffic and seriously impeding the care of casualties. They wanted to give blood.

The trouble was that neither this hospital nor the others needed blood. "We have all we can possibly use," they said.

The committee's investigations have shown that certain problems seem to crop up in practically all disasters. One is crowds. Minutes after an explosion or a tornado, hordes of people converge on the scene. First are the relatives and friends. No police lines can halt them. If the roads are blocked, they abandon their cars and run on foot, searching anxiously for their loved ones. They jam the streets and clog the hospitals.

Next come the curious. Frequently, the multitudes of sight-seers are so thick that rescue workers can't get through them. Some experts question whether crowds would descend on H-bombed regions in view of the fall-out menace. Committee experts are inclined to think they would. "Not even the danger of radiation poisoning," they feel, "is enough to hold back a man searching for his adored wife or a mother distraught about a missing child. Or people curious to see the damage."

Looting, luckily, is not such a serious matter. A thorough check has substantiated that it rarely occurs, and when it does, it is ordinarily restricted to petty pilferage and souvenir hunting. Time and again, contents of jewelry-store windows have been blown onto sidewalks, and not a piece has disappeared.

A truly terrible problem, however, is rumors. Just as people will ignore legitimate warnings as long as their familiar world remains intact, they will believe even the wildest tales once the normal security of their environment has been shattered—as in a disaster.

At one stage in the Delaware River flood of August, 1955, for instance, word swept Port Jervis like wildfire that the big Wallenpaupack Dam, thirty-five miles upstream, had burst. People drove up and down streets, calling, "The dam is out! The dam is out!"

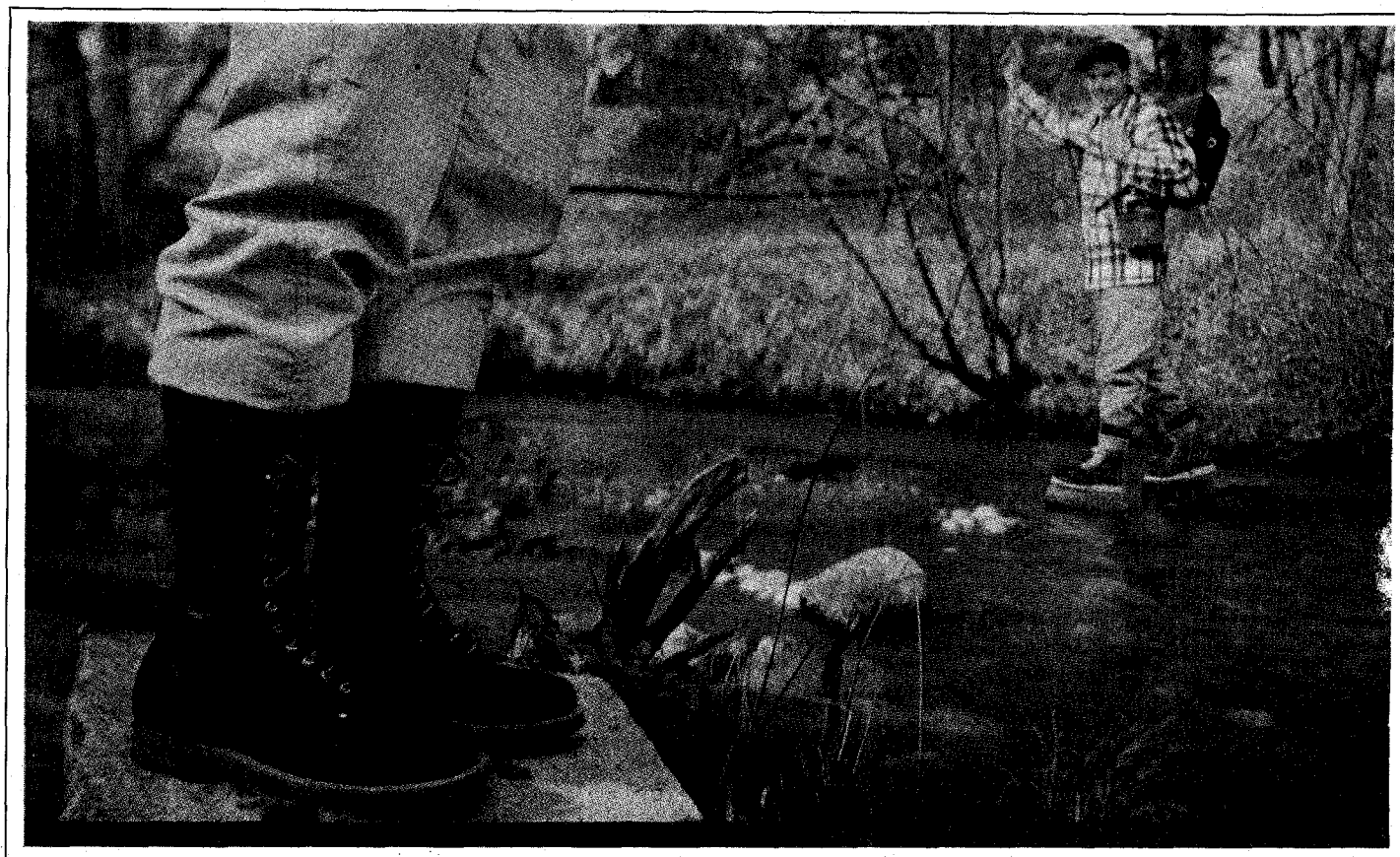
There wasn't a shred of authenticity to the report, but thousands fled the city clad only in their night clothes.

A still more shocking incident took place in Mobile, Alabama. During a scheduled civil-defense exercise a downtown section of the city was to be evacuated. But before the exercise began, a rumor started in the Negro districts that an atomic bomb was really going to be dropped.

"They're going to kill all us Negroes so they don't have to go through with school desegregation," the rumor had it. A large number of Negroes accepted this as truth. They took to the roads, carrying their most precious belongings with them.

The average person's susceptibility to rumors has committeemen deeply perturbed. They emphasize that rumors can be readily manipulated by an enemy in wartime to undermine the Government.

To make the situation thornier, there would be immense obstacles to the dissemination of honest information. Few newspapers and radio stations would remain, and those that were able to function would have to be sharply censored to prevent the enemy from ascertaining the extent of the damage. A desperate public would thus have no means of



The sportsman . . . the tanner . . . and the

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learning what had befallen its homes and loved ones.

"People would be apt to think that conditions were even worse than they were," committee experts say.

In their studies, committeemen have devoted considerable attention to the plight of evacuees. They see trouble ahead. They are afraid that many small-town and rural dwellers may shut their doors to bombed-out city folk. The villages surrounding New York City, they recall, mounted armed guards in 1916 to bar New Yorkers fleeing a polio epidemic.

More disturbing still are the recent comments of some Midwestern suburbanites. "We'll get machine guns if we have to," they told interviewers, "to keep those city people from using up our children's food and water."

There may even be trouble over the long run, committeemen fear, when small-town people do take in evacuees. There was in Britain and Germany. Many urban refugees and their small-town hosts in both those countries got on one another's nerves badly. The tensions between them eventually became so acute that hundreds of thousands of cityites returned to their homes, chancing death by bombing rather than put up with further discord.

One thing is sure. If evacuation is unavoidable, the traditional notion of "women and children first" will have to be scrapped. No evacuation will succeed, committeemen believe, unless families go together or are speedily reunited. Otherwise, they say, the refugees will be morale-broken, nervous wrecks.

Grim as are parts of the picture the Committee on Disaster Studies has assembled, it has many encouraging aspects.

The committee says that mass panic—blind, irrational conduct of the kind that caused 491 persons to be burned, asphyxiated or trampled to death in the Cocoanut Grove fire in Boston in 1942—is unlikely.

"The authenticated instances of mass panic known to have occurred in the last fifty years," the committee declares, "have been very few and have been very restricted in their effect. Although there has been war somewhere in the world almost continuously during this time, it is a significant and somewhat astonishing fact that there have been very few instances of mass panic directly connected with enemy attack on a civilian population."

Often what onlookers take for panic is something much different. They see the confusion that inevitably accompanies a disaster, with victims going hither and yon, and they term this panic. In reality, most of the disaster-struck persons are acting quite rationally, doing whatever they humanly can to protect themselves.

Not long ago, the wind suddenly shifted during an A-bomb test at the Government proving grounds near Las Vegas, Nevada, and a radioactive cloud started moving right at a throng of military and civilian observers. Frantically, they ran for their lives, piled into cars and raced off in all directions. Many of them didn't even use the roads; they drove off cross-country. Dispatches to the Pentagon spoke of "panic." They were wrong. Not a single fender was dented in all that gasping flight.

Furthermore, and in spite of the wide incidence of daze, the committee has found that large numbers of people meet disaster well. They keep their heads, and demonstrate magnificent gallantry in aiding others.

In the Texas City cataclysm, countless men literally went through fire to rescue their families. At Brighton, mothers dashed into exploding houses to save their children. When a fireworks factory blew up in Chestertown, Maryland, dozens of girls risked their hopes of escape to help friends get out.

One fat old woman, having difficulty crawling through the debris, told a girl who was aiding her, "Don't worry about me. Save yourself."

"We're buddies, ain't we?" the girl remarked. "Either you get out or I don't."

They both did.

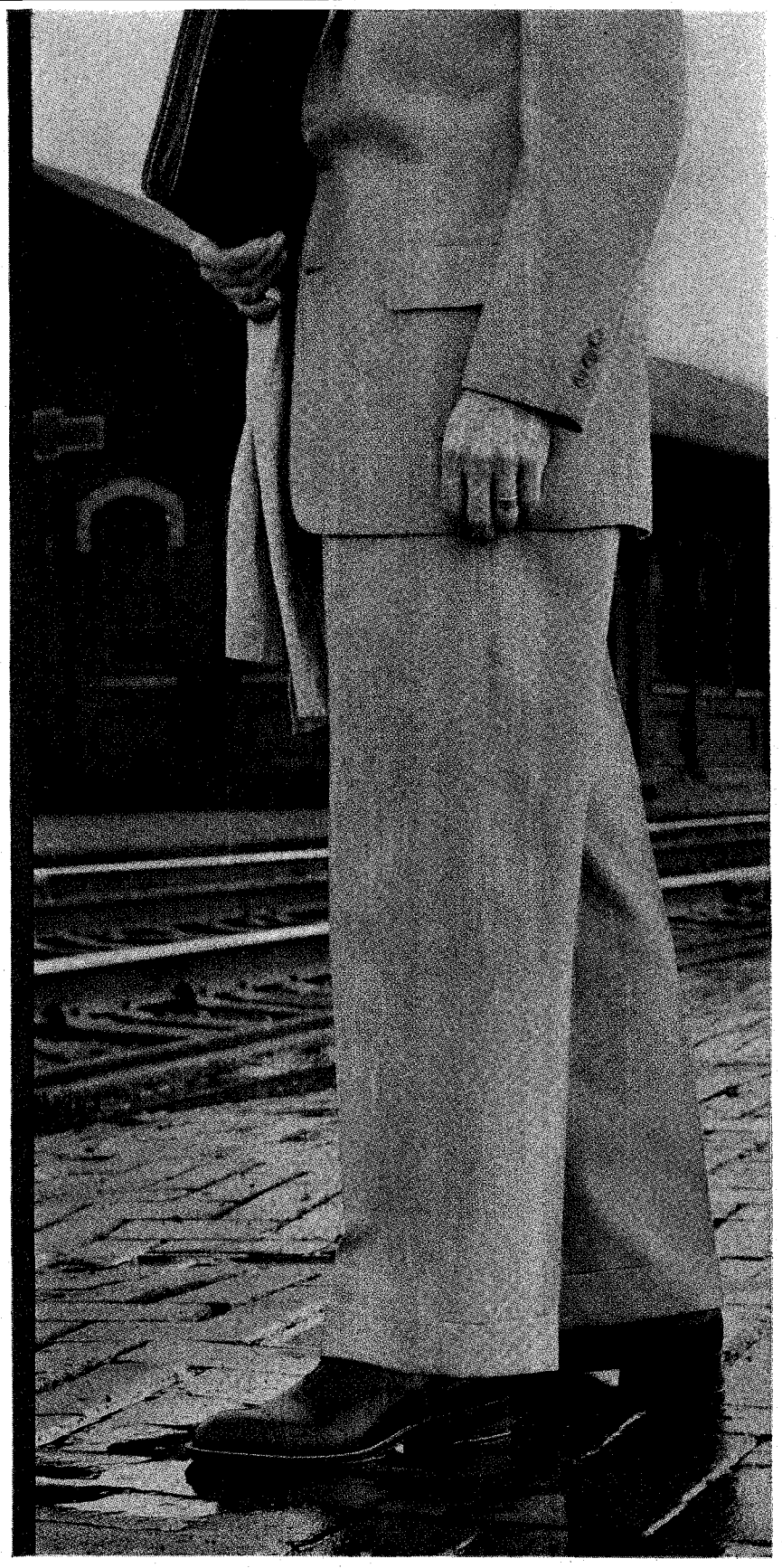
There are horribly injured people in every disaster who tell doctors, "I can wait, doc. Fix up that guy over there. He's worse off than I am."

After four years with the committee, Jeanette Raynor, one of its ace investigators, says, "If you have any doubts about the quality of people, a couple of disaster investigations will change your mind. A lot of people crack up, sure, but you find that the others are made of better, tougher stuff than you thought possible."

Another heartening conclusion is that, should government break down, disaster victims appear to have a solid instinct for restoring law and order. In one recent flood, a (*Continued on Page 113*)

If there isn't a woman behind every successful man from the start, there will be by the time he succeeds.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO



well-shod man

SPRING CALLS THE SPORTSMAN to unmarked trails, across surging streams and up hills fresh with green foliage. Exploration takes him over pathways shower-soaked or damp with dew.

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Decorative Mirrors—made from Pittsburgh Plate Glass—give your rooms added excitement and charm. They create a feeling of greater beauty . . . offer more depth and spaciousness. These Mirrors are available in many styles and sizes—framed, unframed, or with engraved motifs and selected designs created by Mirror manufacturers as shown here. You thus have a broad selection from which to choose—whether the decor of your rooms is period or modern.

Pittsburgh Full-Length Door Mirrors come in five standard sizes to fit almost any interior door. They can be put up in a matter of minutes. And what a convenience they are for head-to-toe checkups!

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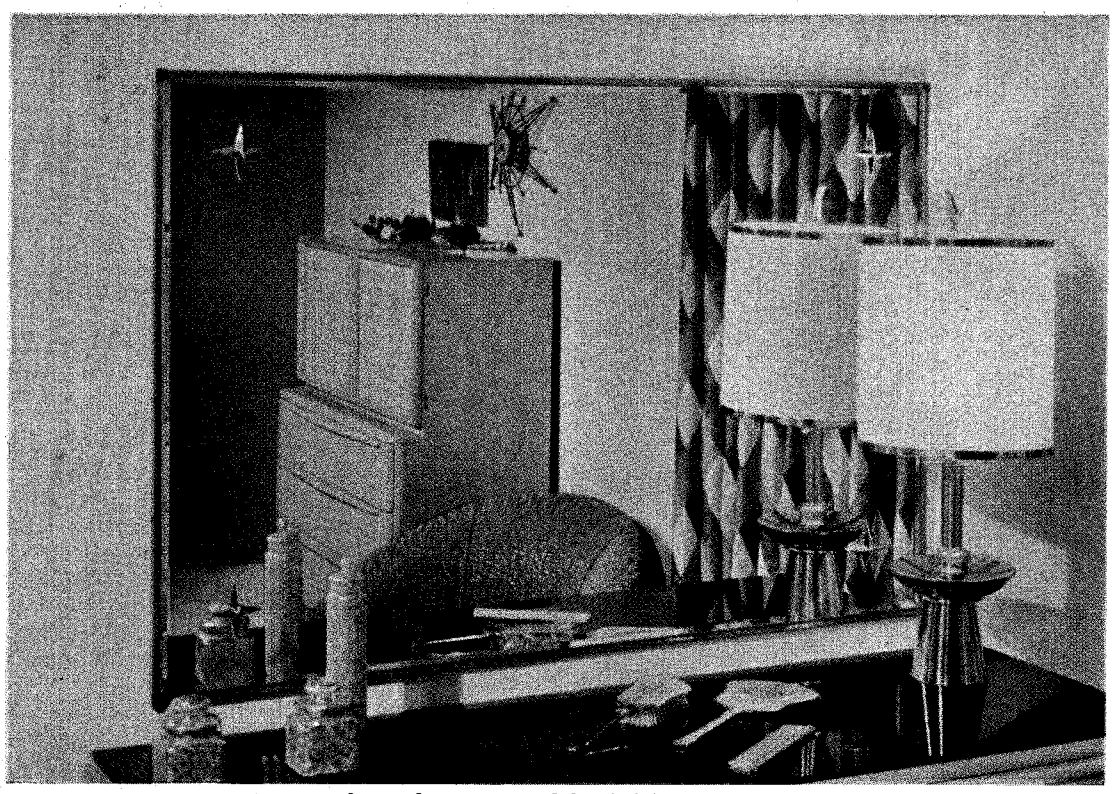
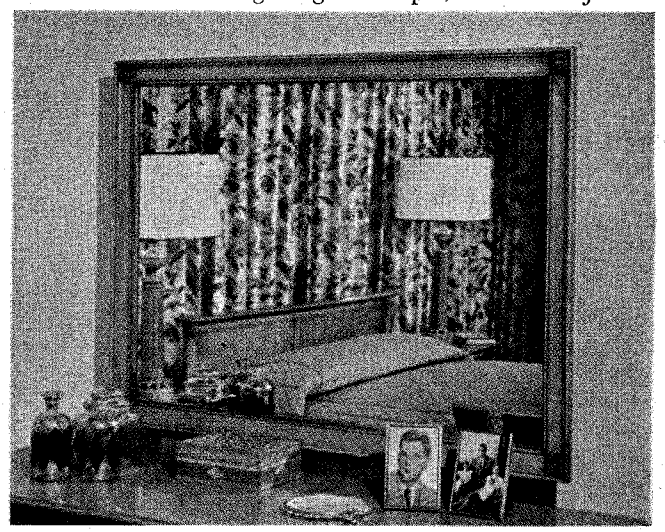
"FALLING LEAVES" appropriately designates this lovely unframed Mirror, with its engraved motif. Notice how the entire room's decor is clearly reflected by this exciting Plate Glass Mirror. *Mirror by Falconer.*



THIS VENETIAN-TYPE MIRROR, with its plastic star nodules, helps to accent the modern furnishings . . . creates an atmosphere of greater beauty and depth. *Mirror by Nurre.*

HAND-DECORATED frame with gold trim features this exquisite dining room Mirror. The over-all appeal is one of warmth and excitement. The room is given greater depth, too. *Mirror by Hart.*



HERE'S QUIET CHARM with a Plate Glass Mirror that is framed in matching wood to complement the restful beauty and dignity of this handsome bedroom's appointments. *Mirror by Bassett.*

FULL-LENGTH DOOR MIRRORS are practical as well as decorative, as is proved by this Pittsburgh double-door full-length Mirror. A full-length door Mirror is a *must* for every home.

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(*Continued from Page 111*) group of seventy people was isolated on top of a building for eleven days. By the second morning they'd held an election and chosen three men—a doctor, a professor and a grocer—to make all decisions for them. Rules of behavior were laid down, a division of labor agreed upon, and, in effect, a brand-new social organization evolved.

What's more, each disaster seems to produce new, unsuspected leadership from the ranks of the victims. During the British floods, an unknown man came out of the fog and took a post on the only bridge joining inundated Canvey Island to the mainland. For eighteen hours a day he directed traffic. Late each night he would vanish to get some sleep. Early in the morning he would be back on the job. To this hour, no one knows who he was.

A simple Dutch fisherman, skipper of the Jakob, organized a fleet of fishing boats and led them through raging seas to the rescue of stranded Hollanders. Caught in a tornado at Woodward, Oklahoma, a state-highway patrolman didn't wait for orders. He tore over to a nearby town, mobilized all the men he could find into teams, and had rescue operations going full speed before his superiors arrived.

Some of the most surprising persons show up among these "emergent leaders." In one Midwestern disaster, a girl in a white coat and an operating-room headdress reported to a first-aid station and virtually took charge of it. She requisitioned supplies from a drugstore, assigned tasks to the others present and personally supervised treatment of the injured. Only later did it become known that the girl was no nurse. She was a waitress.

The committee says that disaster victims tend to pull together, not apart. There is an increased degree of social solidarity among them. Class distinctions all but vanish. Even racial and religious prejudices dwindle.

In Vicksburg, Mississippi, white families mothered Negro children after a tornado. In Chestertown, a Negro nurse worked marvels for white casualties. Worcester reported a wholesale revival of community spirit. Social and religious barriers were forgotten as everybody pitched in to bolster those in need.

"Do you think that the storm changed the community life?" committee investigators asked a Judsonia woman.

"Yes," she said. "It made people friendly—a lot more willing to help each other. It seems like it brought them closer together."

A seventeen-year-old Judsonia girl put it more succinctly, "Every time you saw anybody, you just hugged them. Even your best enemies were your good friends."

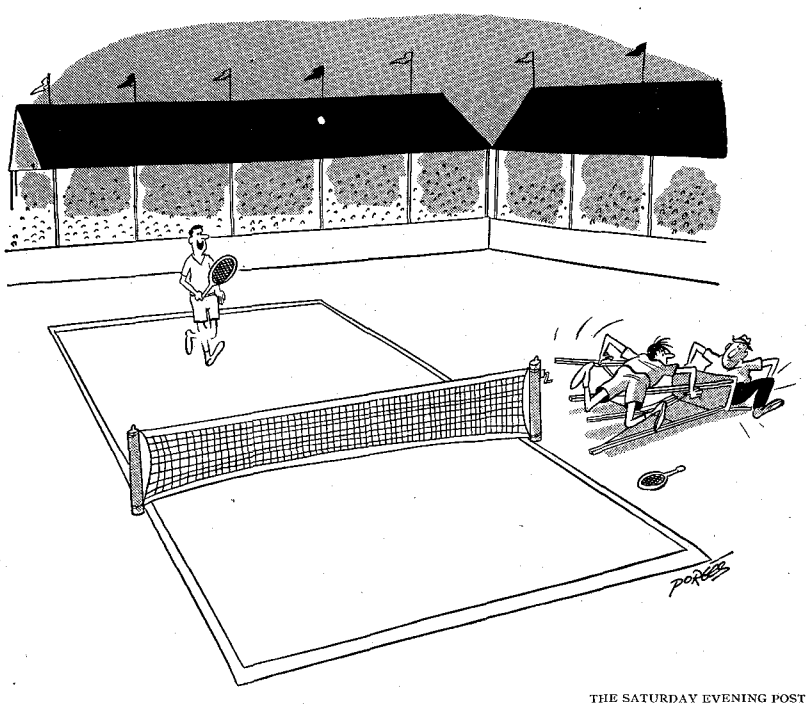
Most important, the committee has found that disaster victims don't knuckle under to their fate. Always they try to pick up the pieces and start rebuilding. They did it in Europe following World War II. They have done it repeatedly in the United States. Less than six weeks after a tornado wiped out Udall, Kansas, killing and injuring 53 per cent of the population, a new town was growing. A year after the Worcester tornado, investigators could scarcely find a trace of it. The gutted industrial area had been entirely reconstructed. So had two big public-housing projects, a college, several churches and hundreds upon hundreds of private homes.

It seems that, no matter what affliction they undergo, the American people have faith in their future. It is characteristic of Americans that 66 per cent of the residents of Waco predicted their city would actually be the better for the tornado it had experienced.

But would these hopeful aspects overbalance the colossal destruction and shock of an H-bomb? The situation "could go either way," the committee believes. Doctor Williams sums up: "An attack by modern weapons would put Americans through an appalling ordeal. There would be ghastly confusion and disorganization. Many of us would suffer harrowing emotional and psychosomatic upsets. Nevertheless, disaster research has shown that panic, antisocial behavior, social conflict and resistance to the war effort are not inevitable. We know that specific kinds of behavior are closely related to specific circumstances—upon such factors, for example, as training, leadership and communications. This means that there would be many occasions following an attack when behavior could go either way.

"The critical lesson is that something can be done about it. If we plan and prepare intelligently now—as individuals and as a Government—there is good reason to hope that the strength and resiliency which Americans have repeatedly demonstrated in disaster would come through and that our nation, though battered, would survive and fight on."

THE END



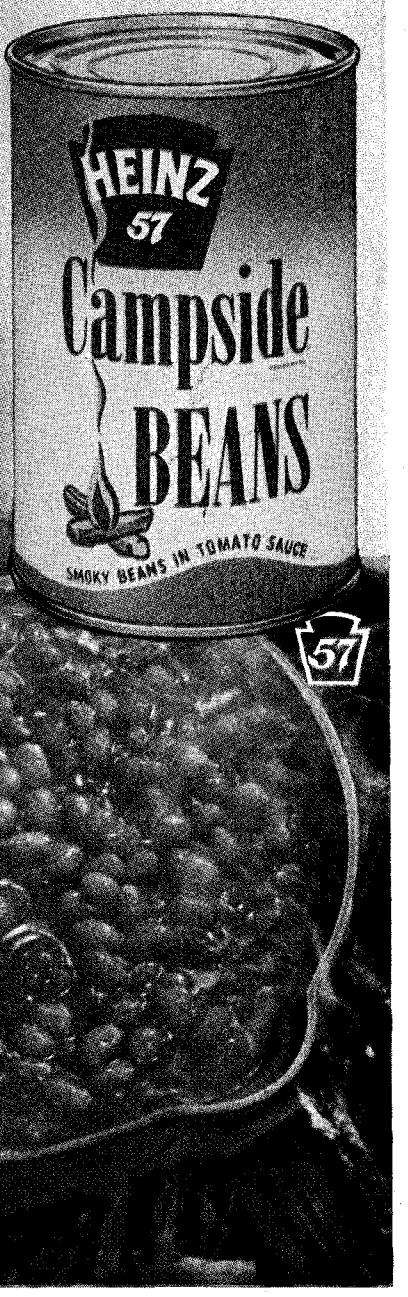
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Nice try."

NOW try the best beans you ever tasted!

NEW CAMPSIDE BEANS

with a rich bacony flavor originated by Heinz



TENDER COOKED in a rich bacony sauce, new Campside Beans are the most satisfying beans you ever set fork to.

● **You've never tasted beans** like these, unless you have simmered bacon and beans in an iron skillet over a campfire or had the good luck to share a real chuck-wagon meal. The bacon sauce is so rich and different you won't want to add a thing. For there's no need to "doctor" new Campside Beans. Just heat 'em and eat 'em!

You know it's good because it's Heinz!

Now there are 5 kinds of Heinz Beans to choose from

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Frisky is the word for Chevy! Here's the Bel Air 4-door Sedan with Body by Fisher.

velvet smooth and full of spunk!

This sweet, smooth and sassy new Chevrolet has its own special way of going. It's spirited, sure . . . but a honey to handle. And if the roads out your way suddenly seem newer, that's Chevy's new ride!

We might as well own up to it—there's a certain restless energy about the new Chevrolet. It's not the stay-at-home type at all. Even when it's parked in the driveway, you can tell it's poised to travel.

The plain fact is, this beauty's full of vim, vigor and V8 action! (Horsepower, you know, ranges up to 245*.) But for all its fresh and frisky ways, Chevy's a real solid citizen on the highway.

It's a honey to handle—sure-footed on curves, beautifully smooth on roads that have seen better days, always quick and quiet in its response to your touch.

You'd have to go a long way to find a car that offers more pure pleasure. But it's just a short trip to your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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**Optional at extra cost. 270-h.p. high-performance V8 engine also available at extra cost.*

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Swindler in the Statehouse

(Continued from Page 42)

upcoming November elections. Hodge was the best vote-getter in the state.

Wright's reply had been, "There's nothing I can do. I talked to Latham Castle, the attorney general, and he says my records are open to the public." But Wright hadn't known that the records included clear evidence of major crime, and held Hodge's ruination. Here was a particularly ugly scandal. It would reflect on Wright, would reflect on the governor, and might jeopardize Republican chances in the forthcoming election.

(So far as Gov. William Stratton's hopes were concerned, these fears were well founded. But the Democrats developed a minor scandal of their own, and had to send in a substitute candidate for governor. With this assist, and the great popularity of President Eisenhower and Ben Adamowski—a Chicago Democrat who turned Republican to run for Cook County state's attorney—Stratton squeaked through.)

One glimpse of the films told Wright this was major trouble. Naturally, he got upset. He himself would have to get the copies made, he decided. It would have to be done with care—everybody realized that. The microfilms would be dangerous cargo. Wright would take them to St. Louis, where he went regularly to deal with a bank on securities, and get a reliable firm there to do the work.

Hodge had ties of one sort or another with the gamblers of Southern Illinois, and possibly even stronger ties with the hoodlum elite of St. Louis. If he had the kind of intelligence system he should have, he would soon learn of Thiem's discovery. He might discover where the films were being processed. If rumors were right, he had friends for whom burglary or arson would be a commonplace. George Thiem was not going to rest easy in his mind until copies of those films were in his own paper's hands.

He reported to the News, giving the names and amounts of the fifteen checks he believed to be fraudulent. Now the whole reportorial talent of a big-city daily was unleashed. A team of reporters swung into action, trying to locate the people and the firms named on the checks. They had to run them down all over the state, and without addresses to work from. It took a lot of doing.

But by Monday, fourteen had been located; one name proved fictitious. Four of the fourteen went cagey, and would not answer questions or referred inquiries to their lawyers. Three couldn't be reached. But six came through with statements: No, they had not received the checks made out to their names. They had no checks coming.

If the checks hadn't reached the payees, then Hodge or somebody in his office had got the money. How? That was still a mystery.

If the statements stood up, that might be enough. But some of the answers were disturbing. "If Hodge says I got it, I must have got it," said one man. Said another, "You'll have to get your information from the auditor's office." Here was a strong suggestion that Hodge might find people who would go along with him. If they would lie and say, "Yes, this check is all right," then the other checks might be passed off as bookkeeping mistakes.

On June fifteenth, a Thiem story in the Chicago Daily News had described twelve checks to eleven firms and individuals. Five of those checks, it was now clear, were fraudulent. Yet only one man had come forward to say he'd never received the check described. Others must be keeping silent to protect Hodge.

If Hodge could cover up, he would, of course, bring a multimillion-dollar libel suit for anything the News dared to print. And if he couldn't cover up entirely, he might induce some aide to take the rap. With a million dollars, you can buy a lot of co-operation.

The lawyers for the Daily News were arguing that it would never be safe to print the story without pictures of the checks. If Hodge got the microfilm, the evidence was gone. "All it would take," somebody observed, "is one tossed cigarette."

Heightening the tension was a rumor Thiem relayed to his paper. Edward Epping, Hodge's office manager, had visited the office on a Sunday morning in the middle of June and carried out four or five cartons of records. Hodge had had that long to destroy the evidence that might destroy him.

Veteran newspapermen like the excitement of a big story, but they function in these moments with great calm. The News is an especially quiet-running paper, somewhat elaborately casual. "Better get up to Chicago Avenue," the city editor told a reporter on the occasion of the famous St. Valentine's Day massacre. "There's been a shooting up there." But the tension of sitting on the Hodge story while trying to reach all of the payees on those checks, the anxious wait for the photographed copies, was devastating. This was the News' story, and so far only the News had any inkling of its thunderous importance. But in any edition of the rival papers the men at the News might see their story proclaimed in 96-point banners. This news was too hot to stay bottled up long.

Carl Kesler, of the News, a skilled and devoted newspaperman with a great enthusiasm for his paper, dropped dead with a heart attack. A day or so later, Clem Lane, city editor, keeled over with a less serious heart attack; and to be taken out of play at this moment probably made him the angriest man in Chicago.

Still no copies. The first ones, made July third, were botched. The photographers had been in a rush to get away for the Fourth. That day there was a big session with the News lawyers. "If Hodge can cover up," they said, "you're in a bad way. Here is a man with a fine reputation and a great political future, probably due to become governor in 1960. You are calling him a thief." Hodge might very well have enough drag to arrange an official whitewash. His influence was reported to reach to Washington. But Basil Walters, the executive editor, waved the lawyers down. "We're going to print the story," he said.

On July fifth there were better copies. That night, urged on by George Thiem, treasurer Wright took them to Chicago. Bill Mooney, of the News, met him. Solemnly, they put the copies in a hotel safe. Wright kept the receipt. Mooney kept the key. On Friday morning, A. T. Burch, associate editor, went over to the hotel and got the precious pictures.

While Wright traveled to Chicago, Charles Cleveland, political editor of the News, headed for the state capital. It had been decided that in fairness Hodge should be shown just what the News intended to print. Any statement he cared to make would be displayed alongside.

Hodge received Cleveland in the most friendly fashion. He read the story. His cue was to register the shocked surprise of an honest administrator learning out of a blue sky that something was badly amiss in his department. Something in which he personally had no hand, of course, but for which he felt deep responsibility. An upright man, stabbed by the perfidy of some unknown employee.

That's just what he did. "It's the first I've heard of it," he told Cleveland. "If there's something wrong, I'm going to be the first to find out about it."

The scene was well played, but it did no good. When the News hit the street next afternoon, the governor threw armed guards around state records. By Monday the News had six more checks from the microfilm records. These totaled $80,000 and were endorsed in a sweeping handwriting much like Hodge's. State's attorney Coutrakon found still more, and announced that he was assembling a special grand jury. By Tuesday, July tenth, the zooming total had passed $500,000.

Those six checks answered the great question of who had been cashing the checks, and where. On one, newsmen found a small stamp reading: "Note teller—Southmoor Bank & Trust Co." That name had a familiar ring.

Three weeks earlier, Bill Mooney had checked a report that the Southmoor had lent Hodge $200,000 to buy an apartment hotel in Florida. The bank denied it.

The nice thing about your second childhood is that you usually have more money to spend than during your first.

IMOGENE FEY

Among others, Mooney had talked to a vice president named "Judge" Edward A. Hintz. The "judge" was in token of his fondness for judging prize fights. He had been mentioned as the next chairman of the Illinois Athletic Commission.

Now time had run out for as interesting a character as the tale would produce. This was a bank with federally insured deposits. Misuse those and you may go to a Federal penitentiary. To Federal agents, Hintz was admitting that he cashed the checks, and pouring out the serio-comic story of the "brown-envelope account."

As Hintz told it, Hodge was a country slicker who had duped a trusting big-city banker. "He sold me a piece of blue sky," he lamented. "Until you've met Hodge, you've never dealt with a really big-time con man." Fortunately, all was not lost. "Thank heaven," said Hintz, "I didn't go around with him socially."

The stealing process was one of beautiful simplicity. Illinois pays its bills with handsome pieces of paper called warrants. These are checks, except that a warrant can be cashed only by the payee, whereas a check can be endorsed through many hands. If Hodge wanted money—$20,000, $120,000—he mentioned this to Ed Epping, his office manager. Thereafter, Hodge swears he had nothing more to do. One batch of ten checks bore endorsements Hodge forged, but normally he left everything to Epping.

Epping made up a list of names and amounts. Though once he invented a fictitious name, the regular procedure was to use the names of firms and individuals with whom the auditor's office did legitimate business. One day in May of 1955, for instance, Epping listed $27,500 to the Fabric-Crafts Sales Company, which had done redecorating around the statehouse, and $13,500 to Steelograph, Inc., from which the auditor's office bought blank checks. Four other names, four other amounts, brought the day's total to $80,260.

Epping took his list to a girl who typed out vouchers. "The bills will be along later," he said. She had no way of knowing that the checks were not in payment of legitimate bills. So the vouchers moved along to the check-writing department and checks were punched out as a matter of routine.

Next they went to the state treasurer's office for countersigning, a purely mechanical step. The auditor's office issues as many as 20,000 checks in a day. If Epping had a dozen fraudulent checks dropped into a stream of that volume, who'd spot them?

Now Epping took the checks to the friendly banker, Ed Hintz, in Chicago. The selection of Hintz for this key role was one of which any con man would have been proud. Hintz got a kick out of meeting Hodge's baseball-player friends, a kick out of playing a part in high-level political finagling. He liked being in on a naughty secret. But Hintz swears he got none of the money, didn't think Hodge was keeping it. He just thought Hodge was taking out a grafter's cut, in advance.

"I thought this was the regular thing, the way politicians got their graft," he said. He was brought in by a form of seduction. Hintz cashed a state check or two, and then couldn't refuse when Hodge kept them coming.

The bank became liable on those fraudulent checks. Would a mere vice president—as Hintz was when this started—risk ruining the bank to oblige Hodge? He would under either of two conditions: If he had started and couldn't very well stop, or if Hodge was applying pressure. Hodge might well have had a club over the bank.

At any rate, Hintz gave Epping cash or put the money in an ordinary Manila envelope. That envelope was Hodge's private bank. He had no account at the Southmoor, but he could write checks for any amount, and they were paid from the envelope. Bank examiners missed this hoard. Of course, Hodge was the boss of all state bank examiners. But if you draw cynical conclusions from that, what about the examiners for the FDIC? One April day in 1956 Epping cashed $46,344 in fraudulent checks while FDIC men were at work in the bank. Examiners wouldn't think of looking for anything as primitive as this envelope account.

Epping usually took the checks to the bank without endorsements. Hintz would have his secretary type those on. So, except in a few instances, there wasn't even the effort of writing the checks or endorsing them. Nor was there the slightest need to be furtive. Epping would whistle up one of Hodge's planes, and be met at the airport by Hodge's Chicago chauffeur. It was grand larceny de luxe—even with curb service. On one of these runs an assistant cashier met Hodge and Epping at the airport and cashed $85,000 in fraudulent checks for them.

All the checks came home via the state treasurer's office, but got no more than a cursory look there. Why should they get close inspection? By that time they bore the endorsement of the Southmoor, the First National of Chicago, and the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. If the checks were kinky the banks were liable.

In one of the most extraordinary confessions on record, Hodge swore that he never knew how much Epping was taking at any given time, never knew what names were being used. He left everything to Epping. From time to time, Hodge would remark that he wanted money. Epping would get some. It was all hazy to Hodge, like a blissful dream.

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Said state's attorney Coutrakon, who spent two days trying to get the facts out of Hodge, "This is like Santa Claus leaving money in the envelope for you, isn't it?"

Hodge said, "Yes."

"You wouldn't be telling Epping that you needed $35,000, or $180,000, or $40,000, without having some purpose in mind. Why did you need the money?"

"Well, for campaigning," Hodge said vaguely, "and for certain investments I made—I don't know which ones." How could he possibly be so ignorant of his own crime? Hodge had a wonderful reply. "I am very busy trying to do a good job in the auditor's office, and this particular part" (the stealing) "has always been hazy to me. My mind does not function when it comes to this angle." Later, he said, "Temporarily, I must have been insane. I don't understand how it could happen, but it did."

Worn out, Coutrakon said at the end, "I never saw such a deal as this." To which Hodge's own lawyer agreed, "You or no one else ever saw such an arrangement as this."

A fanciful arrangement, maybe, but eminently practical. A total of $1,289,139 went into that wonderful envelope. The money was flowing, right up to the minute the Daily News began investigating.

From this fund Hodge bought farms, paid his tailor, wrote a $50,000 check for bank stock, made political contributions, bought cars, planes, flowers, a hotel, anything. That secret bank account could itself be worth a fortune. Suppose big bribery was to be done, and in high places. Those taking the money wouldn't want it coming directly to them or showing up in their bank records. But Hodge could handle it. He could cash any check he liked, with only typewritten endorsements.

Hodge put money into the envelope along with taking money out. He has made that point insistently, though always contending that what he put in was his pay check or other honest money. The future may bring exciting discoveries on that point. Hot money could be handled through such an account, of which there was no record at all. The possibilities didn't escape the FBI. Federal agents are reputed to have quizzed Hodge about the Bobby Greenlease ransom money. Half of the sum paid in that 1953 kidnaping never has been recovered. About $2000 has shown up, however, mostly in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago.

Hodge was becoming known across the county as a "good man to know" when businessmen had to deal with Illinois politicians. Was he in the process of becoming a professional go-between, one who could offer private banking facilities? Lavish as was his spending, it doesn't account for anything like the amount of money that is missing. Is a fortune hidden away? Or did the money go directly to others? Was Hodge being blackmailed? He has denied it. If he stole under orders, the money can't be traced to a recipient. Former state's attorney Coutrakon has tried hard to fathom just what Hodge did and what he had in mind. Here is his summary of where it gets him:

"I questioned Hodge continuously for two days, and I also attended the Senate hearing when he was examined under oath. His answers in both instances leave me cold. The Hodge case is still a fantastic enigma."

The enigma may take longer to unriddle than two of the principals need to serve their prison terms. Banker Hintz is in Joliet State Penitentiary on a one-to-three-year sentence. Ed Epping is in Menard State Penitentiary for three to five years. The best hope for an answer to the big question of where all the money went seems to lie with the Treasury agents, intent on discovering who owes income tax on the missing millions. They say their investigation may take two years.

Most embezzlers face the sad prospect of running out of money to steal, but Hodge could always get more. In January of 1956, he conned the State House Commission out of $88,000, presumably for alterations to the building. Hodge got it all. In 1955, he won an "emergency appropriation" of $525,000, theoretically to buy fine new bookkeeping machinery. The only emergency was that Hodge wanted more money. If he hadn't been exposed, his office would have needed a deficiency appropriation in 1957 of about $1,500,000.

The scheme was extraordinarily safe. How was it to be discovered? Hintz wouldn't talk; he was in too deep. Nobody in Hodge's office knew enough to be dangerous. The people named on the checks would never hear of it. If by some mischance a check became public, it could be explained as a mistake. Where was trouble to come from—the governor? Hodge had put over legislative reapportionment, which was the biggest feather in the governor's cap. Hodge was supposed to make reports every six months on his doings as auditor. He had missed three reports hand running, without complaints.

Trouble from the legislature? The lawmakers liked Hodge. Nobody in his own party would offend a man headed for the executive mansion; nor did the Democrats cause any concern. Downstate Democrats had been against reapportionment. But the bill went through, after a secret bipartisan huddle. The Democrats supposedly were won over with chunks of patronage and state contracts. The man who arranged this get-together, so rewarding for all, was Hodge. So he had warm friends among the Democrats.

The only real danger lay in the newspapers, and there seemed no possible way they could get wind of the scheme. Hodge minimized danger by cultivating reporters and by obliging editors. The Chicago Tribune is always a source of anxiety. The Trib can make a politician's life miserable if it goes after him. But Hodge could suppose that he was liked in the Tribune's Michigan Avenue tower. The Tribune wanted a convention hall for Chicago. Legislation was required. Hodge put it across.

No other paper had reason to dislike him. He had sponsored some good bills, and seemed to want to be a good auditor. The News endorsed him in 1952, and would have done it again in 1956 if he hadn't been running unopposed. As Hodge's lawyer remarked, after the scandal, "Until this happened, he had as fine a reputation as any man I ever knew."

What Hodge did might be done in any state by the adroit use of money, patronage and legislation. Legislation in aid of a criminal project sounds farfetched, but it can exist. For example, state agencies in Illinois had a speed limit on spending their appropriations. Not more than 75 per cent could be spent in the first eighteen months of the two-year budget period. But in 1954 the legislature removed this lid from one state department—Hodge's. Hodge was also planning legislation to reduce the period in which records must be preserved.

It now appears that Hodge won office in 1952 by spending irresistible amounts of possibly crooked money. Once in office, he used the taxpayers' own money to make himself secure as a thief. If discovery had been averted, Hodge would have had unlimited campaign funds in running for governor.

The simplest lesson to be learned from the case is that without some men of principle in the legislature to offset the moral defectives, the citizens are sunk; and that a diligent newspaper is the taxpayers' best and sometimes only friend.

As to where Hodge would have gone, if he hadn't been exposed, there are two opinions. Some think he would have become governor and given Illinois a witches' Sabbath of corruption. But psychiatrists said a "starved ego" was Hodge's demon. So there's a rival theory that his hunger for admiration would have been appeased by the governor's role, that he might even have tried to make a name as a truly good governor. Stranger things have happened.

This much is clear. The public was being represented by its elected representatives so badly that Hodge was virtually safe. Only one thing could happen to him. He could be brought down by a reporter with old-fashioned standards of conduct, the rare patience to dig in dull material and the ability to learn from people who haven't much to tell. There aren't many such reporters. But there are some, and one is all it took.

So perhaps the smallest but most potent fact the case proves is that men like Hodge are subject to men like George Thiem. Maybe it's a rule of life that somewhere, for every big-time swindler, there lurks an Honest John.

Editors' Note—This is the last of four articles by Mr. Yoder.

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

JAYNE MANSFIELD

The "Dumb Blonde" is Smarter Than You Think

WILL EAST GERMANY BLOW AGAIN?

A Post Editor's Report From the Scene

OUR LOVABLE LITTLE BANDITS

Adventures With a Pair of Pet Raccoons

MY FIRST TEN YEARS WITH A HEARING AID

Those Amazing New Electronic Devices

TOUGHEST DECISION IN BASEBALL

When Should You Yank the Pitcher?

A New Serial by
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THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

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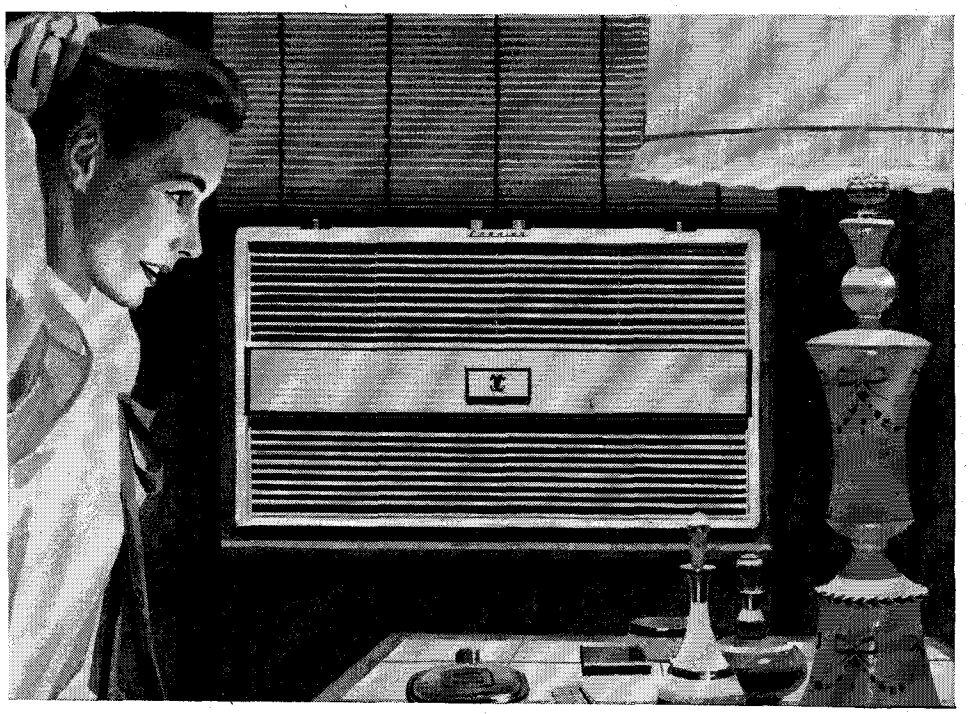
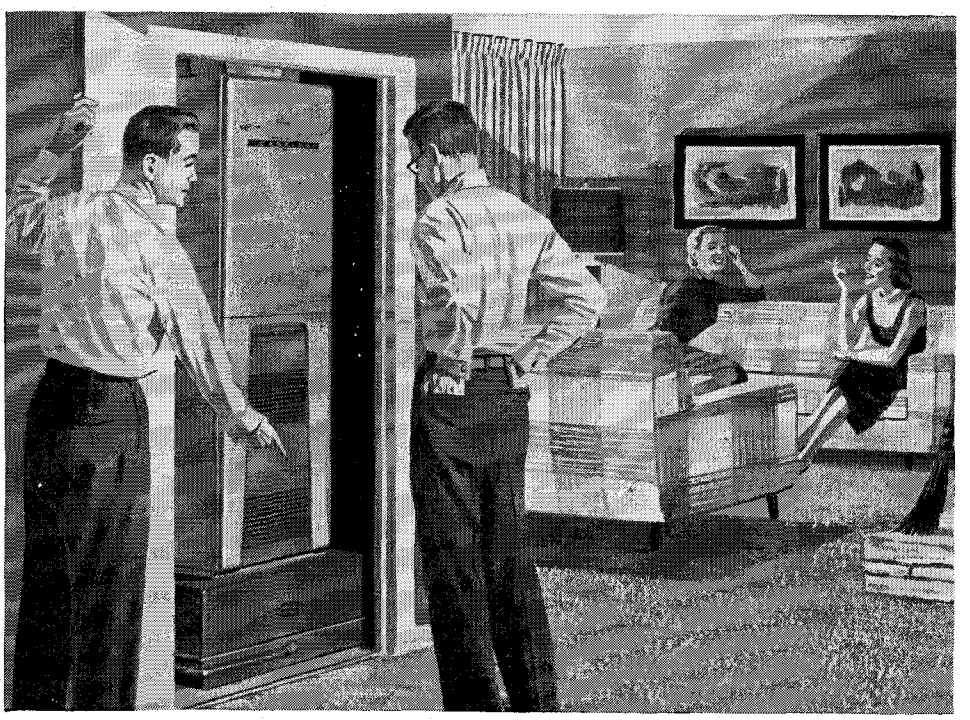
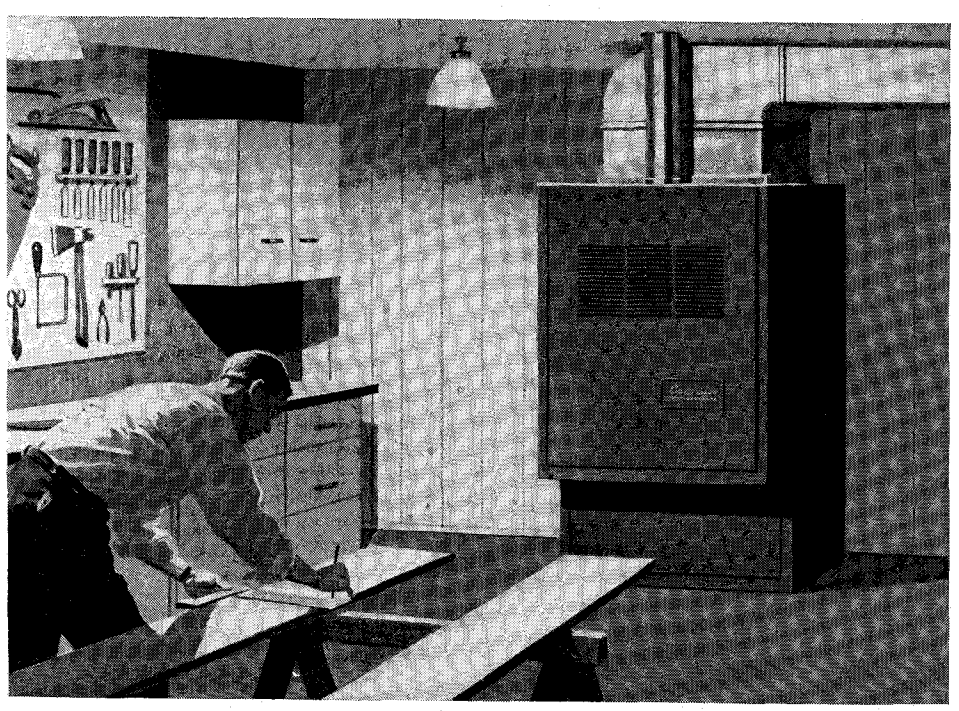
That depends on many things. How much you want to spend, the size of your house and the condition of your furnace can make a big difference. To make sure of the best air conditioning for your money talk with the Carrier dealer in your community. He has every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many ways are shown.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call the Carrier dealer listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.



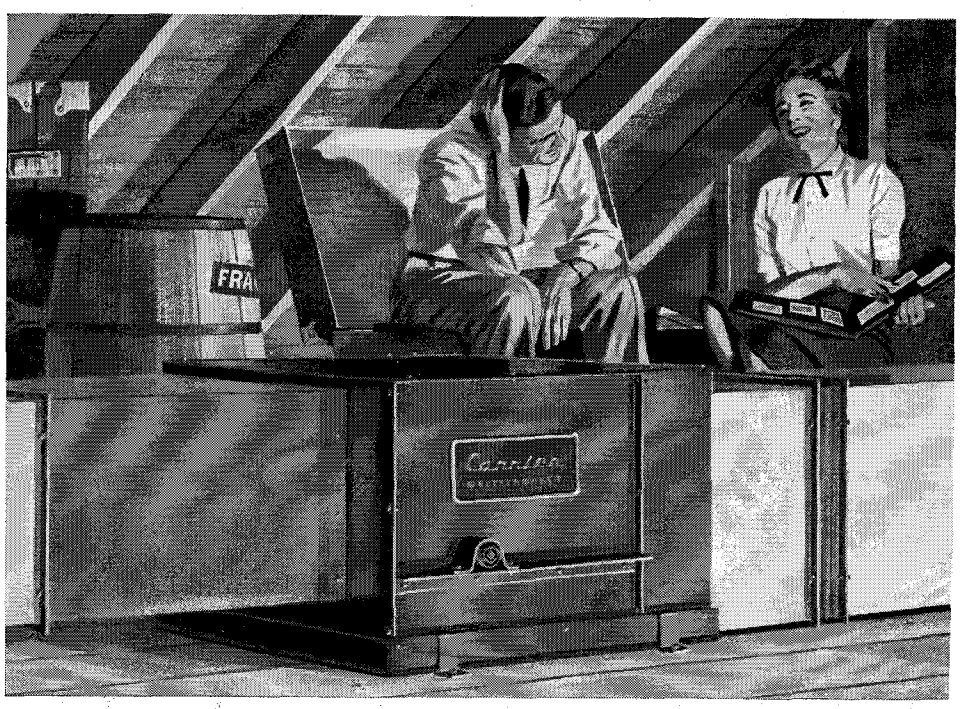
Do you want to cool a room? Enjoy a Carrier Room Weathermaker* in your bedroom window this summer. You'll want the same kind of cool comfort in other rooms next year. It's easy to have.



Do you want to cool a whole house? A Carrier Summer Weathermaker can be added to your present warm air furnace and existing ducts will handle cooling as well as heating. You save a pretty penny!



Do you want to heat and cool your house? A Carrier Year-round Weathermaker gives you summer and winter comfort from one compact unit. Perfect for a new house or replacing an old furnace.



Do you want the ultimate in comfort? Invest in a Carrier Heat Pump Weathermaker. It pumps heat into the house in winter, out of it in summer. This remarkable unit uses no fuel but electricity.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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They Said I Was Neurotic

(Continued from Page 38)

America lectured to their students on me, the acromegalic. For the past three years, everything has been done to help me that is within the power of science. No expense has been avoided, the best medical minds have studied my case. None of this has cost me a cent. I have been the beneficiary of the Government of the United States, the untiring kindness of individual doctors and farsighted philanthropies such as the Hartford Fund of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

From the time I was twenty-three until I was thirty-two, however, the doctors were unable even to identify the cause of my suffering and violent behavior. They said I was neurotic. Only psychiatry could help me, they said. My illness was of the mind, not of the body. To me, this meant just one thing: I was going insane; not sick, in the ordinary sense of the word, just crazy. How much this mistaken diagnosis aggravated my condition I shall never know for sure, but I believe it almost ruined my life and the lives of others. I want my story to be told, partly for the selfish reason that it may explain and, to some extent, justify the way I have behaved since 1945. I also hope my story may help others afflicted with some physical disease that manifests itself in a "disturbed personality." It may help other acromegalics. Since the correct diagnosis of my case was finally made in 1954, I have learned that there are more sufferers from this unusual disease than is commonly supposed.

My story begins quite normally. I was born in Schenectady, New York. From my earliest childhood I have always had two main interests: music and drawing. I organized a school orchestra when I was in the eighth grade. I played the piano and sang. Acromegaly later made it impossible for me to play the piano or draw, and by that time my livelihood depended on my ability to draw. Thank God, therapy has restored the use of my hands to me, and I can do my work as a draftsman. I am also beginning to play the piano again.

I played baseball and soccer in high school, but all the kid stuff ended abruptly and forever for me when I was just past seventeen, in September, 1939. I enlisted in the Army and served continuously until after Japan had surrendered in 1945. I fought in North Africa, Sicily and all over Europe. I was wounded three times, and was lucky enough to win a Silver Star, a Bronze Star and to be in an outfit—the 26th Infantry Regiment of the 1st Division—which was awarded a Presidential Unit Citation.

I came home in 1945 and became an apprentice draftsman at the American Locomotive Company in Schenectady. I was certified as a journeyman in 1948, but there were no journeyman openings at American Locomotive. I went to work instead at the General Electric plant, where I continued for the next three years.

In 1945 I married the girl who had been my high-school sweetheart. That was the same year I began to notice that there was something more wrong with me than just a few aches and pains left over from war wounds—I had been wounded in my left foot, my left arm, and had had a bullet through my left side near the kidney. First, I had headaches. Not just ordinary headaches, but fierce, jolting ones that almost made me faint. Sometimes I did faint. I had dizzy spells, attacks of vertigo and semiconsciousness of the kind often called "blackouts." And there seemed to be something wrong with my eyes. The periphery of my vision was narrowing, I could no longer see out of the corner of my eye. I consulted the company doctor, who examined me and found nothing physically wrong. It was he who first suggested that the problem might not be physical at all. He suggested that I consult a psychiatrist, which I did. But the psychiatrist, too, was puzzled by my symptoms. He consulted other psychiatrists. They could find nothing wrong with my body. Hence, they were sure something was wrong with my mind—although they could not determine what form of neurosis I was supposed to have.

I began to think they were right. My marriage was not going well, and I was miserably unhappy. A daughter was born to us in 1947, but the child failed to bring us closer together. We quarreled, sometimes bitterly. I began to experience attacks of uncontrollable rage. I did things of which I was later ashamed, and of which I am ashamed today. Once, beside myself in the course of a frenzied argument, I hit my wife. She left the house and took our daughter with her. That night, while I was alone in an empty apartment, two policemen came to arrest me on her complaint. I was jailed for two days, as I recall. Many of these incidents are unclear in my mind. My wife failed to press any charges against me, and I was released, but our marriage had come to an end. She returned to her mother with the child, and we were divorced.

> It's a lucky thing that pocket pistols went out of style before people began using automobile horns in a traffic jam.
>
> DAN BENNETT

This unsuccessful marriage was a small tragedy, as the world goes, but it is very painful for me to write about it. Many of my friends today will learn of it for the first time when they read this. Yet this six-year episode of my life is an essential part of my medical case history. During this period I was beset by the constant fear that I was going crazy—that's what the doctors seemed to be telling me. In addition—and this I did not verify until much later—I was in the grip of an incapacitating disease of a wholly physical nature.

My still unidentified illness was growing worse. I was losing more and more time from work, and the attacks were becoming more frequent. I was lonely, depressed and frightened. It was at this terrible time that I met Velma, the woman who was to save my life more times than I can remember, and who is my wife today. Velma is physically fragile, but with a strength of character that has preserved our family virtually through hell, and who has never swerved in her faith and love for me—never for a moment confusing the man in the throes of a demoniacal seizure with the man who loves her and our children beyond his own life.

Even before our marriage, Velma had had some experience of the strange behavior of an acromegalic. Once we were listening to recordings in the sitting room of the Y.W.C.A. in Schenectady, where she lived. I fainted. There were no preliminaries—I just passed out. She was scared. I told her it was "war nerves." I said, "Lots of us fellows who have been through combat get spells like that. It doesn't mean anything." She accepted my romantic explanation and we were married in 1952.

In marrying me, Velma married trouble. I could rarely put in a full day's work. I felt that superior medical treatment was my only hope, and I asked for a leave of absence to go to Boston, for diagnosis in the hospitals there. I thought I might settle near Boston, establish my family in some town where I could work as a draftsman, and then set about getting treatment.

It didn't work quite like that. I put off the treatment in order to get established, and I was too sick and disturbed to get established. I had a succession of jobs. I worked as a draftsman for various industries around Worcester, Massachusetts. Few jobs lasted longer than six months. Sometimes I would be laid off for absences, or I would quit because the tensions became unbearable. I began to feel that people could see madness in the expression of my face. Once I was called into the front office of one of the companies I worked for during this period. After a lot of hemming and hawing, the boss came out with it. "Are you addicted to narcotics, Dietrich?" The suggestion that I might take dope was brought up on different occasions by three people who employed me for short stretches.

As for the doctors, I had just about given up. From time to time I would see a company doctor—almost as a desperate measure—and try to convince him that I was suffering actual pain. It was always the same story. They would examine me and search in vain for some organic pathological condition. Then they would acknowledge that the pains I imagined I felt were probably just as troublesome as real pains, but that the only cure was to stop worrying about myself.

I was worried, there was no doubt about that. I wasn't making enough money to keep up with living expenses. Bills mounted alarmingly, creditors were insistent. I had managed to buy a small house in Worcester, with the aid of the G.I. Bill. I wasn't even able to keep up the modest payments on the Government-guaranteed mortgage. And now my irrational spells were taking a murderous turn.

I am a pretty husky fellow, and my wife, as I have said, is slight. What it must have been like for her to be physically assaulted by me, to be hit in the face, to be choked, I don't like to imagine. But I did these things. Thank God, I have no clear recollection of these incidents!

The outbreaks would usually come in the early evening. They would begin suddenly, without provocation, and would end abruptly too. When they were over, I would be exhausted. One of the worst incidents occurred on Christmas Eve, 1953. I struck Velma in the face hard enough to make her bleed, and I choked her. Only some guardian angel must have kept me from killing her. The next morning, Christmas Day, I attacked her with a knife—a kitchen knife that I threw at her across the room. Velma must be made of strong stuff, despite her appearance. Terrified as she was, when the attack was over she collected herself, calmed me—and throughout managed to shield the children from my rage. We had two children by this time—two little boys, born less than a year apart. Later that same Christmas Day we drove to Vermont, to visit Velma's family. She lied to them to explain her appearance. She said she had taken a bad fall on the icy driveway.

Then, at last, early in 1954, a strange thing happened—a thing that, to most people, would have been an ultimate horror. To me, it was a blessed ray of hope—my first in nearly ten years. I was walking along a street with a brief case in my hand. The hand felt odd. I looked at it. It seemed strangely misshapen. I put the case down and compared my two hands. The right one was noticeably different from the left. It was bigger, and distorted. And my right foot hurt, as though it were swollen.

I hurried home with a feeling of excitement, and Velma and I both examined my hand and foot. There was no doubt about it, something queer was happening to my extremities—they seemed almost to be growing.

I had never in my life heard of acromegaly. It's a Greek word, compounded from *akros*, meaning outermost, or pertaining to an extremity, and *megas*, meaning big. The most obvious symptom of the disease is a sudden abnormal growth of the extremities—the hands, feet and limbs. But I could not yet have put a name to my sickness. All I knew was that at last I could go to a doctor and show him my hand and defy him to say that its abnormal size and shape were nothing but a neurosis, or a state of my mind.

It was April, 1954. I went immediately to the local office of the Veterans' Administration in Worcester and asked for medical treatment. They referred me to the Veterans' Administration Hospital at West Roxbury, Massachusetts. I was admitted as a patient in May, and there came under the care of Dr. Thomas Warthin. I owe Doctor Warthin a great deal. Not only was he the first physician in the long history of my illness to diagnose my disease correctly but he has never failed to help and encourage me since that time. Doctor Warthin has been like a father to me. He first told me what acromegaly is, and explained its nature to me. He warned me that my hands and feet would continue to enlarge, and that my neck might swell and give me the look of a gorilla. "You're rather special," he said. "There are very few cases like yours. Among patients who seek hospitalization there aren't more than about two in every thousand. You have a tumor of the pituitary gland."

I said, "I hope that's not so rare that you can't cure it."

"Oh, we know what to do, but we can't always guarantee results. This is one of the strangest diseases known to mankind. That pituitary gland of ours is like the master control panel on a giant computer. It actually tells the other glands what to put out in the way of hormones; and if the pituitary goes off base, the whole body starts to go off base. We'll never know why, but the front lobe of your pituitary has been gradually swelling up and pressing against the optic nerve; that's why your sight is failing. And when it presses against other nerves, you get headaches or get dizzy spells and black out. When it presses in other directions, you fly into rages and don't know what you're doing, although personality and emotional disturbances do not accompany the typical case of acromegaly. In fact, such severe symptoms as yours are unusual."

He went on to explain that acromegaly is chronic overactivity of the pituitary, caused by a tumor. When such pituitary overactivity takes place in the very young, the resulting abnormal growth may result in giantism. Goliath, in the Bible, is supposed by modern scholars to have been a case of this kind of giantism. In the 1930's, a boy named Robert Wadlow grew to be almost nine feet tall and to weigh nearly 500 pounds, and was an object of much medical interest. When acromegaly afflicts a person beyond the age of adolescence, freakish growth may take place, resulting in grotesque ugliness. Maurice Tillet, the French wrestler known as "The Angel," was such a case. The mere sight of his huge, misshapen head was enough to frighten an opponent.

Doctor Warthin said I must be treated by X ray. I remained a patient of West Roxbury VA (*Continued on Page 120*)

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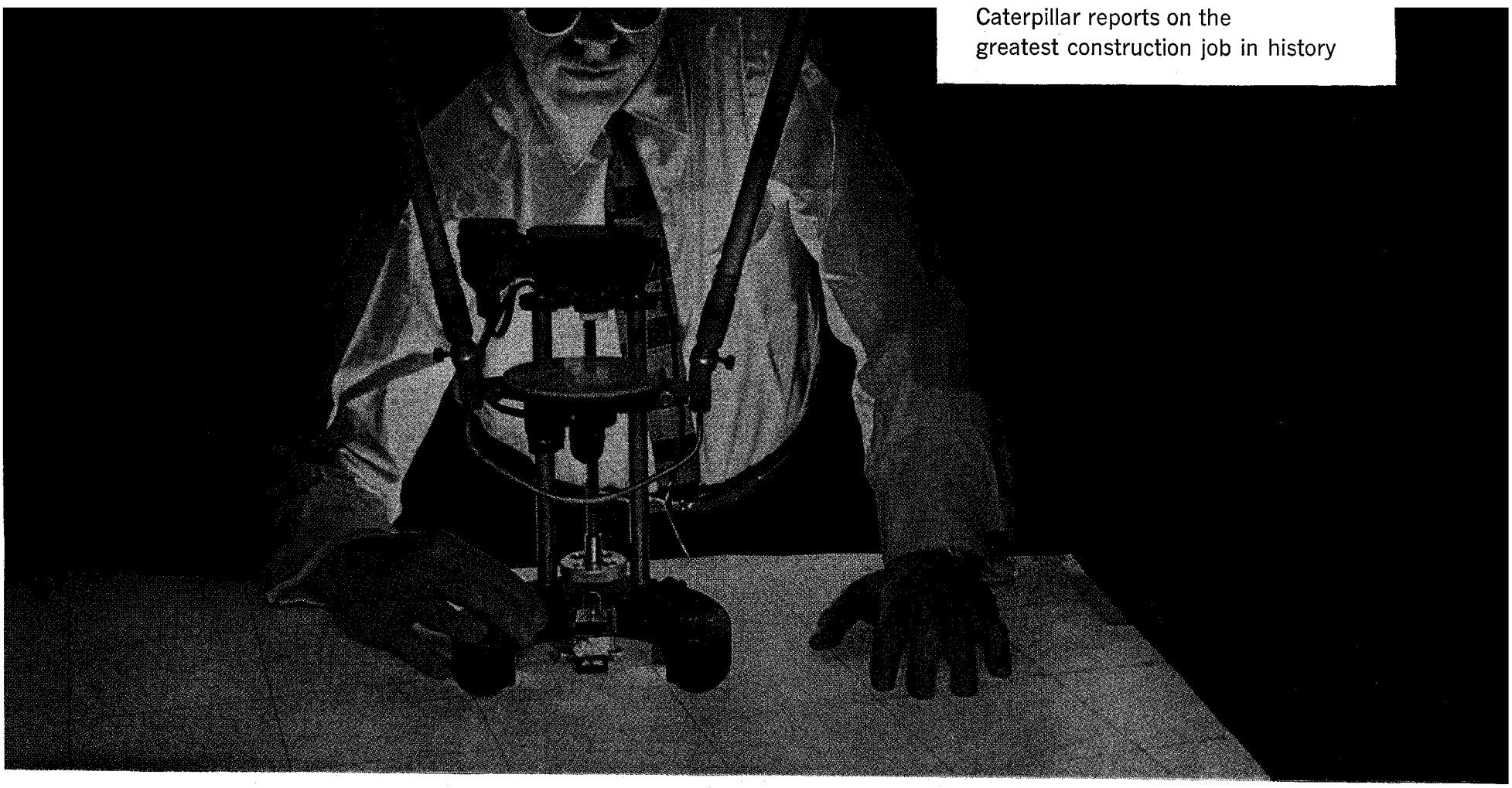

Caterpillar reports on the
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Even 3-D is helping speed our new highway program

The U. S. is building $50 billion worth of roads in just 15 years. Here's how science and industry are helping produce these highways faster and better than ever before.

Not all the surveyors, who are plotting routes for the nation's gigantic $50 billion highway program, wear high-cut boots. Some wear parachutes. For aerial surveying—faster in many cases than ground methods—is teaming up with huge, new Caterpillar earthmoving machines to speed the greatest construction job in history.

This is how 3-D is used. The specialist above is translating aerial photos into detailed topographic maps using the same blue-and-red glasses so familiar in our movie houses a few years ago. The maps will be used by construction men and engineers to design and build some of the 41,000 miles of super freeways that are part of this program.

This saves months of preparatory work. On one highway job, it took only 75 days by aerial methods to produce precise maps for 465 miles of highway routes. On another, engineers estimate that aerial surveying was five times faster than ground surveying. In addition, aerial surveys make it easy for engineers to compare all feasible routes and choose the best one. It saves precious engineering man-hours. And it eliminates almost all groundwork and any destruction of trees for preliminary surveys.

All this speeds the day when the big Caterpillar machines can start moving earth to make the world's greatest highway system a reality. And because Caterpillar has continually improved the capacity and efficiency of its equipment, today's road builders can do 66% more work than they could just nine years ago with the same labor force.

Science and industry have combined to hasten the day when the nation's bold, imaginative highway program will be completed. You, too, can help because the law that launched the project gives every American a voice in it.

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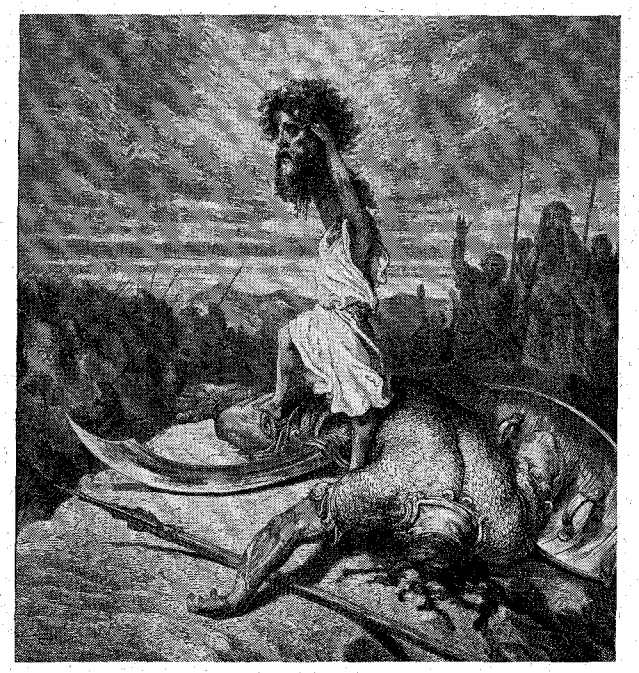
THESE FAMOUS GIANTS WERE VICTIMS OF ACROMEGALY

Robert Wadlow (8′9½″, 491 lbs.), the tallest man recorded in medical annals. He died in 1940 at the age of 22.



Goliath, a 10½-foot Philistine, terrified the armies of Israel until he was killed by the boy David.

Maurice "Angel" Tillet, the French wrestler, was celebrated as one of the ugliest men in the world.

(*Continued from Page 118*) Hospital in May and June of 1954, and I was sent to Boston VA Hospital five days a week for X-ray treatments. At that time Dr. Francis D. Moore, chief surgeon of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, first concerned himself with my case as a consultant.

Toward the end of June I was discharged, presumed recovered. But my troubles were not over. For months I struggled to pay my bills. I owed a staggering total—not for medical expenses, but for the ordinary costs of living. I was so far behind in my mortgage payments that foreclosure seemed near. Still, I felt it was only a question of time until I could reduce my debts and re-establish my credit, because now I was a whole man again, capable of holding a steady job. Velma—who is an expert stenographer—found a job too.

Yet I continued to have spells of extreme irritability, and this was unsettling. It may sound odd to say so, but I am, in my normal state, a mild man. I felt uneasy. A series of bad breaks gave me good reason for irritability. I was laid off at the plant where I had a temporary job, because of a cutback in production. Bill collectors were hounding me. Our Lutheran pastor, the Rev. O. Karl Olander, had persuaded one finance company not to repossess our furniture if I agreed to pay them a small regular amount on account. Ultimately, with the layoff, I couldn't keep up even this payment, and we did lose the furniture. In what time I had free from looking for a job, I fashioned homemade furniture from bits of lumber.

Pastor Olander lent me money from his discretionary funds, Velma continued to earn some money, and some of our creditors were patient as saints. Our milkman, for example. Once I told him, desperately, "Don't leave any more milk. I owe you over three hundred dollars. Stop coming or we're going to hate each other."

He said, "Don't worry about it. You've got babies, they need milk and I've got milk. I know you'll pay up when you can."

Then, in October of 1954, I knew I'd had it. The old headaches and dimness of vision returned. One evening I flew into an uncontrollable rage again and beat Velma with my fists. I didn't know what I had done until it was over.

Somehow, the sum of $500 seemed what I needed more than anything. With $500 I could pay enough bills to make a new start. I asked Velma if she couldn't get $500 from her family. She said that her father didn't have such a sum to spare, and that she couldn't ask him for it. Besides, such an amount wouldn't make an appreciable dent in our debts.

I brooded over her rejection of my demand. My memory of what followed is hazy. Perhaps I couldn't live with myself if I clearly recollected what I did. I am sure that those who read this will understand now, why I am thankful to know that it was an abnormal growth inside my skull, a pathological pressure on my brain, that drove me to threaten the lives of those I love. I told Velma that she had to get the money. I gave her a deadline—Sunday. "Get that five hundred by Sunday," I told her, "or you won't be around any more. I'll kill you. I'll kill the children, and Sambo, too, and then I'll kill myself."

I meant what I said. It wasn't really I, of course—it was a diseased brain forcing me to behave in the manner of a criminal personality. But the threat was nonetheless real, and Velma knew it. Velma never came closer to losing her faith in me.

She called our pastor, Doctor Olander, told him what I had said, and confessed that she was frightened. Doctor Olander is a good and wise man. Velma told him that she would be all right until Sunday evening, but, since my attacks almost always occurred in the early evening, she didn't know what would happen on Sunday night, and that she feared for our children's lives.

Doctor Olander arrived late on Sunday afternoon. Our house was tranquil when he entered, but as soon as I learned he had come to take me to the hospital, I was seized with fury. Instead of trying to kill my family, I tried to kill the minister. Karl Olander is a husky man himself, but he was no match for me. I hit him with my big, clublike hands, and was trying to throttle him when the two deputies he had brought with him, and who were waiting outside, burst in to restrain me. I was handcuffed and taken to St. Vincent Hospital in Worcester and held there for three days. During that time I behaved normally and I was released.

Life went on in a state of chronic hopelessness. I wanted to live, to make a home for my family. But now I feared that by living I was risking their lives. What if I should become homicidal again, and no Karl Olander intervened? Suicide filled my thoughts as the only solution.

In the summer of 1955 my symptoms grew severe again, and in August, Velma wrote to Doctor Moore, at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, and asked if acromegaly could recur, after a "cure." Doctor Moore requested that I come to Boston for consultation. But at that time I had just started a new job in Worcester. The bank had finally foreclosed on my house and we were living in rented quarters. With my finances in ruined condition, I hesitated to go to a private big-city hospital. We asked Doctor Moore if we could wait another month. Doctor Moore made an appointment for me in October. October proved to be almost too late.

The pains grew worse. I could hardly hold a pencil in my swollen fingers. I lost my job again, and I became obsessed with the thought of killing myself.

I had made halfhearted or impulsive suicide attempts before. Now I planned carefully. I waited until I was unobserved, went into the garage and closed the door behind me. I started the engine and sat in the car, waiting for the carbon-monoxide fumes to put an end to me.

Velma saved me. She found me in time and dragged me into the air. A few days later I kept my appointment in Boston.

From November 7, 1955, until December 8, 1955, I was a patient at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Doctor Moore and Dr. Albert E. Renold, an endocrinologist, determined that my previous X-ray treatments had not been powerful enough. At another Boston institution, New England Deaconess Hospital, there was available an unusually powerful machine called the "Maxitron 2000"—a 2,000,000-volt X-ray apparatus. A few minutes' exposure to this powerful device can literally disintegrate human flesh and tissue.

I was taken to the room which houses this fantastic machine, clamped into a rotating chair, and while Dr. Joseph H. Marks, the chief roentgenologist, and his colleagues and assistants stationed themselves safely beyond shielding walls, I revolved slowly in front of the penetrating ray. Five times a week, for more than four weeks, I underwent this awful experience. Gradually the pain subsided and my fingers returned to their normal size and flexibility. I was discharged from the hospital, but for eleven days I was an outpatient. I had my last X-ray treatment on December 17, 1955.

From that day to this, a year and a half later, I have had no recurrence of the nightmare attacks. In May of 1956, I got a job with my old company, General Electric, at their Fitchburg, Massachusetts, plant. Unhappily, the company refused to grant me "seniority" from the date of my first employment in 1948. My leave of absence had lasted too long.

Velma has a job, too, teaching stenography, and together we are slowly struggling back to economic health and a normal life. My children have been too young—thank God—to be permanently affected by the sordid interludes of violence. We have a long uphill road to travel yet, but if determination can do it, we'll reach our goal. THE END

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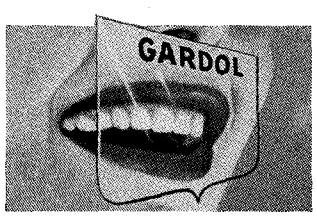

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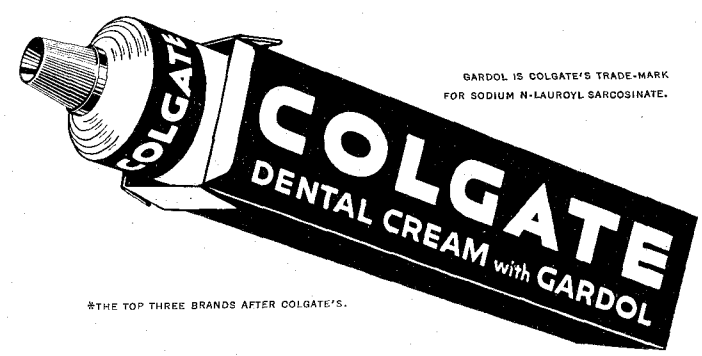

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Fighting Mad (Continued from Page 43)

of them complaints, all channeled through a member of Congress. Cows were frightened by jet noise, and their milk was affected; hens ditto, refused to lay eggs; a valuable bull had turned suddenly misogynous, or the bovine equivalent thereof; a bumper crop of peaches, so one of the complaints had stated, had been blasted prematurely from their trees by the force of a shock wave; now silver foxes, in a farm in the foothills, had refused to breed.

In a way, the colonel thought, it was probably funny, but the humor escaped him. "Maybe we ought to file counter-complaints," he said, "giving facts and figures on rents being charged to the military." It added up to a first-rate mess. "All right, Bud." It was time to go.

Eve Carson was at her desk outside. She studied the colonel's face. She said nothing. The colonel said, "I'm off to make my speech."

Eve nodded.

"If you hear thunderous applause, or roaring, or whatever the local citizens give out with at luncheon, it won't be for me." He tried to make it light, and was conscious that he failed; and he was a proud man, resenting failure.

Eve said, "I'm one of the—local citizens, Brad. A local yokel."

"You're not included in the category."

Her smile was faint. "Maybe I should be. Had you thought of that?"

"No. Not you." And then, watching her, "Say it. Whatever it is."

She had an entry in her notebook. She pretended to study it. "Wally Martin's going to see you after the luncheon."

"Wally Martin." He said it tonelessly. "He's thought up another complaint?"

"Brad," she said it slowly, "they don't—owe you anything."

"Come again?"

"Just that. The town, the farms were here before you—before all of this came."

"And they'll be here after we're gone, is that it?"

"Are you angry at me now?"

"You know better." And here, with her, he could almost but not quite relax. When he smiled, his face was somehow younger, even boyish. "I never get mad at a girl the day I have a date with her."

Her smile now matched his own. "A promise is a promise is a promise. I'll be ready." And she waited until he was almost at the door. Then, "Brad." She watched him stop, turn. "Leave the chip here. Don't take it on your shoulder to the luncheon." She watched him turn away again and go out. *Women*, she told herself, *ought to be created beautiful and silent.*

The colonel parked his sports car near the hotel, crossed the sidewalk and went inside. A small group of citizens, large young Wally Martin among them, stopped their chatting to look at him. The colonel nodded and started past. And then his name was called.

It was his honor, the mayor, who was bald and paunchy, but not, the colonel had already decided, anywhere near as stupid as he looked. The other men drifted away—all but Wally Martin.

The mayor said, "Quite a little ruckus last night, colonel." Easy, conversational.

"So I hear, sir," the colonel said. "We're looking into it."

"No call to 'sir' me, son. I'm folks, like anybody else."

There was no answer to that that the colonel could think of at the moment.

"Question seems to be," the mayor said, "who swung first, an' why." He paused. "When you get a fight that size broken up, most times everybody has a different idea."

"One of my men began it," the colonel said. "He claims somebody kept—crowding him."

"It could be," the mayor said, and the small eyes, shrewd eyes, did not leave the colonel's face. "Could be, too, that your man just thought he was bein' crowded. Put a uniform on a man, he sometimes starts thinkin' differently from what he did when he worked on the farm or in the factory." He paused. "Recollect that, myself." He looked toward the dining room. "About time, seems like." He headed for the door.

Wally Martin said, "Like to talk to you later, after lunch."

"Eve told me," the colonel said. And they looked at each other for a few moments in silence.

The lunch was neither better nor worse than such things usually are. The colonel sat between the club president and the mayor. There was small talk, and the colonel entered it, but afterward he could not remember what had been said. He told himself that he had no business here, like a trained ape on a string. He was not a pitch man; he was, or he was supposed to be, a soldier, which was something else again. And between him and what he represented, and the local citizens at the tables, there was a barrier, invisible but strong—too strong for him to break through. Nevertheless, all a man could do was try. And then it was time to stand up and face them all. This was the part he disliked.

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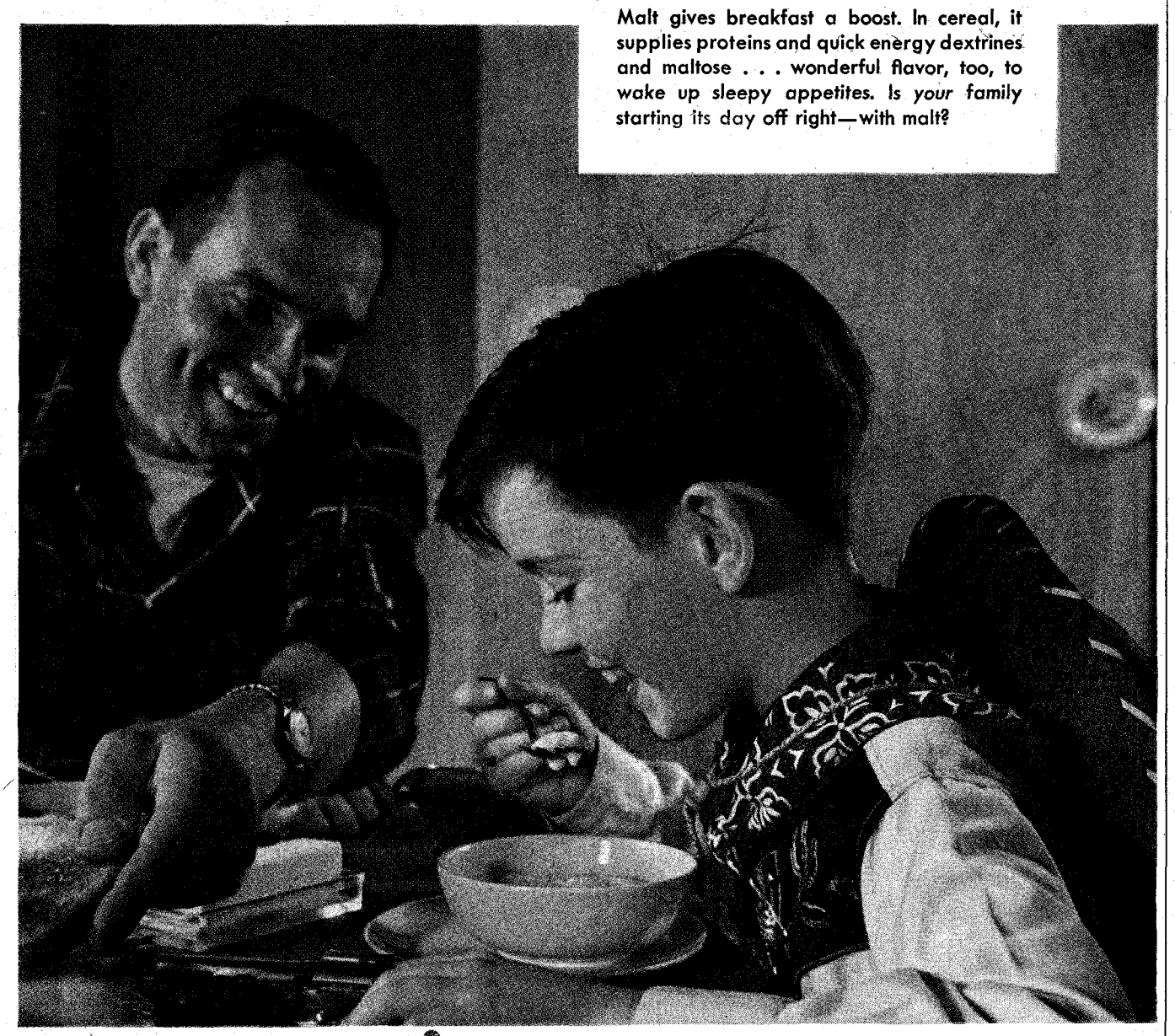

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"I am not a public speaker," he told them. "You'll know that for yourselves before very long, but I thought it only honest to warn you at the start."

The mayor chuckled deep in his paunch. It was somewhat contagious.

Then the colonel settled down to lay it on the line, knowing no other way. He tried; we'll have to give him that.

"We're here, in this place," he said, "for reasons. The land is flat. The weather is generally good. By jet the coast is only about six minutes away. Our mission ——" Seek, intercept, destroy; he developed the theme. The audience listened apathetically.

"We don't come empty-handed," the colonel said. "We don't till the land, but we pay for it; in a sense we pay rent for it, a high rent, a continuing rent. Yesterday was payday on the base. All of the base personnel, everybody, was paid off in two-dollar bills. The merchants and the banks have already seen them; before long, everybody in the area will see them. When a two-dollar bill passes through your hands, think about it."

There was a little stir, a certain amount of whispering. At the colonel's side, the mayor said, "Good tactical point, son."

Came now the peroration. What the colonel wanted to say was profane, having to do with civilians, fat and happy, who, in peacetime, scorned the military and hampered it and gouged it and considered it fair game for any sort of shenanigan, but who also, in time of need, lifted their voices and demanded to know why it was that the pampered boys in uniform were not supermen performing automatic miracles.

What he did say was, "We fly jets. They make noise, yes. We can't help that." In a sense, an apology for being alive. A proud man, pleading, and knowing that his plea was unheard. "We're trying to get along with you. Will you try to get along with us?" He might better have stayed on the base, he told himself, for all the good he had done.

And then here came Wally Martin, and with him a small, weathered man who wore, plain as a paper nose, the signs of a small man's pugnacity.

"State agricultural inspector," Wally said, and that was all.

The inspector came straight to the point. "Ground squirrels, colonel." And he spread his hands, indicating squirrels in quantity.

The colonel looked at Wally Martin. "What about them?"

"Something I dreamed up, you're thinking?" Wally said. He was smiling as he shook his head. "That's why I brought official corroboration." And the brightness in his eyes now was amusement. "They breed, colonel. They tunnel. They destroy crops. Your base is full of them, and they've spread onto my land."

"You could write your congressman, again, Mr. Martin."

"I could." And then, the amusement gone, "'We're trying to get along with you.' Isn't that what you just said?"

The inspector seemed to rise on his toes. "Squirrels aren't funny, colonel, whatever you may happen to think. If we have to ——"

"I apologize," the colonel said. Duty, honor, country, regardless of provocation. He was silent for a moment, not quite, but almost disbelieving the fact of ground squirrels, or, at least, their importance. Then, "All right. What do we do about them?"

"Gas them," Wally said. "Plug their holes and gas them."

It was too much. The colonel said slowly, "Wouldn't individual hanging be better?"

The inspector was on his toes again. Wally spoke first. "I'm trying," he said, "to pretend that you're more or less human. You're making it hard."

The colonel studied his face. Then, at last, he nodded. "A second apology. You're serious." He paused. "Tell me how we go about it."

Something altered slowly, grudgingly in Wally's eyes. "Maybe you're real, after all." And he was silent for a moment or two. Then, "If you like, I'll meet you halfway, more than halfway. I have a couple of men who aren't busy. I'll send them over to do it for you." And he paused. "Then I'll know it's done right."

The inspector tipped the scales. "You can't ask more than that."

"No," the colonel said. He said it slowly and with reluctance, and he could not have explained why. "I accept, Mr. Martin. Thank you."

"Don't mention it," Wally said.

Eve was at her desk when the colonel returned. She studied him critically. "You don't look skinned up." And, out of understanding arising from she knew not what source, "Was it as bad as you—feared?"

"Things never are when you face them." And he walked quickly, even

---

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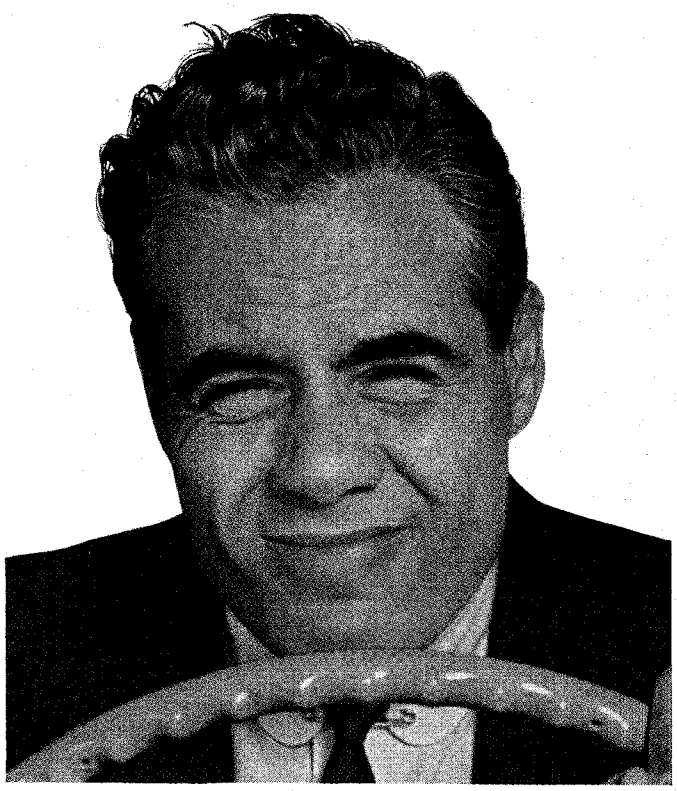

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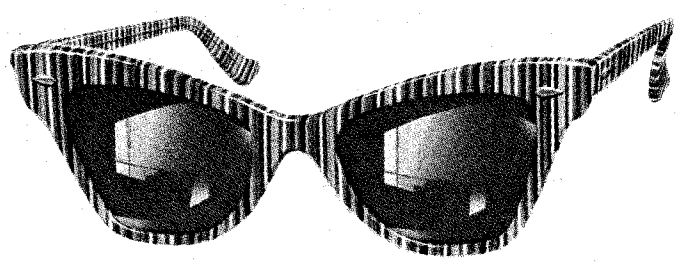

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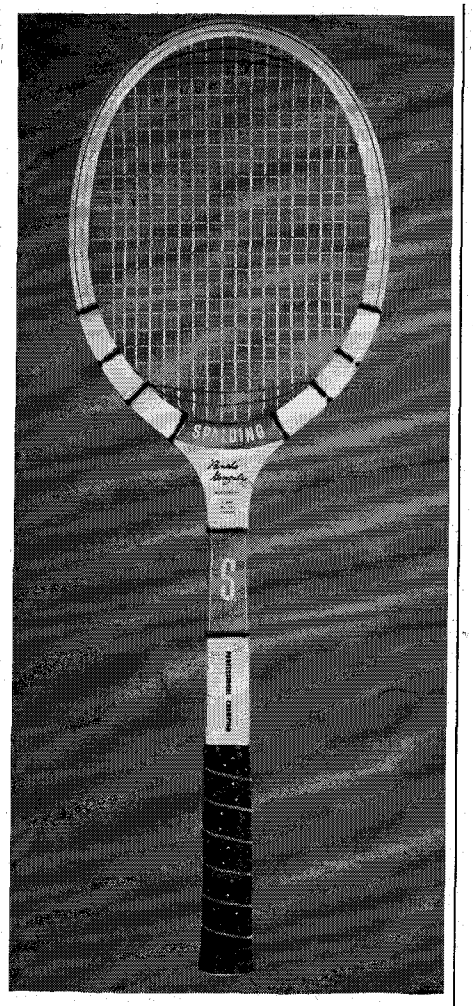

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somehow embarrassed, into his office and shut the door.

Outside, alone, Eve smiled quietly to herself.

The colonel flew that afternoon, roaring aloft with his thoughts, looking down on the great valley and the snow-topped mountains that flank it to the east.

He returned to the base refreshed. He showered, dressed in civilian clothes, told Major Jones where he was going, and took off in the snorting sports car for his crab dinner with Eve.

At the gate, accepting the guard's salute, he passed an inbound jeep bearing two men and miscellaneous gear. He paid it no heed.

The two men—Wally Martin's promised hired hands—were local boys. No real importance attaches to them, I think. By that I mean that they had no monopoly in the area on bucolic humor; they were not the only ones who sought privies to overturn on Halloween, or rang church bells with .22's—harmless pranks; delightful, high-spirited lads. Their names were Ben and Joe, and they were loose now, in the base where the soldier boys dwelt, for the purpose of exterminating ground squirrels.

Their equipment was simple: a shovel, a large cardboard box filled with cotton puffballs, and several tins of a commercial rodent killer, a liquid which quickly turned to gas. The procedure was simple too. One merely located a ground-squirrel hole, poked down it as many puffballs soaked in the rodent-killer fluid as one thought the situation required, plugged the hole with dirt and tamped it down well. Ground squirrels are gregarious; their tunnels connect; this makes the task easier.

They worked in the unhurried, economical fashion of laborers worthy of their hire; two minds with a singleness of purpose and thought.

"We got plenty puffballs, an' them cans 're full." This was Ben.

"Aim to do the job right," Joe said, in solemn agreement.

Ben's lips twitched. "Sure wouldn't want the soldier boys to think we didn't know what we was doin'."

"Sure not." They grinned happily at each other.

The base radar scanned the sky. In the ready hangar the two jet fighters on constant alert stood poised, ready to roll, to lift thundering into the sky, to seek, intercept, if necessary destroy—as the colonel had said—when the signal came.

The sea-food restaurant was not large, and the candlelight gave a certain feeling of intimacy. Eve said, "What are you thinking about?"

"Well ——" the colonel said. And then, truthfully, "Wally Martin."

"Oh."

The subject was in the open now. "You and he ——"

"No," Eve said. "Not really any more. Once upon a time ——" And she smiled suddenly. "He was older than I was, the local—hero, the local catch. The Martins have always had money and importance. He played football, went off to agricultural college, graduated with honors, went off to war. I was still in my teens, but I could dream."

The colonel looked out of the window at his thoughts. Fog was rolling in from the water, soft, heavy. Sometimes it climbed the low coast mountains and spilled over into the valley, filled it as water fills a bowl. He had seen this, not often, but occasionally. And when it happened, it was not pleasant for men who took off in jets. But his mind was not on the fog.

He said, "It's a good life here. You're settled; you belong." He turned to look at the girl.

She was silent, watching him.

It was his way to look at the facts, face them, lay them out plain and clear, so that there might be no misunderstanding, now or later. "I'm an old man," he said. "Comparatively speaking."

"I—hadn't noticed," Eve said.

"And I guess I'm pretty heavy-handed sometimes too. I envy people who laugh easily, laugh a lot."

Out of the depth of her understanding, she said, "Are you always lonely?"

And because it came from her, he gave it full and honest examination. "I guess, in a way, I am. People ——"

"Do you dislike people?"

He was silent for a little time, considering this too. Then, "I don't know, Eve. Is it important?"

She watched him solemnly. "Yes. If you can't give, if you can't—feel, then

... ...

Spring Observation

The affluent gardener's
demeanor
Is marked by a shrug and
some patter
Implying her thumb is
much greener—
When it's just that her
pocketbook's fatter!

By Carolyn Ellis

... ...

there isn't any room, is there, Brad? For—anybody else, I mean?"

He had no answer.

It was dark. "Here it is," Ben said. "The last one. I marked it when we came in."

"Think we got all the others plugged?"

"I'd bet on it." And then, grinning in the darkness, "Not that it matters much."

They got out of the jeep. In the glow of the headlights, Ben took all of the puffballs that were left, soaked them well in the rodent-killer fluid and poked them down the last hole. Joe watched, and counted to himself. All he said in the end was, "Jeepers!" And he gave out a loud braying laugh.

"Wouldn't want to disappoint anybody, would we?" Ben said. This hole they left unplugged. "Better move the jeep." And when it was done, "Real quiet around here, ain't it?"

Joe's bray sounded again. "Go ahead."

Ben took a kitchen match from his pocket. He snapped it along his thigh until it flared. He took a deep breath and tossed it down the hole and jumped. The results were spectacular.

A column of flame shot out of the hole with a loud "whooshing" sound. The ground rumbled. It rocked. It rumbled again as the flames roared through the maze of connecting tunnels, expanding, exploding. On the far side of the runway a dirt plug blew out of its hole and a sudden gout of flame appeared, standing straight up, menacing; to the north another; eastward another. The rumbling and shaking filled the night.

"Sort of like Fourth of July," Ben said. It was, indeed.

Nobody knows yet exactly what happened. Some officers and men on the base thought immediately, *Earthquake*. Others thought, *Sabotage*, and still others, *Bombing*. You cannot really blame them. Precisely who considered and implemented the idea that the ready aircraft, at least, should be got off the patently vulnerable ground, the colonel never did find out—or if he did, he has never mentioned it. But before the echoes of the rumbling had died away, and while the memory of the gouts of flame and the earth tremors was still fresh and frightening, the two jet fighters on alert were out of their hangar and shrieking down the runway, lifting and scrambling for altitude and the safety of the sky. Their afterburners were handsome in the blackness.

"Real purty, ain't they?" Ben said.

On the base, lights came on and went out to an accompaniment of a certain amount of shouting—conflict between those in favor of blackout and those who thought that a little light for investigation might be in order. As I have said, it was a new, and in many ways a raw, base, and the first tendrils of fog rolling down the coast mountains and sweeping across the valley did nothing to lessen the confusion. The radar swept the skies. Somewhere a siren screamed. It was all very interesting.

"Well," Ben said finally, "might as well go home to supper."

"Might as well," Joe said. And then, "Them soldier boys put on a real good show, don't they, when they put their minds to it?"

By then the fog had thickened, rising, as water rises, in the bowl of the valley, reaching up even to the harsh slopes of the eastern mountains.

It was Major Jones who put in the call to the colonel after a certain amount of order had been restored. He explained, as best he could, what had happened. He added, "I think I know, or can guess, how it was." A farm boy himself, understanding the humorous variations of ground-squirrel extermination, but now, grown up, no longer amused by them. "Martin's people ——"

"Never mind that," the colonel said. For the first time on this long, weary day, he was dealing with tangibles, with work he knew. His eyes were on the window, the fog. "You've recalled the aircraft? They're down, safe?"

"I ——" the major began, and there he stopped. "I—don't know, sir." The major was not a flier; administration was his forte. "I'll find out." He left the phone for only a moment; to the colonel it seemed quite a time. Then, "We'll bring them in right away," the major said. "In the confusion, I'm afraid ——"

"How's your weather?" The colonel's voice was quiet, controlled.

"We have some—fog, sir. A fair amount of fog."

"Check other fields."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll be there in forty-five minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"Wait a minute," the colonel said. His voice was cold now, icy cold. "Get Martin down there and sit on him. I don't care how."

"He's a—civilian," the major said.

"Get him," the colonel said. "That's an order."

He pulled out his wallet as he walked back to the table, tossed a bill beside his plate. To Eve he said, "Come on." And in anger, not against her but against himself, although she had no way of understanding this, he added, "Playtime is over."

He had dallied. He had watched a pretty face by candlelight, talked to the girl behind the face, behaved like an adolescent, engrossed in ridiculousness, and his base, unprotected, his aircraft, his men had been victimized—this was the knowledge with which he flayed himself. He pulled back Eve's chair, urged her toward the door. (*Continued on Page 127*)

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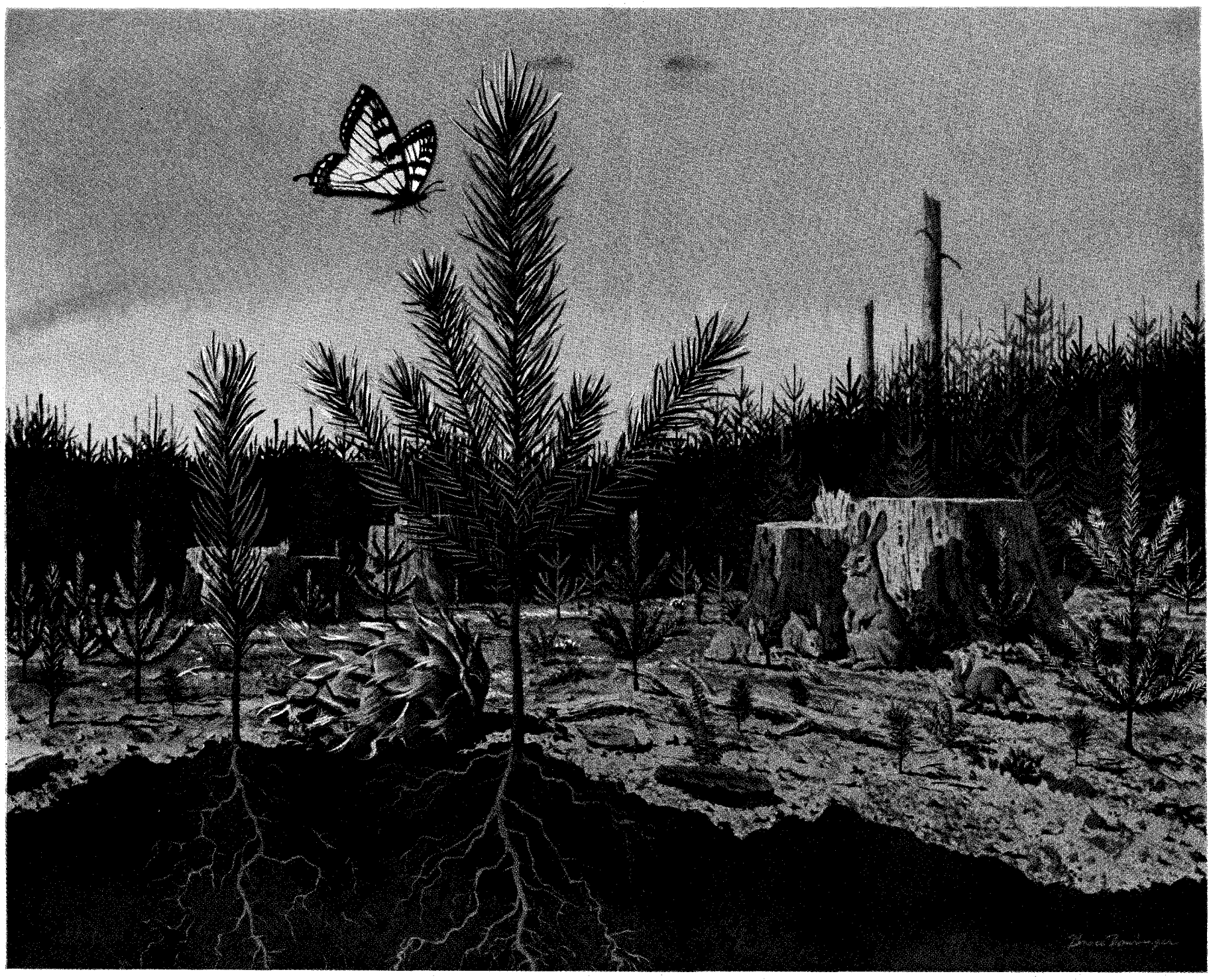

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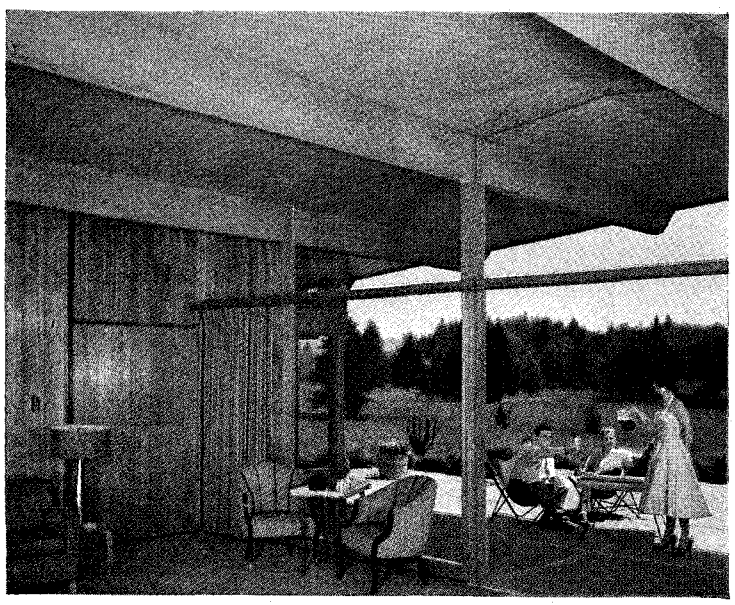

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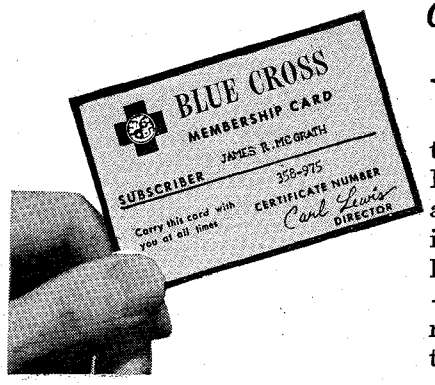

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(*Continued from Page 124*) I won't detail that drive. Fifty miles, over half of it winding up the coast mountains and down the other side. The fog was thick, soft, impenetrable; the colonel rode the white center line. He said nothing—nothing at all. They came in through the base gate in a trifle over forty minutes, and the colonel was out of the little car before it had stopped rolling. He paused for only a moment, his head cocked in a listening attitude. Then he went up the tower steps two at a time. Eve followed. There was quite a gathering in the glass room.

Major Jones was there, the beads of sweat on his upper lip looking like a transparent mustache. Wally Martin was there, large and unsmiling, flanked by two airmen. And his honor, the mayor, stood paunchy and watchful. There was a master sergeant on tower duty, and an airman 2/c. And when the colonel came in, there was silence—you could hear it, feel it, taste it. And then, from the loud-speaker, a voice said, "Somebody'd better make up his mind." A young voice, not quite steady.

"Give it to me, Bud," the colonel said. The others he ignored.

"One aircraft is back," the major said. "No—trouble." He brushed at the mustache of sweat. "That's Lieutenant Kinkaid. His landing gear may not be down. He can't—tell. His indicator says it isn't. He thinks it is. It may be only partly down. We ——"

The colonel had the microphone in his hand. "Pete, how's your fuel?"

Through the glass of the windows there was only the fog; where the field should have been, and the runways, there was nothing.

The voice on the speaker said, "Maybe fifteen minutes, sir." And then, "That's the colonel?" There was hope in the voice, blind young trust.

"Right," the colonel said. Then, "The gear seems to operate? You can retract it?"

"Affirmative, sir. I've had it up and down until the hydraulic system's dizzy. So am I. I've tried to shake it down." And the voice began to rise, a subtle change, but there. "I think it's down, but the indicator says it isn't, and maybe the downlock ——"

"All right, Pete." The colonel's voice was harsh.

"Dammit! It's got to be down!"

"Pete!"

There was a long silence. Then, "Yes, sir."

The colonel closed the microphone. He looked briefly at Wally Martin, at the mayor. "Enjoying this?" He waited for no answer. He raised the microphone again.

Major Jones said, "He could—bail out. We lose an aircraft, but ——"

The colonel lowered the microphone, kept it dead. "People live in this valley. A lot of people in a lot of houses."

Eve watched and listened. She made no move.

Wally Martin said suddenly, "Point him at the mountains, then."

The colonel merely looked at him, and Wally was silent. The colonel said, "Crash truck, Bud?"

"It's—standing by," the major said. "But if his gear isn't locked when he hits the runway ——"

"The runway's clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who's in the radar shack?"

"Sergeant Walters."

"When you bring him in," the colonel said, "bring him in fast. Use the whole runway. Set him down easy. That way he'll have a chance." He paused. "Get on the phone to Walters. Tell him all of it, including what I said." And then, "Move, Bud."

Eve opened her mouth, closed it again in silence. Wally Martin moved his feet, and the two airmen looked at him. The colonel raised the microphone. "You're coming in, Pete. Walters will talk you down."

There was a pause. Then, "Yes, sir."

"Keep the nose up," the colonel said, "just in case the gear folds."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all."

"Negative, sir." The voice was strangely hesitant. "One more thing."

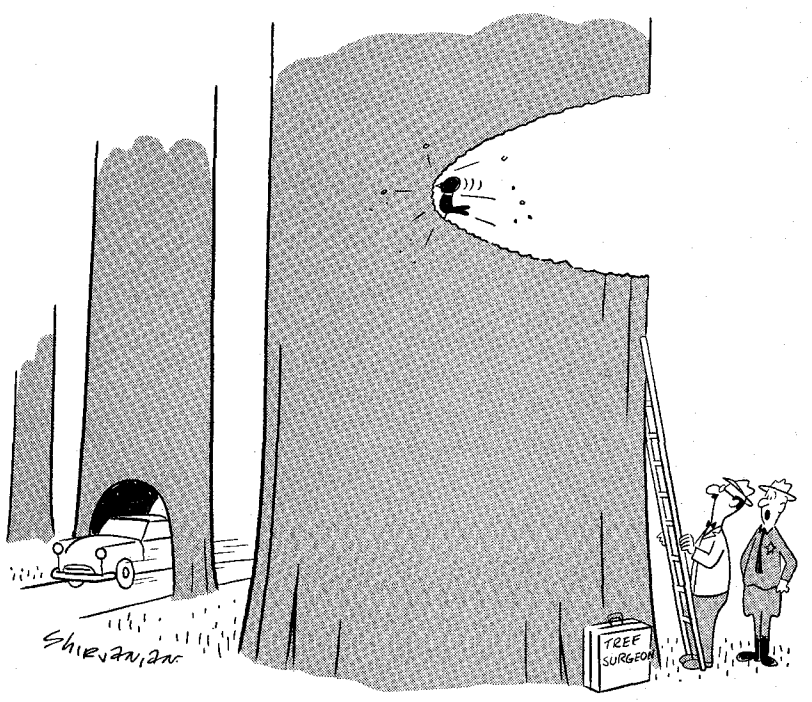
"Yes?"

"Thanks."

The colonel said nothing, and his face was unchanged in its harsh repose. He switched off the microphone carefully and set it down. His back was to the room.

In the speaker a new voice began, calm, unhurried, confident, "I've got you, lieutenant. No sweat. Course oh-one-oh; take it now. Let down to fifteen hundred."

The colonel faced the window, the gray blankness beyond. Automatically his



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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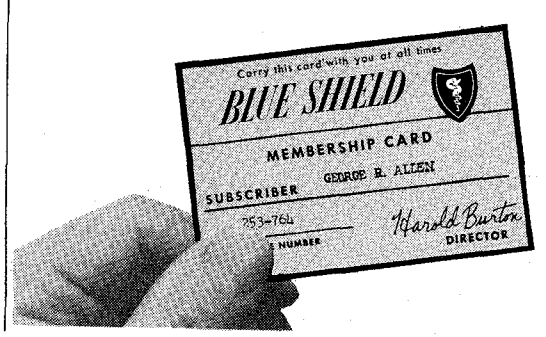

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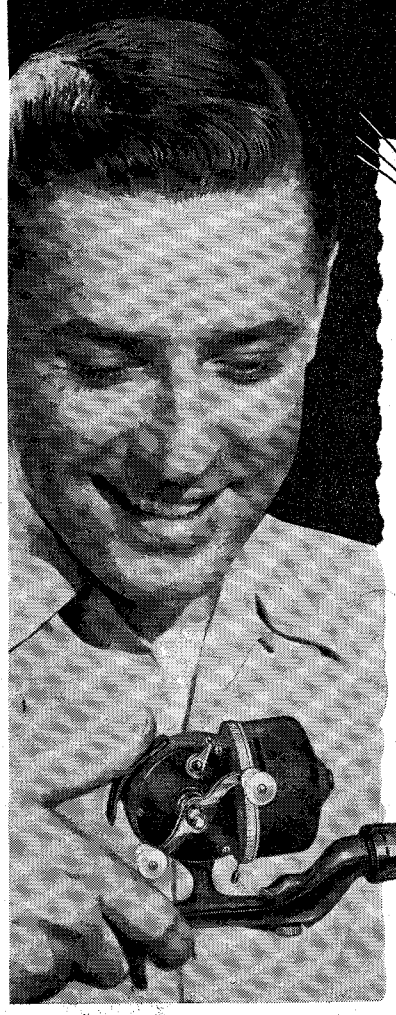

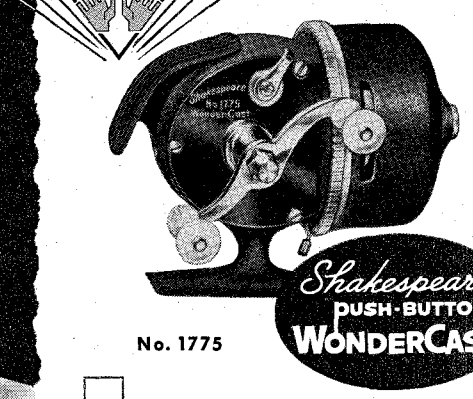

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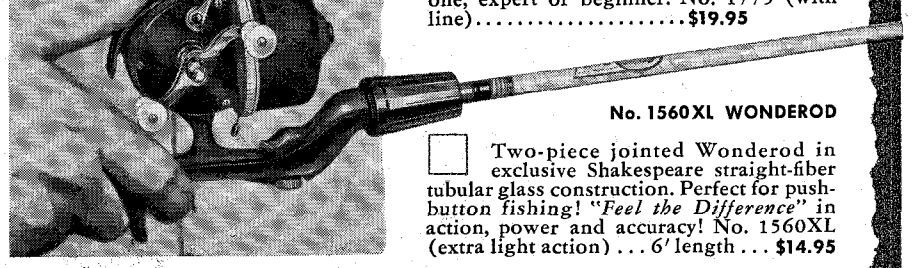

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☐ Two-piece jointed Wonderod in exclusive Shakespeare straight-fiber tubular glass construction. Perfect for push-button fishing! "*Feel the Difference*" in action, power and accuracy! No. 1560XL (extra light action) . . . 6′ length . . . $14.95

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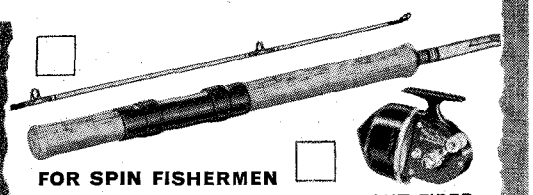

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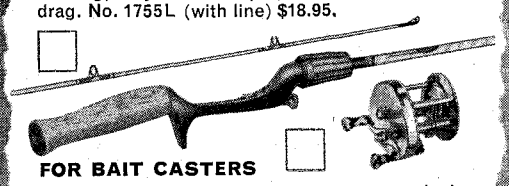

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hands had clasped themselves behind his back. He stood solid, unmoving, and in the speaker the calm, unhurried voice went on, never stopping, "Doing fine, lieutenant. New course oh-nine-oh ——"

"There are mountains over there." This was the pilot's voice, tense, tight.

"I've got them too. No sweat, lieutenant, like I said. Course oh-nine-oh; take it now. Good."

The mayor said, "Colonel."

And the colonel spun around, the anger showing suddenly plain.

The mayor said, "That's a lonesome boy up there."

"It is," the colonel said. "So?"

"Lonesome down here, too, son, isn't it?"

The speaker said, "New course one-eight-oh, lieutenant. Take it now. Lots of room. Good."

Some of the colonel's tenseness had gone, faded away. The mayor's small, shrewd eyes watched him. "Yes," the colonel said. "Lonesome down here too."

The mayor merely nodded. He looked at Wally Martin.

Wally said, "Ben and Joe." And he shook his head. "Fourth of July fireworks was not my idea, colonel. In case you thought it was."

The colonel looked at him. "Does it matter, Mr. Martin?"

"I don't get it."

The colonel said nothing. The mayor said, "Ponder on it, Wally." He paused. "Your men, your responsibility." He nodded toward the colonel, "His man up there, his responsibility."

The speaker said, "Final leg, lieutenant. New course two-seven-oh. Take it now. Good. Six miles to runway. On center line."

"The town," the mayor said, and he paused. "My responsibility." And he paused again. "Leastwise, its attitude. Man forgets sometimes."

The colonel had turned back to the window. The speaker said, "On center line. On glide path. Doing fine, lieutenant. Half mile to runway. Speed fine. Quarter mile to runway."

Eve kept her eyes on the colonel. He showed nothing—nothing at all. She tried to visualize the plane, hurtling, blind, the boy in the cockpit, with only his instruments and a voice in his earphones, maybe a prayer in his heart. She kept her eyes on the colonel, wondering if he, too, was visualizing it, feeling it. But he made no move, gave no sign. She felt the tension growing within her.

"You're over the fence, lieutenant. Almost to touchdown. On center line."

In the glass room no one moved.

"You're down, lieutenant." Merely that and silence.

The colonel said, almost whispering, almost praying, "Keep the nose up." Unaware that he had said it. Staring into the gray blankness of the fog, listening, straining for the flash of light, the sudden "crrrump!" the wail of the crash truck. "Keep the nose up, Pete." Soft, urgent in the silence.

The unhurried voice said, "You've got the whole runway, lieutenant."

And the other voice—the pilot's voice—a little shaky around the edges, said, "It's—all right. The gear's locked down. It's—holding up." And then, "All that worry over nothing."

"Like I said, lieutenant, no sweat." And that was all.

Eve let her breath out soundlessly. She still watched the colonel, but there was a difference now, in her face, in her mind, a calm sureness that had not been there before. She did not try to explain it.

The colonel turned slowly. He looked at Wally Martin. He looked at the mayor. He was tired, drained and empty feeling inside, all anger and resentment washed away. The words that he had planned, the bitter, harsh words, the accusations—none of these seemed necessary now, or even important. Stiffly, formally, he nodded to each man in turn. Then, "Thank you, gentlemen, for coming down."

Wally Martin merely stared.

The mayor said, dead pan, "We're obliged to you, son." And he nodded ponderously. There was the merest hint of a smile around the small shrewd eyes. Then, "We'll get along. All of us. We'll just keep our responsibilities in mind." He stirred. "Coming, Wally?"

It was quiet again in the glass room. On the field, the fog lay thick, silent, but no longer menacing. The colonel watched it. Out there a man was alone, as a man could always be alone, if he chose, the rest of the world shut out. The mayor had said as much, and the mayor saw deep. But a man didn't have to be alone, once he came in out of the—fog. It was a new concept, and he wondered if he could put it into words. He turned to look at Eve.

She was not really smiling, but there was a lift to her mouth and a brightness in her eyes, and the colonel, watching her face, studying it, thought that he had never seen anything quite so good, quite so relaxing.

"I think ——" he began, and there he stopped, conscious of the sergeant and the airman on duty, of Major Jones over in the corner trying to blend in with the glass paneling. The colonel said, almost sternly, "It's been a long day."

The corners of Eve's mouth twitched gently, but the brightness in her eyes, undiminished, unchanged, held him, warmed him. "Yes," she said. "It has." And then, "A lot of things have happened, haven't they?" In the silence she took his arm, held it tightly. In the silence they walked out, together.

The insigne is official now—a ground squirrel, rampant, on a dirt-colored field. And if this seems to you an odd choice for an operational jet-fighter squadron, my suggestion is that you merely accept it without comment. It is a symbol jealously, sometimes violently, revered by the squadron and the local people alike. It was not always so. THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A man who keeps his mouth shut never bites off more than he can chew.

Nothing makes a woman so unpredictable as a husband who doesn't listen to her.

Nobody has helped to preserve the tradition of dying with your boots on as much as the pedestrian.

A smart woman can wrap a man around her finger without showing her hand.

A short cut is usually a route on which you can't find anybody to ask where you are.

You're getting on if you can remember when the good old days were really bad.

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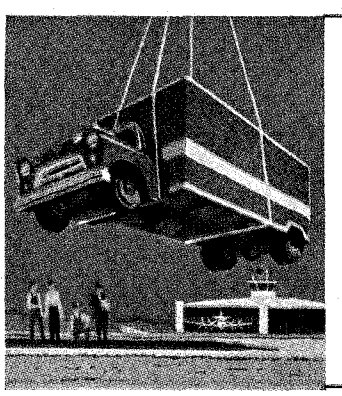

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So We Moved Into the Governor's Mansion

(Continued from Page 27)

hubbub, I somehow happened to think of a certain day twenty-three years earlier when I had been asked to play the piano at the local radio station. I was four years old at the time, and the broadcast had taken place in a big store window. As I looked back now on that occasion, when the whole town was staring through the window, I realized the event had been prophetic.

The difference now, of course, was that Ed was with me. And instead of being asked to play the piano, we were asked to do odder things. One photographer insisted that Ed put on an apron and have his picture taken helping with the dishes.

"Why, that wouldn't be right," I spoke up. "Ed hasn't helped with the dishes since we were on our honeymoon."

The man seemed taken back by my frankness, and I was duly quoted in the press. Most people, I am glad to say, approved of my stand.

All this happened in September, 1954. Between then and the time we moved into the official governor's mansion, Blaine House, the following January, I had plenty of time to think about my forthcoming duties. I was thrilled, of course, but more than a little frightened. If anyone had told me when I graduated from high school a few years before that I was going to be Maine's First Lady in nine years, I would have thought it about as likely as giving birth to quintuplets. And yet at twenty-seven, I found myself not only Maine's First Lady but the youngest governor's wife in the country.

I had never been in Blaine House, but I had seen it often from a distance on trips to the capital, Augusta. An imposing white house with twenty-eight rooms and seven baths, it had once belonged to James G. Blaine, one-time United States senator and unsuccessful candidate for President. It is directly opposite the State Capitol with its glittering dome, and had been given by the Blaine family to Maine as a residence for its governors. Because it is maintained by public funds, it is open to the public. Every afternoon visitors are permitted to wander through the house, visiting such rooms as the formal parlor, the state dining room and the library with its marble bust of Mr. Blaine and his chair and desk.

I think the thing that worried me most before moving in was the children. I wanted them to have as normal a life as possible, and I had no idea what sudden immersion in the goldfish bowl of a governor's mansion might do to them. Knowing our children, I was equally concerned about what they might do to the goldfish bowl.

I didn't have long to wait for the answer. During the first few weeks of residence, I was so fearful I kept the children upstairs in our private apartment when they were not outdoors. Then one day I missed Ellen, or Sissie, as we call her. A search of the entire upstairs failed to find her. My heart sinking, I raced downstairs. Sure enough, there in the sanctum sanctorum, Mr. Blaine's library, I found her.

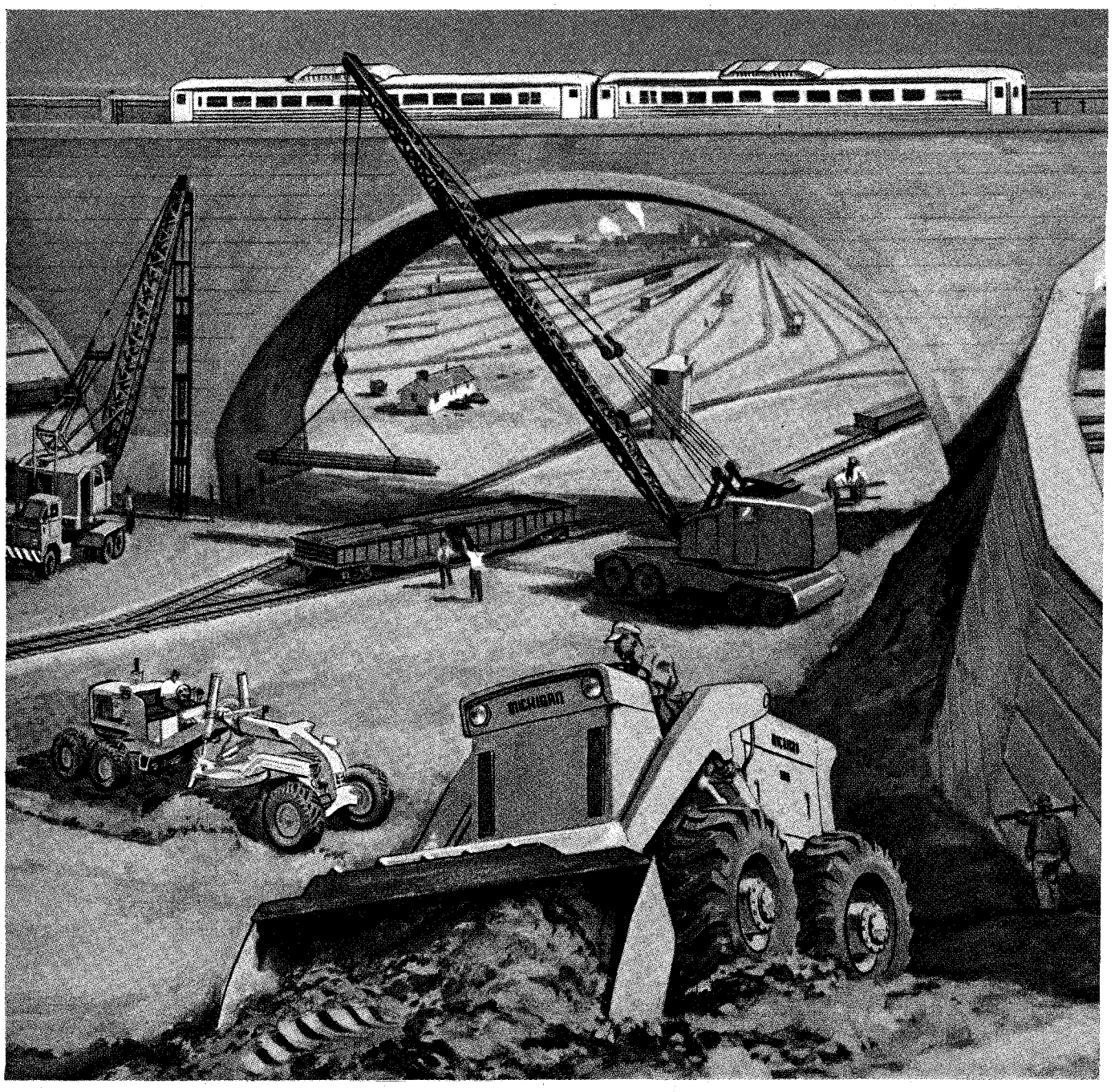
Sissie was sitting thoughtfully in the senator's chair, colored crayons in hand. A priceless, hand-illuminated book containing the story of his life was on her lap. I snatched it away hastily and examined it. Fortunately no sacrilege had been committed. I was congratulating myself that I had arrived in time when I happened to glance at the marble bust. It looked almost the same except for one lurid eye which Sissie had touched up with her black crayons. The result looked like a drunken Picasso, and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

At that moment, her father appeared in the doorway. Ed sized up the situation immediately, scooped her up in his arms, and said, "Don't worry, Sis. Mr. Blaine's been in politics, and it won't be the first time he's been given a black eye."

It wasn't until we'd been in residence a month, however, that Sissie decided to make her debut in Blaine House society. Unofficially, of course. The occasion was a tea and musicale given by the Maine Federation of Music Clubs, and I was the hostess. The high spot of the afternoon was a solo by a violinist. At least it was supposed to be the high spot. Unfortunately, in the middle of the number Sissie offered her solo. She slid down the front banister in full cowgirl regalia with two cap guns blazing. Simultaneously, as if by pre-arrangement, Steve arrived home from school and began rattling all the window panes from the outside. As fast as I'd reach one, he'd run to the next. It is times like these that make a governor's wife wish she'd made her husband stick to his torts and briefs.

I cannot blame all the crises on my children, of course. A good many I made for myself. I'm fond of people, as is Ed, and our little cottage in Waterville was always full of relatives, neighbors and friends. We'd gather in the living room, sit on the floor, watch television, talk, eat potato chips and have a soft drink or beer. If more than a dozen people were in the house, it was crowded.

Which Diesel blazes



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Imagine my consternation, therefore, to find that one of my first duties at Blaine House was to hold a luncheon for 275 persons. I won't deny that I was petrified, even though I had a staff of people to help me, including a social secretary, Mrs. Catherine Rines.

Fortunately, all went well that day. Once under way, there were no hitches. At least not until the final moments, when I was saying good-by to the guests. The last lady lingered at the door and we made the usual small talk. But without quite realizing why, I felt something had gone wrong. In my desire to please, I seemed to be making the woman nervous. "Your face is so familiar," I went on. "Haven't we met before?" She was certain that we hadn't, but I persisted. "Wasn't it in the newspapers?" I continued, all unwary.

Then suddenly it came to me. Her photograph had been in the papers when her husband had been involved in a liquor scandal—something which she was obviously hoping I wouldn't remember.

Meanwhile, I realized that someone had been tugging at my sleeve. It was Catherine Rines, who had known the lady's identity all the time. "Gee!" I breathed, as the door closed behind her. "That was a close one."

One learns fast in such circumstances, and people were kind enough to say I was doing a good job. The newspapers spoke of my ease and naturalness in handling visitors. What they didn't know was that I was developing a nervous stomach, which, however, didn't become a problem for a while. Meanwhile, I tried to seem relaxed in my new surroundings. One of the hardest things to get used to, of course, was that people now seemed to know so much more about me than I knew about them. One evening, for example, a friend offered to drive me home from a P.T.A. meeting. As we got into her car, I said, "Do you know where I live? It's the big white house across from the capitol." She just looked at me and smiled. I realized how silly my question sounded.

Strange as it may sound, I've always been very dependent on other people. When I married Ed, who is thirteen years older than I am, he realized I had this trait and has done his best to change it. To a certain extent he has succeeded. He did it the hard way—by never making a decision for me, insisting that I make them all on my own. Since moving into the governor's house, I could easily have become dependent on him, pleading ignorance of politics. As a matter of fact, I tried, but it didn't work. "My domain is the capitol. Yours is Blaine House," commented Ed, when I first tried to inveigle him into helping me make some decision. Perhaps this was his way of making me grow up, even if I stubbed my toe here and there along the way.

As a child, I was certainly not prepared for my present way of life. I was the youngest of five children, and there were always brothers and sisters to look after me. Perhaps "spoil" me would be a better word.

> To understand child psychology, one need only be an authority instead of a parent.
>
> HAL CHADWICK

I was born and brought up in Waterville, where my father worked in a local paper mill. We were not exactly well off, but we managed. When I was twelve, my father died. My older brother, Howard, who had had polio, but recovered, except for a limp, became the head of the family.

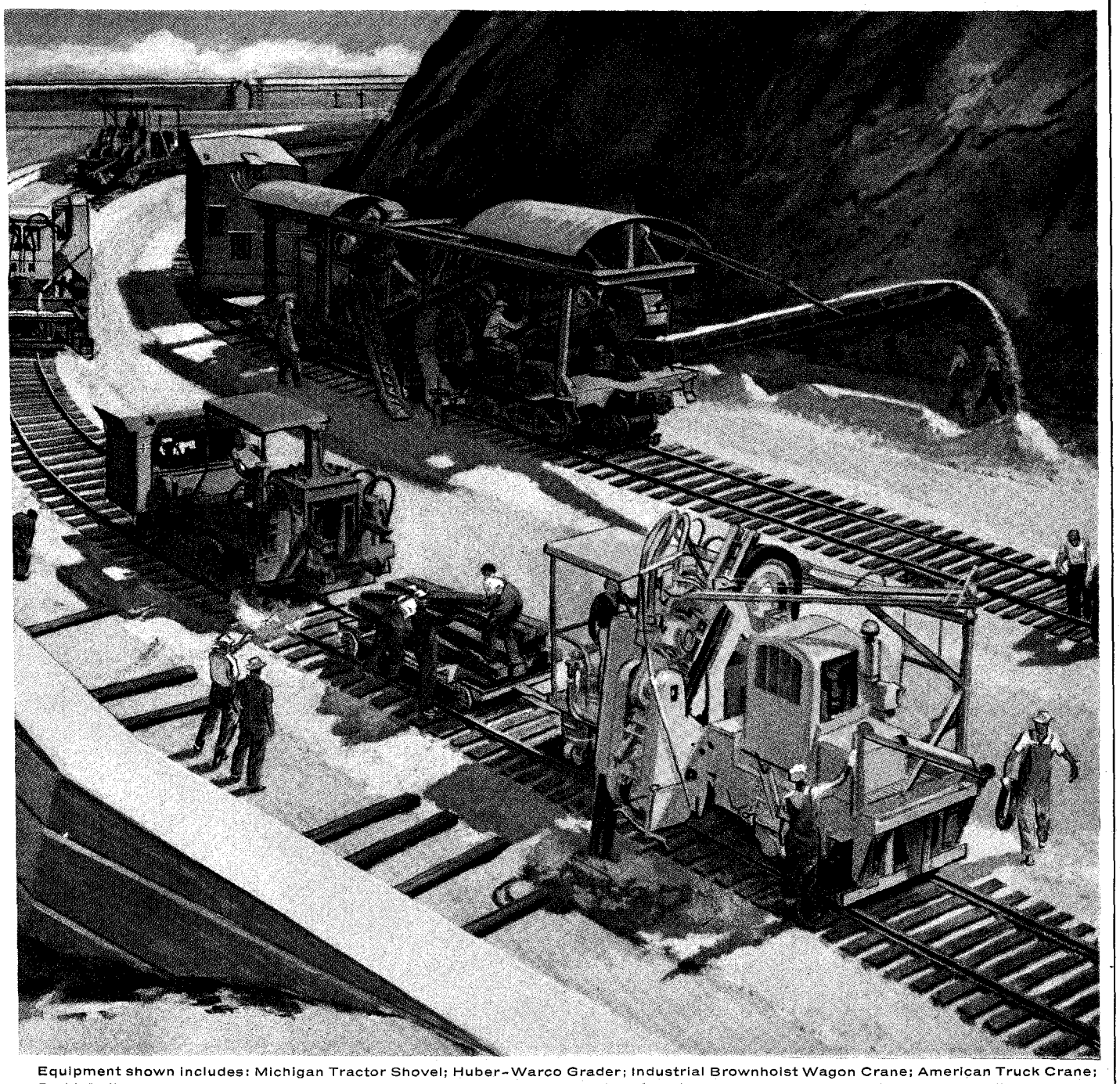
Mother took in Colby College boys as paying guests in order to help meet expenses, and she did all the cooking. I loved the new boarders. It was just like having a lot more brothers to spoil me. Once, in a devilish mood, I hid a new raincoat belonging to one of the boys. After a while, the crime seemed so serious I was afraid to tell where the coat was. Finally, after a few days, I owned up to it and produced the coat from the umbrella stand. That was the one and only time I ever got a spanking.

By the time I was fifteen and in high school, I was able to get a Social Security card and work part-time at Montgomery Ward. I sold dresses, and was in a young girl's heaven. I've always been crazy about clothes. My brother, Howard, celebrated my new job by going to the five-and-dime and buying me a thirty-nine-cent hat. I was prouder of that hat than any I've ever owned since.

Three years later, on graduating from high school, I was offered a job by Alvina Lewia, who ran the leading dress shop in Waterville and was a fashion authority for the surrounding area. I had never even dared go into her shop before, and I accepted immediately. Someday I hoped to become a dress buyer, and I dreamed of going to Boston to study.

At Alvina's, I kept the books, acted as a salesgirl and occasionally modeled a dress. Many of the women I waited on came from towns for miles around. These same women, I now find, are occasional guests at Blaine House.

the trail on the rails?



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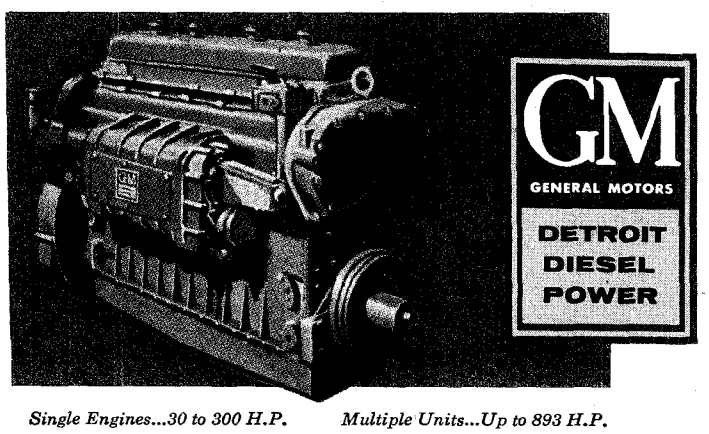

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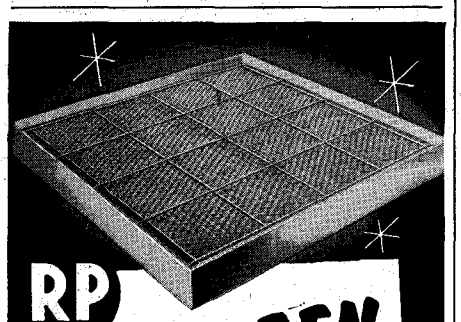

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While working at this shop, I first heard of Ed Muskie. Alvina and her sister, Delia, were born matchmakers, and when they heard a new, young lawyer had moved to town, they said, "He'd be a fine match for you." To that end, they insisted on dressing me up in their best clothes and taking me to lunch where I might meet him. I saw Ed often, but he never seemed to see me. He was always busy eating or reading. We spoke only once, and that was when I bumped into him on purpose. "Excuse me," I said. "Certainly," he replied, and that was the end of our brilliant tête-à-tête. Ed looked very impressive, however—a man's-man type. He had dark curly hair, a craggy Lincolnesque face, and he stood six feet four.

After our first "encounter," I gave the whole project up, much to Alvina's and Delia's disappointment. I wasn't too unhappy. I loved working at the shop, and I seemed to have enough dates.

One night, however, a girl friend suggested we go to an open-house meeting of the local Amvets chapter. Ed was the head of the group, and he gave a speech. I was more in awe of him than ever, and was too frightened to go up afterward and meet him. Just as we were leaving, however, someone came to tell us that Ed would like to meet the two new visitors. I had no idea which of us he was interested in, but it wasn't long before I knew. He asked me to lunch the next day, and from then on we had lunch together every day for the next year and a half.

At about this time, Ed ran for the state legislature and was elected. That was as high as Democrats usually went in Maine, but when we went to a legislative dance and I heard a man say of Ed, "Someday he'll be governor," I was delighted, but doubtful. It seemed impossible that Ed would get very far in politics.

The son of a tailor, Ed had been born in the small nearby town of Rumford. His father was a Polish immigrant, coming to this country when he was seventeen rather than be pressed into the service of the Russian Army. Ed's mother was a Pole, too, and both his parents had urged him to go to Bates College, where he worked his way through by washing dishes and waiting on tables. A brilliant student, he had earned a Phi Beta Kappa key and become a member of the debating team. After graduation, he went to law school and then bought a little practice that was for sale in Waterville. He had just hung out his shingle when the war came along and he volunteered for the Navy. Emerging as a lieutenant, he took up the practice of law where he had left off. He became interested in politics as a member of the Democratic Party, which he felt was sadly in need of rejuvenation. Ed has always been for the underdog, and in Maine the Republican Party had been on top for at least twenty years.

One night, after Ed had been serving in the legislature about a year, he proposed to me. "I've been carrying the ring around for quite a few months," he admitted, "but I didn't want to give it to you until it was paid for." That was just about the most honest statement I'd ever heard, and I said yes immediately. He refused to marry me, however, until I enrolled as a Democrat—my family had been stanch Republicans. If he was going to try to rejuvenate the Democratic Party in Maine, he explained, rejuvenation would have to start at home. And while I was being politically converted, I also took Ed's religion. I had been born a Baptist, but when we were married I became a Catholic.

Ed ran for the legislature again and was elected. Later on, he became the state's OPS administrator. But by 1953 he declared he was ready to give up active politics and settle down to a neglected law practice in order to build up some future security for himself and his family. I should have known him better. In any event, a momentous accident occurred which gave him plenty of time to think about that future.

We had been married five years. We had bought a little house on Silvermount Street, and were, I guess, a typical, small-town American family. With two children, our tiny house was beginning to bulge at the seams. Since we were unable to afford a larger one, Ed, who is a handy do-it-yourselfer, decided to finish off the attic. One night, as he stepped back to get a better look at what he'd been doing, a stair rail broke and he fell a full story, breaking his back.

He was unconscious for two days in the hospital, and it was several weeks before the doctors were confident he'd live. Then followed a long period when I had to be with him at the hospital almost constantly. At that time I found out just how indispensable our neighbors and friends could be. They baby-sat, they brought in cooked meals, they taxied me to the hospital—I couldn't drive—and they performed countless other services. When the accident happened, we had no money in the bank. We were buying a house and a car, and we were bringing up two kids.

Fortunately, we had the perfect place for Ed to recuperate. When he had returned from the war in 1946, he'd bought a little camp by the side of a nearby lake. He'd used the G.I. Bill to do so. Now, as he was released from the hospital, we decided to go to that camp. Ed was wearing a huge brace and carrying crutches at the time, but each day he insisted on crawling down the embankment to the water by himself where he would get in and swim a few strokes. Each day he swam a little farther, each day he improved. Mostly, it seemed, by sheer will power. By the end of the summer he was able to dispense with the crutches and go back to work.

During his illness, Ed had long hours to meditate. One of the conclusions he reached was that money was not so important as he'd thought. If you didn't have it, somehow you got along just the same. The real security, he decided, was in doing what you felt was important.

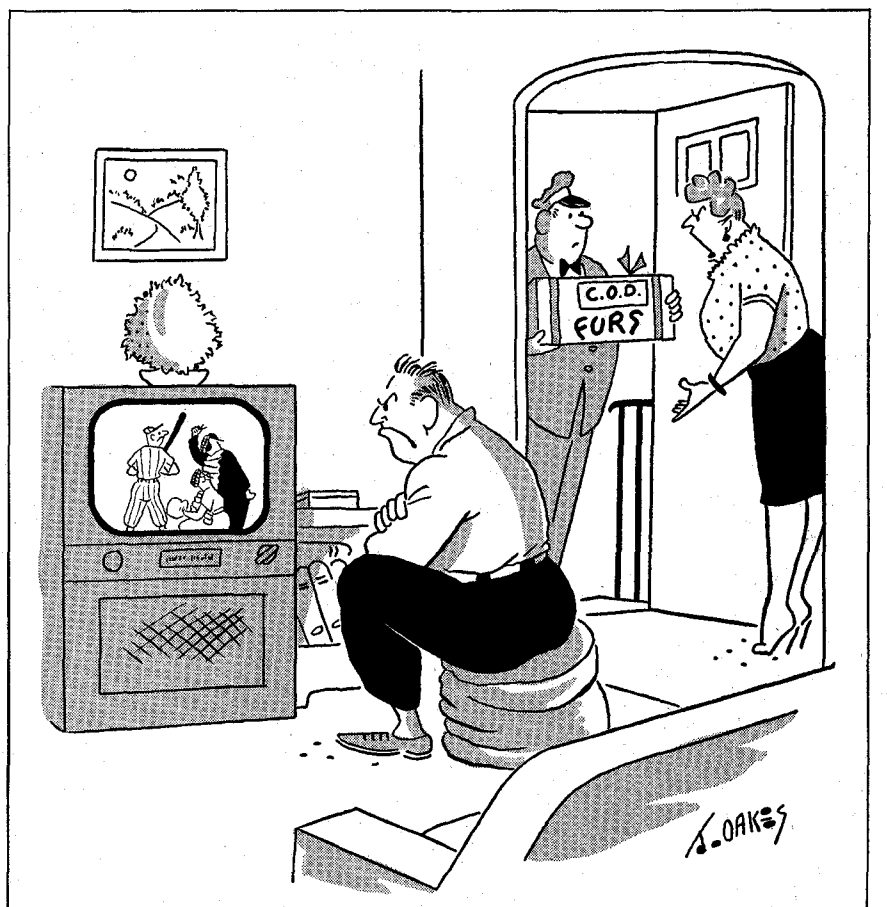
The important thing at the moment, of course, was to apply himself to law and pay some of the doctors' bills. But in no time at all he was diverted from this course. He learned that the Waterville Sisters' Hospital—run by the Sisters of Charity—in which he'd been taken care of, was about to close for lack of funds. Ed undertook to save it. During the next six months, he headed a committee which raised more than $100,000, a tremendous sum for our town and enough to assure the continuance of the hospital.

When the drive was over in February, 1954, Ed planned to apply himself in earnest to repairing the family fortunes. Within a month, however, he was diverted again. This time it was politics. Working with some Democratic friends, he was part of a group charged with the responsibility of digging up strong candidates for the upcoming election. When no likely candidate emerged for governor, he was persuaded to run himself.

That was in March. From then until September thirteenth, when the election was held, it was an uphill battle. Ed campaigned largely on the "time-for-a-change" theme which had been used successfully by the Republicans in 1952 when President Eisenhower was first elected. Believing strongly in the two-party system, and persuaded that Maine was falling economically behind the other New England states, he carried his message anywhere he could find someone to listen. He was seldom home. I went with him as often as I could, but that wasn't very much. I had two children to look after, and, besides, I found I was a terrible speaker. I learned early in the campaign to let Ed do all the talking.

No one seemed to give Ed much of a chance. His opponent, Gov. Burton M. Cross, commented that Ed wasn't so strong a candidate as the party might have offered. Nevertheless, the crowds grew larger toward the end of the campaign, and we felt that was a good sign.

On Election Day I was physically ill from the excitement. I took the children over to my mother's, where I spent what time I could (*Continued on Page 135*)



"Where were you when Cleveland was ahead?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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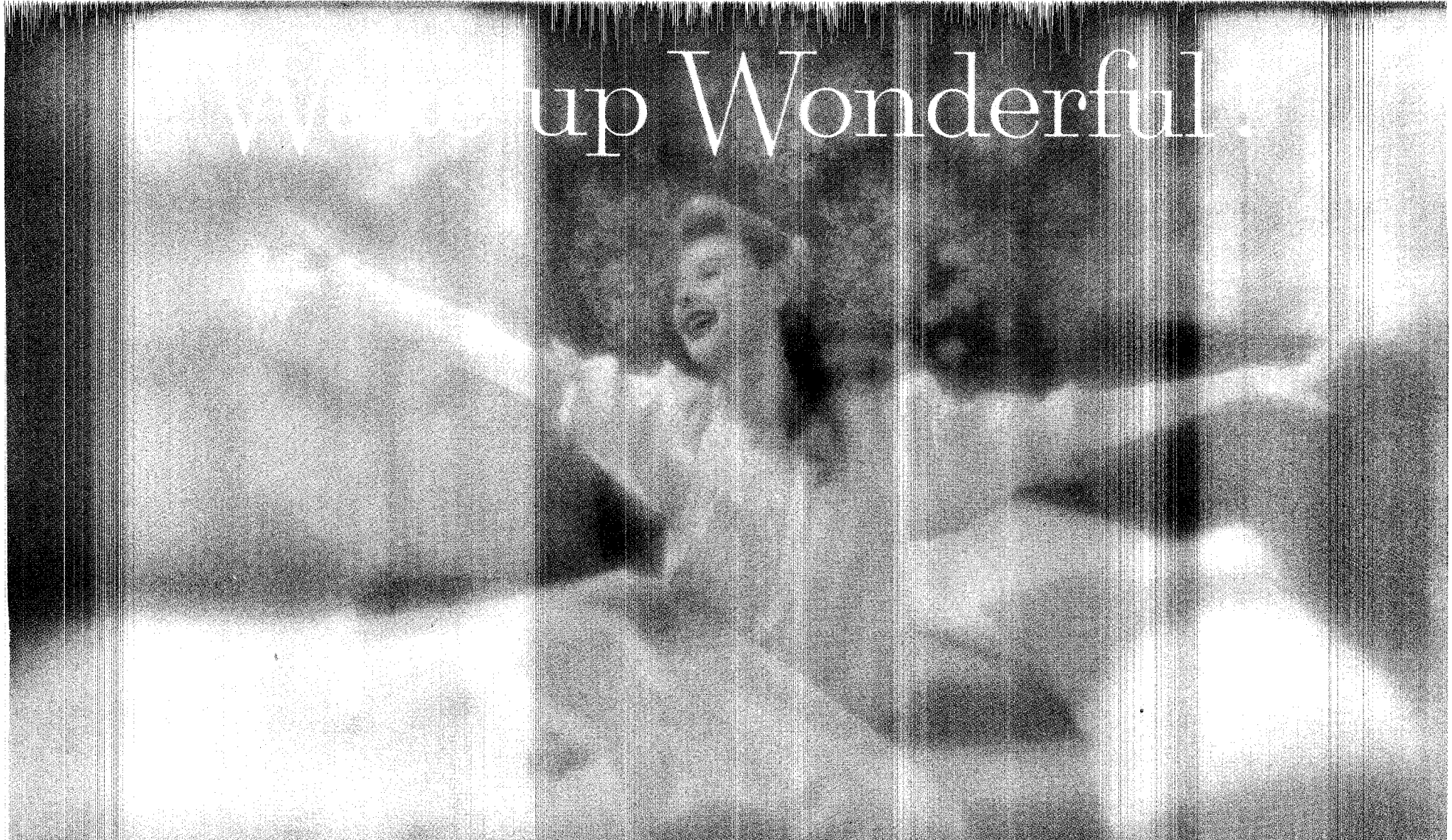

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11 years of research with actual sleepers show more deep, unbroken sleep with Beautyrest comfort

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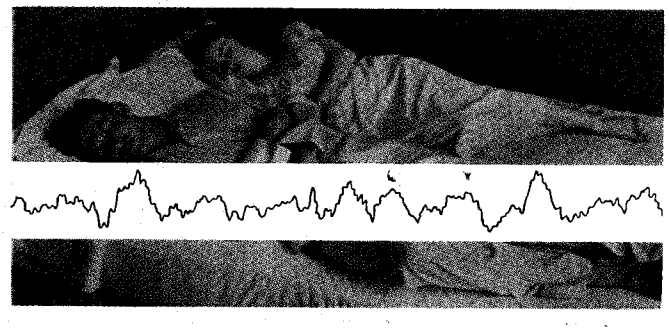
Who took part in these sleep tests? People of all ages, of all walks of life—white collar workers, housewives, even a policeman. Both single-bed sleepers and married couples in double beds had their sleep electronically measured in laboratory sleep rooms.

In all, over 60,000,000 sleep recordings were made of brain waves, heart beats, skin temperatures and muscular tension. Every leading type of mattress was compared.

The 11-year findings: When all the tests on all the sleepers on all the beds were added up, it was proven that Beautyrest gave longer periods of sound, deep, unbroken sleep.

And here's why Beautyrest* won. It's made differently—with separate, independent springs that adjust to every part of your tired body. True, body-fit comfort that encourages sounder sleep.

And Beautyrest at $79.50 is the least expensive too. It will last three times as long as any of the leading mattresses compared in a series of durability tests. Another reason for getting the very best in rest...starting tonight. Beautyrest!



Picture of sound sleep. Recorded heart beats and brain waves showed sounder sleep on Beautyrest. This research was conducted at the United States Testing Co., using methods developed by the Sleep Research Foundation.

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(*Continued from Page 132*) making sandwiches with the wives of some of the other candidates. Finally, when the children were in bed, I went to the hotel where two rooms had been reserved as headquarters. As Ed and I walked through the door, a waitress asked him for his autograph. "You know, tomorrow I think you're going to be governor, and I'd like to be the first to ask for your autograph." That made me even more nervous.

As the returns came in, Ed was behind. Then, late in the evening, he suddenly forged ahead. From then on, he never fell behind again. Later, Governor Cross phoned and conceded the election. It was an overwhelming moment. Unless one has had the experience of having an opponent call and admit defeat, it is difficult to understand how one feels. Ed and I just sat there with the tears streaming down our faces.

His triumph at the polls was news all over the country. That was the year of the big hurricanes, and as one newspaper put it: "Two hurricanes hit Maine last week—Hurricane Carol and Hurricane Ed!" Ed's picture was in national magazines, and he was in demand as a speaker. We traveled a good deal. I began to realize I'd married a phenomenon.

Although Ed spoke a good deal, he refused to capitalize on his religious or racial background. And it is very much to the credit of Maine that his Catholicism was never an issue in the campaign for governor. Only once, in a certain town, was the issue of his religion raised, and we were pleased to note, when the votes were counted, that the town had gone for Ed.

One important political figure outside Maine repeatedly tried to get Ed to speak to the Poles in his state in their native language, telling them the Administration had not done right by them. Ed's reply was, "I don't play politics with my religion, and I won't do so with a nationality." He has always believed strongly that people shouldn't vote as a religious or ethnic bloc, although he is not ashamed to acknowledge either his Polish or Catholic background.

When it came time to move into Blaine House, I did most of my packing, it seemed, with a few newsmen or photographers around. And when we finally took up residence, there was no time to unpack before we had to dress for the Inaugural Ball at the Armory. So many people had wanted to come to the inauguration that we decided to dispense with the usual formal luncheon and hold a dance instead. In this way, 6000 people could attend. The ball was a great success, and I wore out four pairs of gloves shaking 6000 hands during the evening.

The next day we unpacked. Ed went off to the capitol, and I came to grips with the business of being mistress of Blaine House, which is available for teas, card parties, luncheons and all sorts of legitimate fund-raising purposes. In some respects, it's like the grand ballroom of a big-city hotel, except that Blaine House has a built-in hostess.

One of the first things I learned was that I could not serve one luncheon menu to one group and a different menu the following week. No matter how similar the quality of the food, there's always the chance for odious comparisons. Last week's guest will say to this week's: "What were you served at Blaine House?" On learning that it was chicken à la king, the first will declare, "Well, all our group was served was meat patties." For this reason, a First Lady must eat the same food at official luncheons all season long or sneak a snack in the kitchen after the whole thing is over.

One also learns never to take things for granted. Once Ed received a letter from the Clover Club in Boston suggesting that "since you and Mrs. Muskie will be passing through Boston on such and such a date, we would be honored if you would join us for dinner," and so forth. We tried to find out something about the Clover Club, but all we could learn was that it was a highly exclusive organization and the party would probably be very swank.

I didn't want to be caught looking like anything but what a governor's wife should, and so I journeyed to Waterville and got Alvina to fix me up with a beautiful and—for me—expensive dress. When Ed and I finally made our dazzling entrance at the Clover Club rooms at the Statler Hotel in Boston, I was so pleased with our appearance that I forgot to notice for the moment that the room was filled entirely with men. A waiter passed a tray and I took a glass. Just as I put it to my lips, a stately gentleman in white tie and tails came up to me and bowed. "Madame," he said, "you are the first woman ever to enter the portals of the Clover Club. Now that you have done so, would you please be good enough to depart?"

I left, glass in hand, determined never to take anything about an invitation for granted. Especially the meaning of that word: "you."

I don't think it was the Clover Club episode that started my intestinal difficulties. But as that first year in Blaine House wore on, I had to make some rather abrupt departures from social functions. Although I didn't feel any special inner tensions, apparently my stomach did, and a few months later I found myself in the hospital for treatment. As a matter of fact, I had to enter the hospital on two different occasions, but up to the time of writing this, the reasons for my hospitalizations were never mentioned publicly. Only my family and a few friends knew of them.

During the second year of office, my health started to improve. And when I became pregnant in the spring, my stomach difficulties stopped altogether. Ed decided to run for another term that year, and whether it was because I was unable to help him campaign or because the voters liked what he had done, he won by more votes than he polled the first time.

Mostly, the campaign was a clean, constructive one, and on only one occasion did I see Ed mad. That occurred when a Boston paper claimed that labor money, specifically C.I.O. money, was being "poured" into Maine to re-elect him. And to prove its point, the paper printed a picture showing him standing with a C.I.O. leader. What they didn't say was that the picture had been cropped. It was taken during a labor-and-management meeting which Ed had brought about to try to settle a dispute. The paper had carefully cut out the representative of management.

Ed held his fire for two days, and then went on television. He showed the audience the full photograph, and explained what the paper had done. "What kind of men," he asked his audience, "would try to fool you that way? Would you trust men like that?" Most observers think that Ed's campaign was given an enormous boost by the incident. In any event he got the largest total vote ever received by a governor in Maine.

With our tenure of Blaine House assured for another two years, we decided to go ahead and turn the General Pershing Bedroom—so-called because the late general once slept there—into a nursery. But this time, Ed decided not to call on his do-it-yourself talents. During our stay in Blaine House we had made few, if any, changes, mostly because we couldn't afford to. As governor, Ed receives $10,000 a year, plus $15,000 for expenses. The staff, two cars and the upkeep of the house are paid for by government funds, but we have to supply the food for all entertaining, as well as the flowers. In a house as large as ours, the latter can be quite an item. Our conversion of the nursery, therefore, was not elaborate. We moved out General Pershing's four-poster and substituted a crib. I put some bright yellow curtains at the windows, and chose an amusing wallpaper featuring both donkeys and elephants. I felt our child should have an unprejudiced start in life. The room was all ready when, on December twenty-seventh last, just a few days before the inauguration, our third child was born. We called her Melinda.

I came home from the hospital at just about the time Ed started his second term as governor. But this time it all seemed a lot easier. Perhaps it was because we'd done it before. Oh, it's true that the children still slide down the banisters at inopportune moments, that 12,000 Christmas cards must still be addressed by hand, and that I still can't remember the name of the lady in the feather hat whose husband is an important man in Maine, but somehow the nervousness has vanished. For one thing, I know my limitations. For another, there's Melinda. She teaches me to relax. You can't be tense when you're tending a baby. If you are, it's contagious and the baby will be nervous too. In fact, we all seem more calm. The Muskies, it can be said, are facing another two years at Blaine House wiser, but certainly not sadder. The first term made many changes in our lives, and we know the second one will too. And that, I suppose, is as it should be.

But when we finally pack our things to move on, I wonder just how changed we will be. Sometimes when the last of the tea ladies have left and I'm upstairs in the nursery feeding Melinda, I think about that. As a mother, I think mostly about the children—about what effect living in a goldfish bowl has had, and will continue to have, on them. Is it just a place to slide down banisters or does some of the patina of politics rub off, too, as they brush their shoulders against the walls?

The other morning, shortly after I returned home from the hospital where Melinda was born, I got a partial answer to my question. After a thoughtful silence during breakfast, Sissie, who is now six, suddenly asked, "Mamma, will you be with me when my first child is born?"

Ed looked up before I could answer and said, "How many children are you going to have, Sis?"

"Ten or twelve," she replied without hesitation. "I couldn't afford any more, unless, of course, my husband is living in the White House at the time." Then she lowered her snub nose into her cereal bowl and refused to enlarge on her plans.

THE END

Heirlooms

By Virginia Scott Miner

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Are like a soft voice saying,
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Though decades fly like minutes,
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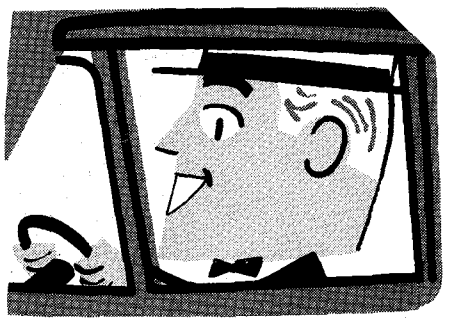
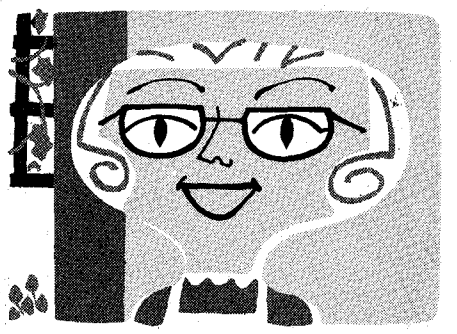
Look closely; I am here!"

"I keep sales material with my Bostitch stap



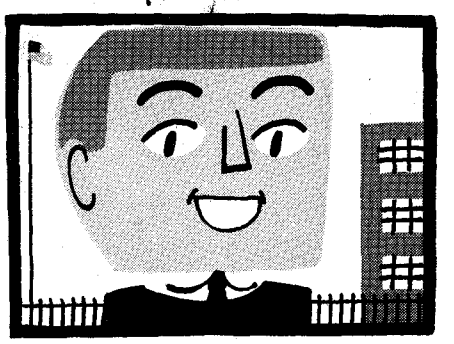
Papers that belong together *stay* together when you *staple* them.

"I fasten curtain tie-backs with my Bostitch stapler"

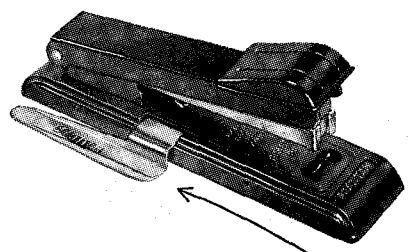


Tack window shades, seal freezer bags quickly, securely—with *staples*.

"I tack notices and signs with my Bostitch stapler"



Swing back the base and tack to bulletin boards and wood.



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Safety POWER STEERING by Saginaw

GM GENERAL MOTORS

The Body Worshipers of Muscle Beach

(Continued from Page 35)

big- and middle-sized shots from the movie industry take their ease. The Santa Monica Chamber of Commerce, usually an unvacillating body, can never make up its mind whether to be proud of Muscle Beach or ashamed of it. Beach bums—those ornate youths who surfboard, loll and live off what they can cadge from the sun-loving well to do—shun it contemptuously for its total lack of pickings. Malibu is much more to their taste.

True Muscle Beachers go to their beach all the year round for pleasure. But their pleasures, as intimated above, are not precisely those that most people go to beaches for—casual swimming and wave riding, acquiring a tan, snoozing off a hang-over, gossip, picnicking, letting the kids blow off steam, playing a little volleyball, sizing up the pretty girls, and so on. I would like to cite some evidence to try to illustrate the difference between Muscle Beachers and the rest of us beach addicts.

Volleyball, for a random example. It rates rather low as a Muscle Beach activity, yet volleyballers, male and female, have been developed there who were later members of teams that won national and world championships. Volleyball is always played at Muscle with only two on a side instead of the conventional six. After several years of sprinting and leaping about on sand, when a Muscle Beach volleyballer starts playing the game in gymnasiums on hardwood floors, he discovers that he has acquired such legs and spring that he almost floats; and being used to doing the work of three men, he is all over the court at once.

Then there is the matter of pretty girls, standard equipment for every self-respecting American beach. Muscle has them in plenty; every Fourth of July it holds its own beauty contest, the winner of which is invariably a knockout. But though it might not be apparent to the newcomer at first glance, there is apt to be something about most Muscle Beach beauties that distinguishes them from beauties who are simply beautiful. Take Abbye Stockton, a striking blonde whose childhood nickname of Pudgy became a libel after she took up weight lifting. She was a flawless 38-20-36 and won so many weight-lifting contests and body-beautiful competitions that she now runs two body-building studios of her own, in Beverly Hills and Pasadena. Her husband, Les, an amiable, retired strong man, is in charge of general delivery at the Santa Monica Main Post Office.

The strongest girl ever to hit Muscle Beach, however, according to Barney Fry—one of the beach's founding fathers whom we'll take up in detail later—was Edna Rivers, who could lift five women and a full-grown man on a beach board as though they were a trayful of breakfast dishes. Edna was also a judo expert and could do the tremendously difficult gymnastic feat known as the flag, which consists of seizing a vertical bar with both hands and holding your body stretched out stiff and perpendicular to it.

In the world of sport, the beach's most famous alumna is undoubtedly Pat McCormick, America's pretty double-double gold-medalist diver at the Helsinki and Melbourne Olympics, and Woman Athlete of 1956. Pat started going to Muscle Beach when she was little more than a tadpole. The eagle-eyed Barney Fry taught her swimming, diving and feats of strength. "Everybody knows that Pat's the greatest woman diver on earth," Barney says, "but few people realize how tremendously strong she is. When she was only twelve years old she could lift four hundred and ninety pounds and do thirty-five push ups. And she used to wrestle and throw guys that weighed two hundred pounds. In those days she weighed only ninety pounds herself." There is a Muscle Beach joke that you can't pick up a girl there unless you can pick her up and hold her above your head at arm's length with one hand. Yet strong girls seem to make gentle and devoted wives, and they usually pick strong men for mates.

Beverly Jocher's is an admirable instance of a successful Muscle Beach marriage. Beverly was born in Philadelphia; her family moved to Santa Monica, and she started (*Continued on Page 138*)

"Wait a minute! You just charged me $1.15 for my own child."

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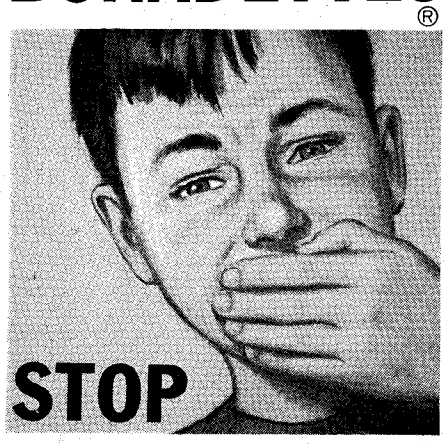

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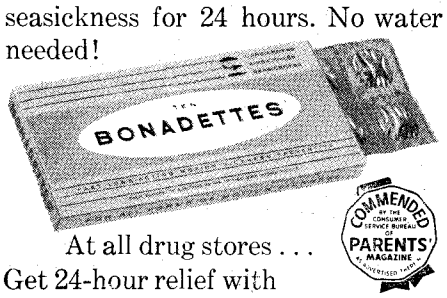

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(*Continued from Page 136*) going to Muscle at the age of five. There is a big L-shaped platform on the beach where the acrobats create their marvels, and men and girls do flying adagio, which requires the grace of ballet, the tidiness of championship diving and the strength and reflexes of a circus aerialist. The little girl watched entranced and soon she was doing back bends, splits, hand balancing and other tricks which she learned largely by imitation. Old Barney taught her to swim and dive, and by the time she was eight he had her lifting grownups. He made her work on rowing machines and fed her special vitamin pills of his own concocting, which she didn't like the taste of and surreptitiously spat out—never swallowed one. At the age of ten she could lift 395 pounds of adults; at the age of seventeen, when she herself weighed 110, she could hoist 590 pounds of them and was a state weight-lifting champion. Coached by Russ Saunders, a movie stunt man, she did an adagio routine on ice skates; which they performed together for a while in the Ice Follies. Neither was any great shakes as a skater, but at Muscle they had perfected, for TV, a teeterboard act built on flying adagio, compared to which the ice routine was elementary.

The Muscle Beach teeterboard looks like a seesaw that has been custom-made by a very expensive jeweler. Russ stations his partner on one end of it, then jumps on the other end, shooting the girl to a height of about twenty-five feet. In some figures, such as the barrel roll, her body may spin in twisters five or six times. During her journey she may execute a birdie, which is a kind of dry swan dive; an angel, which gives the impression of a heavenly being traveling in a hurry sideways; a flying stag, which looks pretty much as it sounds, except that the stag is undeniably female; or any other of many spectacular patterns that flying adagio is rich in.

Flying adagio is also performed without a teeterboard, the girl being hurled aloft by two men, who first swing her by the wrists and ankles. These girl hurlers are almost always six-footers or 200-pounders; the catcher is generally smaller and more gracefully built than the hurlers. Russ, a master catcher, fields all his partners expertly and hasn't bobbled one yet. With all the sensational stunting that goes on at Muscle Beach—you'll often see stunts there that you'd never see in a circus or on the stage—it's amazing that nobody ever seems to get seriously hurt. The only injury Beverly Jocher ever suffered in her whole life—which has now extended to twenty years—was once when she slipped on some stairs at home and bunged up her back.

In addition to her extraordinary physical prowess, Beverly was a looker, too, and a beauty-contest winner. Beauty titles she won were Miss Muscle Beach, Miss Southern California, Miss Pacific Coast, Miss San Diego Naval Base, Miss Port Hueneme, Miss Oceanside, Miss Strength and Health, Miss Venus, Queen of Camp Pendleton and Miss Most Perfectly Built Woman found on Mars—this last had to do with a Hal Roach interplanetary movie. At Muscle in the summer between her sophomore and junior years in high school, she met a classically molded weight lifter named Bert Elliott, who later was chosen as Mr. Iron Man of 1953.

Bert had been a sergeant with the 40th Division in Korea and seen fourteen months of action there. Although he managed to take his barbell overseas—with 275 pounds of iron plates to slip onto it for heavier lifts—plus a keg of dumbbell handles and a set of "cables"—those flexible metal gimmicks with hand grips at either end which strongmen keep pulling to give their torsos the desired bulges—he was not allowed to tote all this hardware up to the front. Nevertheless, Bert and some of his muscle-minded comrades in arms managed to devise fairly acceptable substitutes made from old Korean wagon and boxcar wheels and axles, sandbags, unclaimed logs and other weighty objects; and between battles they held workouts even when the temperature had dropped to twenty below. Bert and Beverly fell in love and were married when she was graduated from high school. They now own and run a gymnasium at Whittier, California, and all their old Muscle Beach friends are sure that they will live happily ever after.

Perhaps the most prominent of the many married couples who met and wooed at the beach are Russ Saunders and his wife, Patti, a small and wonderfully graceful blond adagio flier; she is also an aquacade star, whose specialty is performing hand balances and contortions on a floating paddle board. Like her husband, she does a lot of stunt work for the movies, and many a time when a script has called for the heroine to undergo physical danger, Patti has undergone it for her, saving many a lovely hair-do from getting mussed and lovely neck from being broken. She and Russ have worked out an adagio routine which they do wearing skis, either on snow or water. Teddy, their nine-year-old, is already a considerable acrobat and an established beach regular.

> Everyone should drive a car. It's about the only way left to avoid being run down by one.
>
> FRANCES RODMAN

With the exception of Deforrest Most, whom everybody calls Moe, and who supervises Muscle for the Santa Monica Department of Recreation, there are no more regular and fervid Muscle Beachers than the Saunders family. Russ, in fact, is one of the beach's chief animating spirits. Born in Winnipeg, he took up physical culture when he was a kid because he felt that he had a dim personality and was being pushed around too much by other kids. He soon developed such a talent for it—acquiring the manly art of self-defense along the way—that while still an unknown stripling he won the Canadian senior national diving and tumbling championships. He later went to California, became an American citizen, and during the war served as a paratrooper sergeant with the 82nd Airborne Division. Russ has dark hair, blue eyes and a ruddy complexion; he weighs 175 pounds and is superbly built. Salvador Dali, the Spanish surrealist painter, used him as a model for his famous painting of the Crucifixion. The title of the picture is Assumpta Corpuscularia Lapislazulina and its technique, according to the artist, is explosive classicism. When he posed for this classic explosion, Russ was doing stunt work at Warner Brothers. He is not built the way the segment of Muscle Beachers known as body builders are; Russ looks more like a halfback than an advertisement for Lionel Strongfort or Charles Atlas.

As a stunt expert, Russ can do just about anything in the way of hair-raising falls or leaps, acrobatics, sword play or water work that any studio might want done. He has jumped off and on hurtling railroad trains, parachuted into blazing forests and narrowly escaped death by dynamite, donned tights and walked a high circus wire, taught judo to Kirk Douglas for the film, Melville Goodwin, U.S.A., and done all-around work for innumerable stars, including Gene Kelly, Tyrone Power, Alan Ladd, Richard Widmark, Charles Boyer, Danny Kaye and Clifton Webb.

Although they are in constant studio demand for their stunting virtuosities, Russ and Patti spend a great deal of time at Muscle Beach, where they work out with their friends at least four days each week and share their talents gratis and unstintingly with anyone who asks for guidance or collaboration. Some little girl temporarily short of front teeth will yell, "Hey, Russ, catch me for a birdie?" Russ may have just poised to start a maneuver out of Rube Goldberg, involving twelve performers and three teeterboards, that will fill the air with angels, stags, rolling barrels and doubled-up men spinning like kicked-off footballs, and finish, maybe, in a colossal human pyramid; but he will say, "O.K., honey. Soon as this routine's over."

Besides the teeterboards and the aforementioned L-shaped platform, other pieces of paraphernalia that attract the stranger's eye at Muscle Beach are two sets of flying rings, a high and a low; two sets of horizontal bars, a single and a double; a pair of parallel bars; and a sort of corral with a neoprene floor where the weight lifters and the body builders are confined. There is also a small shack which Moe Most, the supervisor, uses for an office; nearby are a couple of tennis tables, and three kitchen tables with chess boards cemented to their tops; for chess—though not checkers—is included in the Department of Recreation's curriculum.

The regulars at Muscle Beach are classified as amateurs—the Beachers call them recreationals—advanced amateurs and professionals. Many of the advanced amateurs could become professionals, if they wanted to, but they prefer to keep their civilian jobs, so to speak, and use the beach for their circus or stage.

Probably the best ring man at Muscle Beach these days is Barry Toward. He invents his own flyaways and does the flippus. To do the flippus, you get going on the rings and pump until you're about twenty-five feet up in the air, with your heels pointing at the sky. Then you let go, and on the way down you do a double somersault, forward or backward, then a half or full twist. It takes about five years of hard work to master the flippus. Barry is a TV repairman.

Every acrobatic or adagio act that plays Los Angeles or Hollywood checks in at Muscle Beach as soon as it hits town. Acts have been known to stay on in a night club for weeks, working for practically nothing, because they loved using the beach. It is an ideal place for a professional act to practice. A hard three-hour workout is about as much as an acrobat or dancer can take in a gymnasium or studio, but a five-hour workout is nothing at Muscle Beach. The beach's safety factor is also greatly esteemed by professionals, which is why you see stunts there that you'd never see on the stage or in a circus. When a pro wants to try something new or dangerous, he knows he can always find at least a half dozen good acrobats to stand by him while he's trying it. If anything goes wrong during the trick, they can spot it instantly and catch him or break his fall. "Hey, Johnny Collins, spot me for a flippus," you will hear a ring man say. The owner of a trucking business and a famed adagio and hand-balancing coach, weight lifter and high-mounting understander, Johnny is one of (*Continued on Page 140*)

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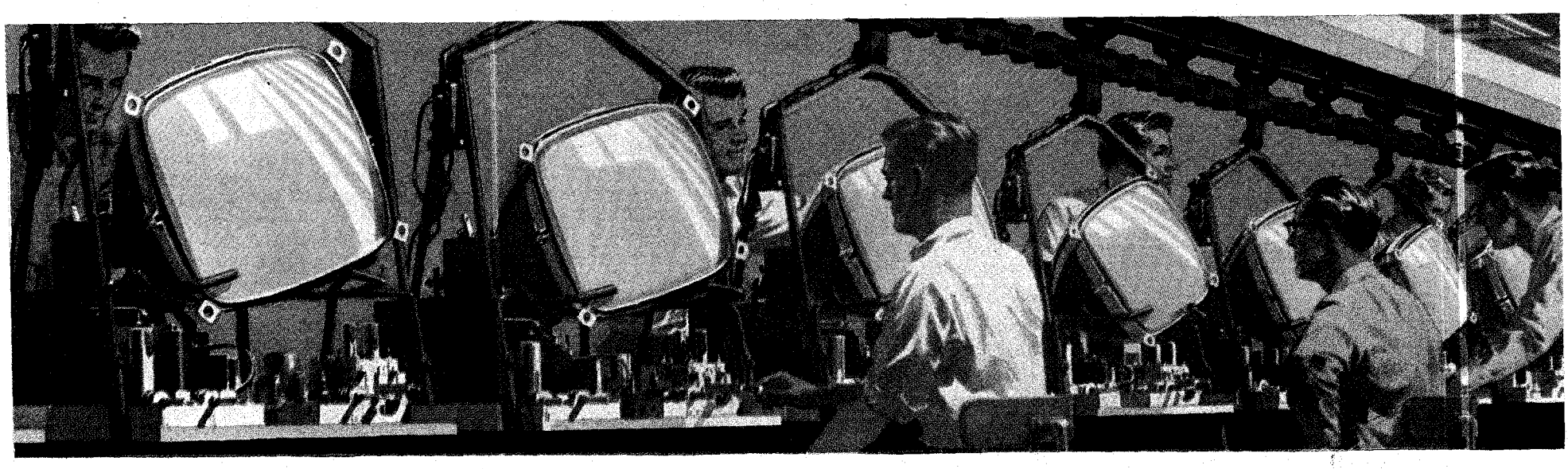
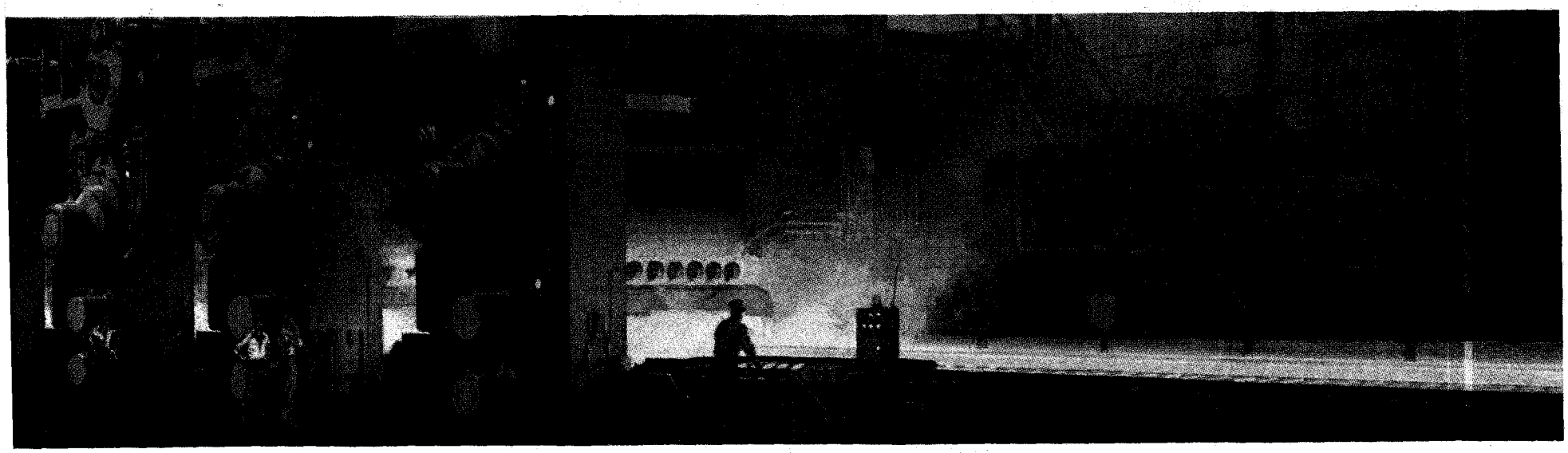
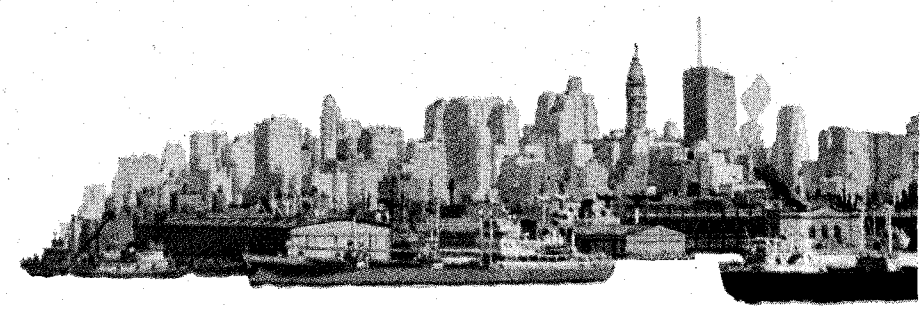
Diversification is good for business



and business is good in Greater Philadelphia



A widely diversified economy is one of the many advantages of the Greater Philadelphia area. Represented here are over 400 of the 460 different industries listed as basic by the U.S. Department of Commerce. This tends to insure industrial stability, as well as to attract men and women of many skills, assuring a dependable, responsible, and trained working force. All this, plus unequaled transportation facilities by land, sea, or air; a nearby market of huge proportions; readily available raw materials, and plenty of electric power for present and future needs—make it good business to consider Greater Philadelphia when you set your site for the future.



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(*Continued from Page 138*) Muscle Beach's leading old-timers; he could catch a falling Bronko Nagurski. One day Johnny was about to drive his car into the last available space on a parking lot when another car shot into the space ahead of him and the interloping driver gave him a smirk of triumph. Johnny got out of his own car and picked the interloper's car up by its hind bumper. "If you don't get this heap outta here," he bellowed, "I'll turn it over!" Stars like Johnny Collins and the professionals will do anything to help a recreational or a kid.

You hardly ever see a sand pile at Muscle Beach. Most of the kid regulars are too serious and too busy for such frivolous pastimes. If you so desire, Moe Most will start teaching acrobatic tricks to your child at the age of three. The last child sensation to comet across Muscle Beach and win not only national but international renown was a twelve-year-old named April Atkins, known as the Strongest Little Girl in the World. She could carry about 600 pounds of people on her back, as well as hang by her legs from the rings and lift Buford McFatridge, former Pacific Coast heavyweight weight-lifting champion, who scales at 200-odd and is a masseur at M-G-M. April was pretty and cute. A year or so ago, though, she discovered boys and lost all interest in becoming any stronger. I am told that April scarcely lifts anything heavier now than a telephone receiver. She was fortunate in having a sculptress for a mother and a father who is a violinist in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. Being civilized, they let her follow her own inclinations instead of insisting that she become a dinner bucket for their old age.

In point of numbers and gross displacement, weight lifting is the most flourishing Muscle Beach activity. Its Weight Lifters Club—dues three dollars a year—has nearly 1000 members, including a ladies' auxiliary of twenty. Ike Berger, gold-medalist in the 132-pound class, and Dave Sheppard, silver-medalist in the middle-heavyweight division, at the Melbourne Olympics, are members; so is Frank Spellman, who won the middleweight gold medal at London in 1948. At one time or another virtually every celebrated American strong man has worked out with the club.

President of the Weight Lifters Club is John Scott, a grave and well-spoken young man from Cape Town, South Africa, who works in the molding department of a plastics factory. He admits that weight lifting is not the crowd-pleasing sport in this country that it is in some parts of Europe and Asia—there are 5,000,000 weight lifters in the Soviet Union—and that it cannot be appreciated by the spectator unless he is versed in its finer points. But he insists that once it gets under a weight lifter's skin, weight lifting provides a thrill of achievement like nothing on earth. Perhaps Hercules felt this way when he captured the Nemean lion with his bare hands.

Unless the aspirant starts on a 100-pound bar bell at the age of thirteen or fourteen—the club has several boy wonders busy in the corral—it takes from five to ten years to make a good weight lifter. Many do not reach the height of their powers until they are nearing the age of forty; Scott predicts that Dave Sheppard, still in his twenties, has even greater triumphs ahead. At moments of crisis in a match, many weight lifters, to attain that extra something, work themselves into a calculated frenzy. The club has passed a resolution to stop using profanity in the corral; seemed like a good idea with all the kids hanging around.

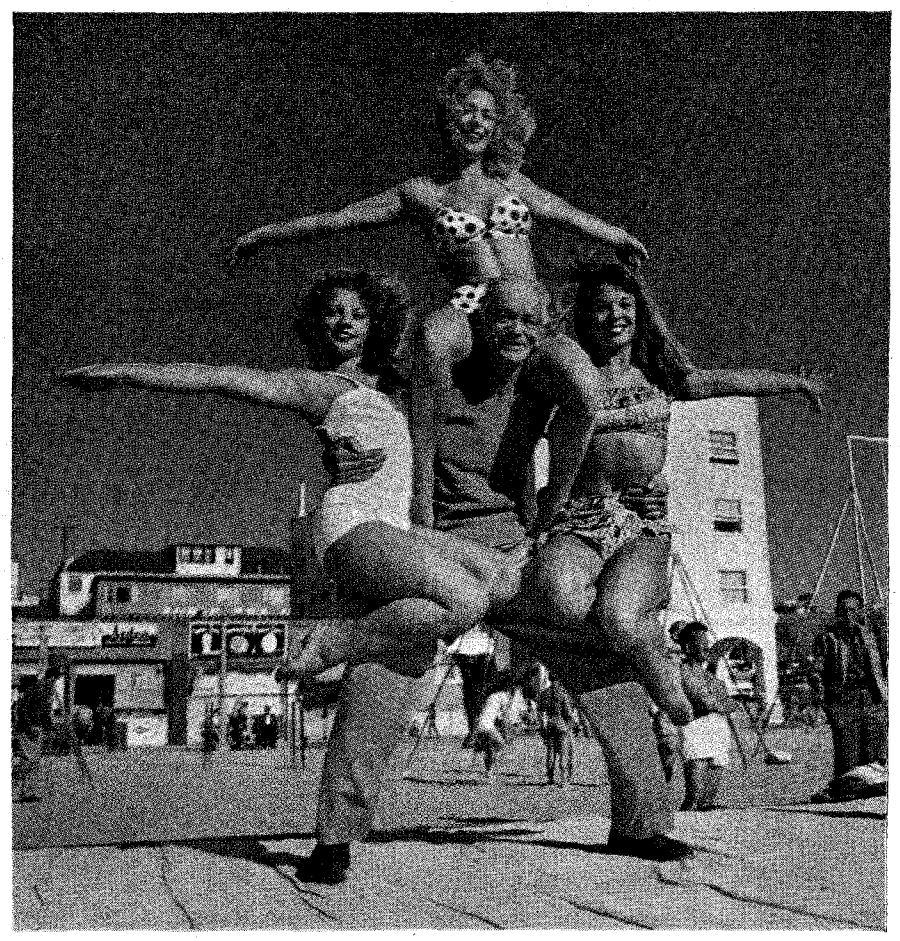
Finally, in the way of beach activists, there are the bodybuilders. One Sunday last fall I found three former Mr. Americas and one Mr. California there, embellishing the scenery. The cult of bodybuilding is the epitome, I suppose, of one form of the American Dream—to be able to make the biggest muscle in your neighborhood gang when you're a kid. Lionel Strongfort, Charles Atlas and the late Bernarr Macfadden made fortunes out of the dreamers. Although some Muscle Beach bodybuilders have become weight-lifting champions and others have entered professional wrestling, a tough racket, Moe assures me that in the main these muscle poppers are quiet, peace-loving fellows. A Muscle Beach adage declares that the huskiest man in any group is seldom the strongest.

Nobody believes this more unshakably than Barney Fry, the beach's veteran coach and talent fosterer, who is now sixty-eight years old. To back up his convictions he has invented and built a device to measure human horsepower; it is a rowing machine with elaborately calibrated gauges. The one to be measured rows the machine until he or she approaches apoplexy; when exhaustion is reached, one of the gauges registers what he or she is worth in terms of horses. Barney, who works at the Douglas plant as a machinist in sheet metal, is quite an inventor. Twenty years ago he dreamed and ran up a water bicycle that would go to ten miles per hour. He is now working on an improved model with which he hopes to race and beat a fully manned racing shell. "We'll get a short-legged guy to ride the bike," he says. "It's all a matter of leverage." Barney has killed a bear with an arrow; the arrow was not shot from a bow, but from a metal gizmo shaped like a huge slingshot, also of Barney's contriving. During my research for this scientific study, I actually swallowed one of Barney's vitamin pills, which are a compound of wheat, dates, prunes, soy beans, figs, apricots and peaches. Beverly Jocher was right.

Muscle Beachers don't take Barney's inventions very seriously, but they do respect him highly as one of the originals who helped give the beach its singular quality. The muscle phase of the beach was started in 1930 by a kindhearted widow named Kate Giroux and Vincent Shutt, the young football coach and math teacher at Santa Monica High School, who had been a star scatback at Pomona College. Their idea was to round up and entertain kids whose parents had been thrown out of work by the depression. They bought some equipment and Shutt organized games. An old piano box which they staked to the sand and padlocked was the forerunner of Moe's office and contained balls, bats, nets, horseshoes for pitching, and so forth. In its small way, this venture was a decided success. Later the beach became a WPA project in which leatherworking was taught; still later it was taken over by the Department of Recreation.

A circus of wrestlers playing Los Angeles began using the beach for workouts. One day Barney Fry appeared with a length of heavy rope and challenged any wrestler to a two-man tug-of-war. As he weighed only 150 pounds and had a rather hungry look about him, they laughed at him at first, but Barney ended up by dragging some of the most famous wrestlers of the era, among them Jim Londos, the Greek Chompion of Chompions, and Hans Steinke, the German Oak. Johnny Collins, who could lift a 200-pound man with one hand, sometimes used Steinke for a bar bell. Barney once dragged the entire University of Southern California's football squad, giant after giant. In 1912 he won the bag-punching championship of the world. He had a vaudeville act in which he used to punch the bag while standing on a slack wire. In the way of sports, Barney now coaches swimming at Santa Monica Military School and goes to the beach every weekend in search of likely looking youngsters.

For my money, though, the Muscle Beach hero of heroes is Deforrest Most. Moe is a neatly and beautifully built man—176 pounds; five feet eight and a quarter inches—going on forty, but could pass for under thirty. He has held the Pacific Coast weight-lifting championship at his weight and holds the world's record of fifty consecutive giant swings done with the bare hands. Some giant swingers wear gloves. To do a swing, you grasp a horizontal bar and make a complete revolution of your body. Lose your grip, and you're in bad trouble. Barney Fry claims that Moe is the most brilliant underneath man that ever performed at the beach. Moe is a modest fellow, but he does have one boast: "I've held some of the best head balancers in the world on my head." Head balancing, in which your partner stands on his head on your head, is one of the most difficult feats in acrobatics and takes years to learn. To retain his partner noggin-to-noggin, Moe wears a small circle of padded cloth, which is retained by strings tied under the chin. Acrobats call it the doughnut; its proper name is the grommet.



Barney Fry, dean of the muscle men, is the beach's talent scout and willing coach. Here he proves that at 68 he still has a way with the girls.

Moe was a star all-around athlete in high school—football, track, gymnastics—and started going to Muscle Beach when he was in the eleventh grade. During high school he became fascinated with Tahiti and read everything about it he could get his hands on. After graduation he made a trip there which stretched into a stay of six months. He lived with the natives, concentrating on surfboarding and the manipulation of outrigger canoes. "It was better than the books," Moe says. His brothers and sisters are lawyers, engineers or teachers, and his family wanted him to go to college. "But college graduates were grease monkeys in filling stations in those days, so I went to work for Douglas." With his savings he made another trip to Tahiti, then stopped off at British Samoa on his way back, living with the natives there, eating fruit and fish and berries. He taught the Samoans to stand on their hands and do front and back flips; although the Samoans were good swimmers, they knew nothing of diving, so Moe rigged up a diving board on a high rock and gave courses. Ten years ago he went to work for the Department of Recreation at $158 a month.

I suppose there are some people in this world who work harder than Moe does, but I am not personally acquainted with any of them. He'll very often go to Muscle Beach on his days off. At 9:30 in the morning he opens his office, raises the American flag, hangs up a bulletin board containing photographs of Muscle Beachers or newspaper clippings about them which he has collected, installs the nets on the tennis tables, sweeps the concrete areas, brings out the tumbling mats and opens the weight lockers for the weight lifters. At ten he starts his acrobatic class for children. Mothers bring him fat kids to be reduced or clumsy kids to be taught bodily grace or kids they hope Moe can turn into meal tickets. In the afternoon there is an acrobatic class for adults. A guy and his girl want to join because they think it looks so easy. Moe's expert glance tells him that the only thing easy for this pair will be their prompt discouragement. Moe can lift a girl off the ground and immediately ascertain whether or not she has any co-ordination, and therefore acrobatic possibilities. But he hides his inner feelings and starts the guy and his girl on the rudiments. In his quiet way, Moe is obligingness personified. He helps the pros and advanced amateurs with their stunts, encourages weight lifters, keeps an eye out for what he calls misfits and undesirables, treats cuts and bruises, teaches chess, organizes and takes part in the big free talent shows on weekends, which often draw crowds of 4000. You might say that Moe is Muscle Beach.

THE END

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No Blade of Grass (Continued from Page 53)

try the spark test, and if you don't fire, I'll go right down like a good little girl."

She came toward him. He said, "Don't be silly, Millicent."

She paused just short of him. "Nothing wrong with a good-night kiss, is there?" She put herself in his arms. He had to hold her or let her fall, and he held her. She was very warm, and softer to hold than he would have expected. She wriggled slightly against him.

"Spark test satisfactory, I think," she said.

They both turned at the sound of small stones falling. A figure rose above the embankment's edge and stood facing them.

Pirrie tapped his rifle, which he held under his arm. He said reprovingly, "Even carrying this, I very nearly surprised you. You are not as alert as a good sentry should be, Custance."

Millicent had disengaged herself. She said, "What do you think you're doing, wandering around in the middle of the night?"

"Would it be altogether inappropriate," Pirrie asked, "to put a similar question to you?"

She said scornfully, "I thought the eyeful you got the last time you spied on me had put you off."

Pirrie said, "The last several times I have borne with the situation as the lesser evil, I will grant that you have been discreet. Any action I might have taken could only have made my humiliation conspicuous, and I was always anxious to avoid that."

"Don't worry," Millicent said. "I'll go on being discreet."

John said, "Pirrie! Nothing has happened between your wife and me. Nothing is going to. The only thing I am concerned with is getting us all safely to Blind Gill."

In a musing tone, Pirrie said, "My natural inclination always was to kill her. But in normal society, murder is much too great a risk. I went so far as to make plans, and rather good ones, too, but I would never have carried them out."

Millicent said, "Henry! Don't start being silly!"

In the moonlight, John saw Pirrie lift his right hand and rub the fingers along the side of his nose. He said sharply, "That's enough of that!"

Deliberately, Pirrie released the safety catch on the rifle. John raised his shotgun.

"You realize, Stradlater, if you pull that trigger we'll be forced to dispense with your services."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No," Pirrie said calmly. "Put that gun down. You are very well aware that I could shoot a good deal more quickly than you. Put it down. I should not care to be provoked into a rash act."

John lowered the shotgun. In any case, it had been ridiculous, he thought, to envisage Pirrie as a figure out of an Elizabethan tragedy.

He said, "Things must be getting me down. It was a silly thought, wasn't it? If you'd really wanted to dish Millicent, there was nothing to stop you leaving her in London."

"A good point," Pirrie said, "but invalid. You must remember that although I joined your party, I did so with reservations as to the truth of the story Buckley asked me to believe. I was willing to engage with you in breaking out of the police cordon because I am extremely devoted to my liberty of action. That was all."

Millicent said, "You two can continue the chat. I'm going back to bed."

"No," Pirrie said softly, "stay where you are. Stay exactly where you are." He touched the barrel of his rifle, and she halted the movement she had just begun. "I may say that I gave serious, if brief, consideration to the idea of leaving Millicent behind in London. One reason for rejecting it was my assurance that, if nothing worse occurred than civil breakdown, Millicent would manage very well by dint of offering her erotic services to the local gang leader. I did not care for the idea of abandoning her to what might prove an extremely successful career."

"Would it have mattered?" John asked.

"I am not," said Pirrie, "a person on whom shame sits lightly. There is a strain in my make-up that some might describe as primitive. Tell me, Custance. We are agreed that the process of law no longer exists in this country?"

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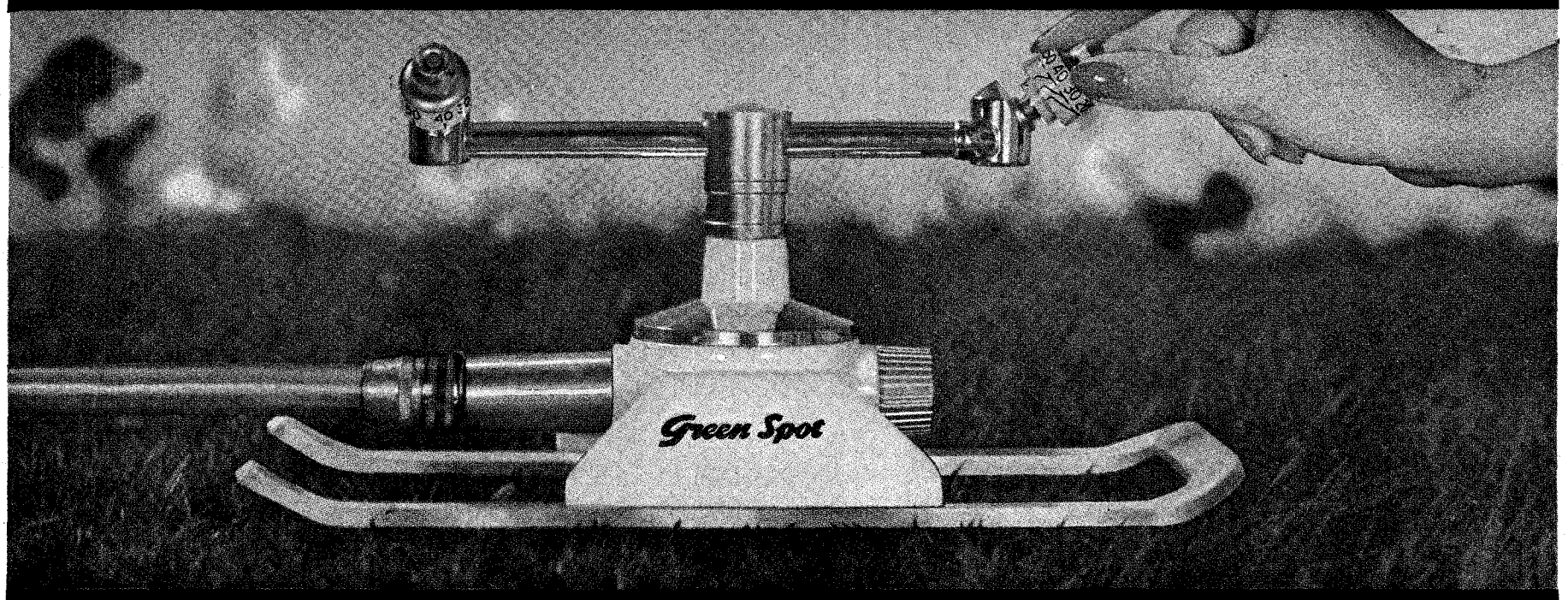

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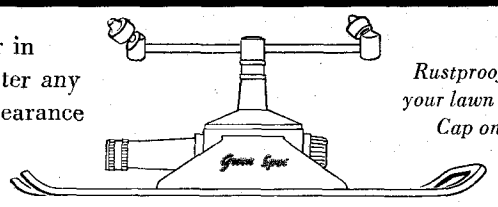

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"If it does, we'll all hang."

"Exactly. Now, if state law fails, what remains?"

John said carefully, "The law of the group, for its own protection."

"And of the family?"

"Within the group. The needs of the group come first."

"And the head of the family?" Millicent began to laugh, a nervous, almost hysterical laugh. "Amuse yourself, my dear," Pirrie continued. "I like to see you happy. . . . Well, Custance. The man is the proper head of his family group. Are we still agreed?"

There was only one direction in which the insane, relentless logic could be heading. John said, "Yes. Within the group." He hesitated. "I am in charge here. The final say is mine."

He thought Pirrie smiled, but in the dim light it was difficult to be sure. Pirrie said, "The final say is here." He tapped the rifle. "I can, if I wish, destroy the group. I am a wronged husband, Custance—a jealous one, perhaps, or a proud one. I am determined to have my rights. I hope you will not gainsay me, for I should not like to have to oppose you."

"You know the way to Blind Gill now," John said, "but you might have difficulty getting entry without me."

"I have a good weapon, and I can use it. I believe I should find employment quite readily."

There was a pause. In the silence there came a sudden bubbling lift of a bird song; with a shock, John recognized it as a nightingale.

"Well," Pirrie said, "do you concede me my rights?"

Moonlight silvered the barrel as it swung to cover John again. Suddenly he was afraid—not only for himself but for Ann and the children also. There was no doubt about Pirrie's implacability.

"Take your rights," he said.

In a voice shocked and unfamiliar, Millicent said, "No! Not here!"

She ran toward Pirrie, stumbling awkwardly over the railway lines. He waited until she was almost on him before he fired. Her body spun backward with the force of the bullet and lay across one of the lines. From the hills, the echoes of the shot cracked back.

John walked across the lines, passing close by the body. Pirrie had put down his rifle. John stood beside him and looked down the embankment. They had all awakened with the sound of the shot.

He called down, "It's all right! Everybody go to sleep again! Nothing to worry about!"

Pirrie turned and looked at him. "I think I will turn in too."

John said sharply, "You can give me a hand with this first. We can't leave it here for the women to brood over while they're on watch."

Pirrie nodded. "The river?"

"Too shallow. It would probably stick. And I don't think it's a good idea to pollute water supplies anyway. Down the embankment on the other side of the river. I should think that will do."

They carried the body along the line to a point about two hundred yards west. It was light, but the going was difficult. John was relieved when the time came to throw it down the embankment. There were bushes at the foot; it landed among them. It was possible to see a patch of Millicent's dress but, in the moonlight, nothing more.

John and Pirrie walked back together in silence. When they reached the sentry point, John said, "You can go down now. But I shall tell Olivia to wake you for what would have been your wife's shift. No objections, I take it?"

Pirrie said mildly, "Of course. Whatever you say." He tucked his rifle under his arm. "Good night, Custance."

"Good night," John said.

He watched Pirrie slithering his way down the slope toward the others. He could have been mistaken, of course. It might have been possible to save Millicent's life. He was surprised to find that the thought did not worry him.

In the morning a subdued air was evident. John had told them that Pirrie had shot Millicent, but had let the children think it was an accident. He gave a full account to Roger, who shook his head.

"Cool, isn't he? We certainly picked up something when we adopted him."

"Yes," John said, "we did."

"Are you going to have trouble, do you think?"

"Not so long as I let him have his own way," John said. "Fortunately, his needs seem fairly modest. He felt he had a right to kill his own wife."

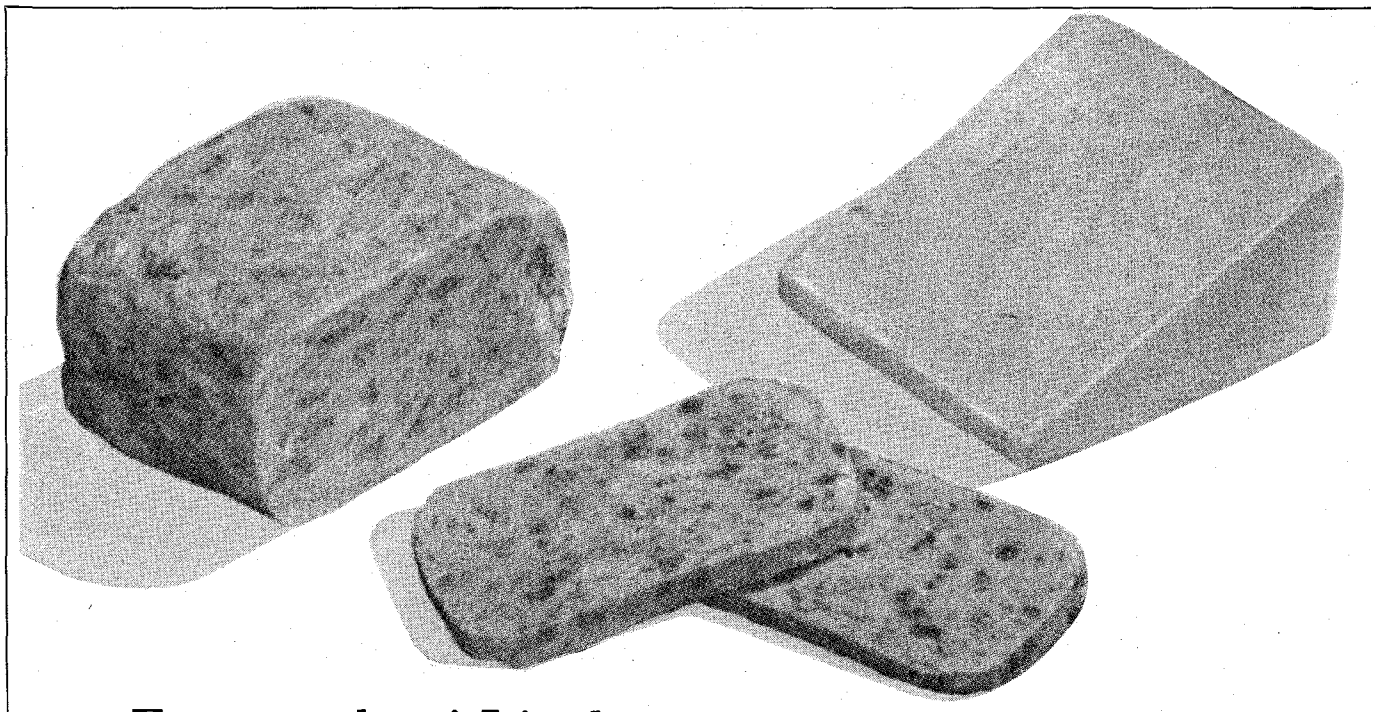
Ann came down to him later, when he was washing in the river. She stood beside him and looked at the tumbling waters. The sun was shining the length of the valley, but there were clouds directly above them, large and close pressed.

"Where did you put her body?" she asked him. "Before I send the children down to wash."

"Well away from here. You can send them down."

She looked at him without expression. "You might as well tell me what happened. Pirrie isn't the sort to have accidents with a rifle or to kill without a reason."

He told her, making no attempt to hide anything.



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She said, "And if Pirrie had not appeared just at that moment?"

He shrugged. "I would have sent her back down, I think. What else can I say?"

"Nothing, I suppose. It doesn't matter now." She shot the question at him suddenly, "Why didn't you save her?"

"I couldn't. Pirrie had made up his mind. I would only have got myself shot as well."

She said bitterly, "You're the leader. Are you going to stand by and let people murder each other?"

He looked at her. His voice was cold. "I thought my life was worth more to you and the children than Millicent's. I still think so, whether you agree or not."

For a moment they faced each other in silence; then Ann came a step toward him, and he caught her. He heard her whisper, "Darling, I'm sorry. You know I didn't mean that. But it's so terrible, and it goes on getting worse. To kill his wife like that —— What kind of a life is it going to be for us?"

"When we get to Blind Gill ——"

"We shall still have Pirrie with us, shan't we? Oh, John, must we? Can't we—lose him somehow?"

He said gently, "It will be different in the valley. We shall have our own law and order. Pirrie will conform."

"Will he?"

He stroked her arms. "You," he said. "How is it now? Not quite so bad?"

She shook her head. "Not quite so bad. I suppose one gets used to everything, even memories."

By seven o'clock they were all together, and ready to set out. The clouds which had come over the sky still showed gaps of blue, but they had spread far enough to the east to hide the sun.

"Weather less promising," Roger said.

"We don't want it too hot," John said. "We have a climb in front of us. Everything ready?"

Pirrie said, "I should like Jane to walk with me."

They stared at him. The request was so odd as to be meaningless in itself. John had not thought it necessary to have the party walk in any particular order, with the result that they straggled along in whatever way they chose. Jane had automatically taken up her position alongside Olivia again.

John said, "Why?"

Pirrie gazed round the little circle with untroubled eyes. "Perhaps I should put it another way. I have decided that I should like to marry Jane—insofar as the expression has any meaning now."

Olivia said, with a sharpness quite out of keeping with her usual manner, "Don't be ridiculous. There can't be any question of that."

Pirrie said mildly, "I see no bar. Jane is an unmarried girl and I am a widower."

Jane, John saw, was looking at Pirrie with wide and intent eyes; it was impossible to read her expression.

Ann said, "Mr. Pirrie, you killed Millicent last night. Isn't that enough bar?"

The boys were watching the scene in fascination; Mary turned her head away. It had been silly, John thought wearily, to imagine that this was a world in which any kind of innocence could be preserved.

"No," Pirrie said, "I don't regard it as a bar."

Roger said, "You also killed Jane's father."

Pirrie nodded. "An unfortunate necessity. I'm sure Jane has resigned herself to that."

John said, "I suggest we leave things over for now, Pirrie. Jane knows your mind. She can think about it for the next day or two."

"No." Pirrie put out his hand. "Come here, Jane."

Jane stood, still gazing at him. Olivia said, "Leave her alone. You're not to touch her. You've done enough, without adding this."

Pirrie ignored her. He repeated, "Come here, Jane. I am not a young man, nor a particularly handsome one. But I can look after you, which is more than many young men could do in the present circumstances."

Ann said, "Look after her or murder her?"

"Millicent," Pirrie said, "had been unfaithful to me a number of times, and was attempting to be so again. That is the only reason for her being dead."

Incredulously, Ann said, "You speak as though women were another kind of creature—less than human."

Pirrie said courteously, "I'm sorry if you think so. . . . Jane! Come with me!"

They watched in silence as, slowly, Jane went over to where Pirrie waited for her. Pirrie took her hands in his. He said, "I think we shall get on very well together."

Olivia said, "No, Jane, you mustn't!"

"And now," said Pirrie, "I think we can move off."

"Roger! John!" Olivia said. "Stop him!"

Roger looked at John. John said, "I don't think it's anything to do with the rest of us."

"What if it had been Mary?" Olivia said. "Jane has rights as much as any of us."

"You're wasting your time, Olivia," John said. "It's a different world we're living in. The girl went over to Pirrie of her own free will. There's nothing else to be said. Off we go now."

Ann walked beside him as they set off, walking along the railway line. The valley narrowed sharply ahead of them, and the road to the north veered in toward them.

"There's something horrible about Pirrie," Ann said. "A coldness and a brutality. It's terrible to think of putting that young girl in his hands."

"She did go to him voluntarily."

"Because she was afraid! The man's a killer!"

"We all are."

"Not in the same way. You didn't make any attempt to stop it, did you? You and Roger could have stopped him. It wasn't like the business with Millicent. You were only a couple of feet from him."

"And he had the safety catch on. Either of us could have shot him."

"Well?"

"If there had been ten Janes and he had wanted them all, he could have had them. Pirrie's worth more to us than they would be."

"And if it had been Mary, as Olivia said?"

"Pirrie would have shot me before he mentioned the matter. He could have done so last night, you know, and very easily. I may be the leader here, but we're still kept together by mutual consent. It doesn't matter whether that consent is inspired by fear or not, as long as it holds. Pirrie and I are not going to frighten each other; we each know the other's necessary. If either of us were put out of action, it might mean the difference between getting to the valley and not."

She said intensely, "And when we get there—will you be prepared to deal with Pirrie then?"

"Wait till we get there. As to that ——" He smiled, and she noticed it.

"What?"

"I don't think Jane's the kind of girl to remain afraid for long. She will shake herself out of it. And when she does —— I wouldn't trust her on night watch. Pirrie proposes to marry her. It seems odd to think of Pirrie as being overtrustful. All the same, he's already been mistaken in one wife."

"Even if she wanted to," Ann said, "what could she do? He may not look much, but he's strong."

"That's up to you and Olivia, isn't it? You keep the cutlery items."

She looked at him, trying to estimate how seriously the remark had been intended.

"But not until we get to the valley," he said. "She will have to put up with him until then, at any rate."

As they climbed up to Mossdale Head, the sky darkened continually, and gusts of rain swept in their faces. These increased as they neared the ridge, and they breasted it to see the western sky black and stormy over the rolling moors.

The rain thickened as they walked on. Within half an hour, men and boys were both soaked. John had crossed the Pennines by this route before, but only by car. There had been a sense of isolation about the pass even then, a feeling of being in a country swept of life, despite the road and the railway line that hugged it.

That feeling now was more than doubly intensified. The moors themselves were barer, of course. The heather still grew, but the moorland grasses were gone; the outcrops of rocks jutted like teeth in the head of a skull.

During the morning they passed occasional small parties heading in the opposite direction. Once again there was mutual suspicion and avoidance. One group of three had their belongings strapped on a donkey. John and the others stared at it with amazement. Someone presumably had kept it alive on dry fodder after the other beasts of burden were killed along with the cattle, but once away from its barn, it would have to starve.

Pirrie said, "We could relieve them of it."

"No," John said. "It isn't worth our while, in any case. We've got enough meat to last us, and we should reach Blind Gill tomorrow. It would only be unnecessary weight."

Steve began limping shortly afterward, and examination showed him to have a blistered heel.

Olivia said, "Steve! Why didn't you say something when it first started hurting?"

He looked at the adult faces surrounding him, and his nine-year-old assurance deserted him. He began to cry.

"There's nothing to cry about, old man," Roger said. "A blistered heel is bad luck, but it's not the end of the world."

"If I couldn't walk I thought you might leave me."

Roger and Olivia looked at each other. Roger said, "Nobody's going to leave you. How on earth could you think that?" (*Continued on Page 146*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The penalty against a "quick return pitch" has, for unknown reasons, disappeared from the rule book. Here, in hypothetical major-league setting, is a complication which could follow.

Say the Cubs come to bat in the last of the eighth at Chicago, trailing the Pirates, 2–0. Walt Moryn scratches an infield single. Moryn takes second as Gene Baker grounds out to the first baseman.

The Pirate pitcher tallies two straight strikes on Ernie Banks. He then fires the ball back the instant it reaches his hand. Obviously it is a "quick return pitch" intended to catch the batter off balance for a third strike.

Banks, however, hastily pushes his bat forward, thumps a slow grounder to the Pirate shortstop and beats out the peg to first base. Moryn meanwhile holds at second.

If you were the umpire, what would you do?

See page 146 for answer

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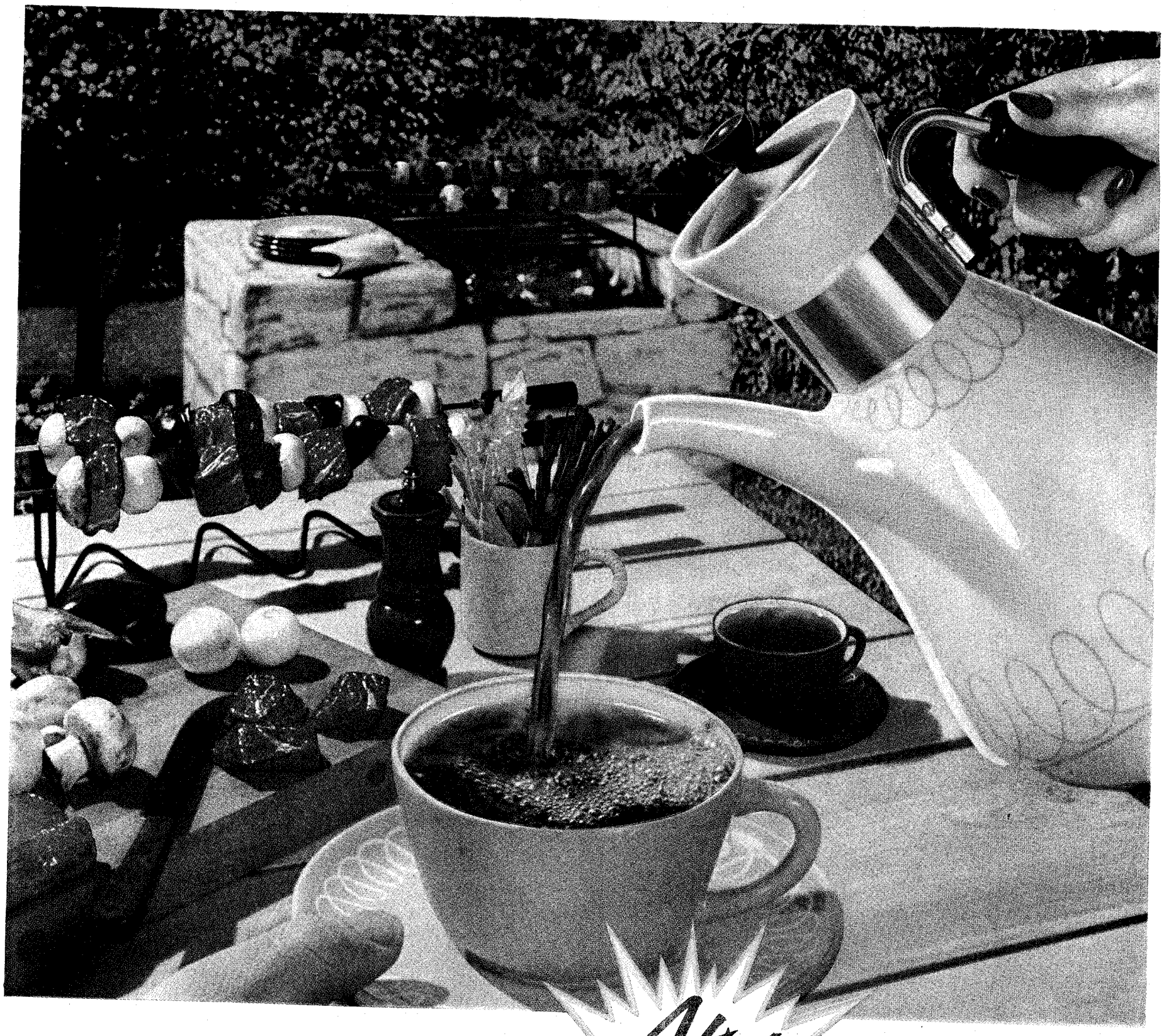

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(*Continued from Page 144*) "Mr. Pirrie left Millicent," Steve said to Roger.

John intervened. "He'd better not walk on it. It will only get worse."

"I'll carry him," Roger said. . . . "Spooks, will you carry my gun for me?"

Spooks nodded. "I'd like to."

"You and I will take him in turns, Rodge," John said. "We'll manage him all right. Good job he's a little un."

Olivia said, "Roger and I can take the turns. He's our boy. We can carry him."

She had not spoken to John since the incident of Jane and Pirrie. John said to her, "Olivia, I do the arranging around here. Roger and I will carry Steve. You can take the pack of whoever happens to be doing it at the time."

Their eyes held for a moment, and then she turned away.

Roger said, "All right, old son. Up you get."

Their progress immediately after this was a little faster, since Steve had been acting as a brake, but John was not deceived by it. The carrying of a passenger, even a boy as small as Steve, added to their difficulties. He kept them going until they had nearly got to the end of Garsdale, before he called a halt for their midday meal.

The wind, which had been carrying the rain into their faces, had dropped, but the rain itself was still falling, and in a steadier and more soaking downpour. John looked round the unpromising scene.

"Anybody see a cave and a pile of firewood stacked inside? I thought not. A cold snack today, and water. And we can rest our legs a little."

Ann said, "Couldn't we find somewhere dry to eat it?"

About fifty yards along the road there was a small house, standing back. John followed her gaze toward it.

"It might be empty," he said. "But we should have to go up to it and find out, shouldn't we? And then it might not be empty, after all. I don't mind us taking risks when it's for something we must have, like food, but it isn't worth it for half an hour's shelter."

"Davey's soaked," she said.

"Half an hour won't dry him out. And that's all the time we can spare." He called to the boy, "How are you, Davey? Wet?"

Davey nodded. "Yes, dad."

"Try laughing dryly."

It was an old joke. Davey did his best to smile at it. John went over and rumpled his wet hair.

"You're doing fine," he said. "Really fine."

The western approach to Garsdale had been through a narrow strip of good grazing land, which now, in the steady rain, was a band of mud, studded here and there with farm buildings. They looked down to Sedbergh, resting between hills and valley on the other side of the Rawthey. Smoke lay above it and drifted westward along the edge of the moors. Sedbergh was burning.

"Looters," Roger said.

John swung his glasses over the stone-built town. "We're meeting the north-western stream now, and they've had the extra day to get here. All the same, it's a bit of a shaker. I thought this part would still be quiet."

"It might not be so bad," Roger said, "if we cut north straight away and get past on the higher ground. It might not be so bad up in the Lune valley."

Pirrie said, "When a town like that goes under, I should expect all the valleys around to be in a dangerous condition. It is not going to be easy." He glanced at John speculatively. "If I may offer a comment, I think we are underarmed for the conditions that lie ahead. Those people with the donkey; we should probably have got a gun or two out of them, apart from the animal. They would hardly have had the temerity to travel as they were doing, unarmed."

Roger said, "It might not be so bad as it looks. We shall have to make the effort, anyway."

John looked out over the confluence of valleys and rivers. "I don't know. We may find ourselves walking into something we can't cope with. It might be too late then."

"We can't stay here, can we?" said Roger. "And we can't go back, so we must go forward."

John turned toward Pirrie. He realized, as he did so, that, although Roger might be his friend, Pirrie was his lieutenant. It was Pirrie's coolness and judgment on which he had come to rely.

"I think we need more than just guns. There aren't enough of us. If we're going to be sure of getting to Blind Gill, we shall have to snowball. What do you think?"

Pirrie nodded, considering the point. "I'm inclined to agree. Three men are no longer an adequate number for defense."

Roger said impatiently, "What do we do then? Hang out a banner with a sign on it: 'Recruits Welcomed'?"

"I suggest we make a halt here," John said. "We're still on the pass, and we'll get parties going both ways across the Pennines. They will be less likely to be downright looters too. The looters will be happy enough down in the valleys."

They again looked down the vista their position commanded. Even in the rain it was very picturesque. And even in the rain the houses down there were burning.

Pirrie said thoughtfully, "We could ambush parties as they came through; there's enough cover about a hundred yards back."

"There aren't enough of us to make a press gang," John said. "We need volunteers. After all, if they have guns we should have to give them back to them."

Roger said, "What do we do, then? Make camp by the side of the road?"

"Yes," John said. He looked at his bedraggled group of followers. "Let's hope not for long."

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 144

Send Banks back to bat with a two-nothing count, but move Moryn to third base.

Although you won't find it spelled out in the rules, a "quick return pitch" is a balk. In the absence of Section 8.05n, which covered such pitches last year, the official interpretation is that Section 8.05e on illegal pitches applies.

If Moryn had advanced to third on Banks' hit, however, no balk would have been called and Banks would have retained credit for his safety under Section 8.05 Penalty.

They had to wait over an hour for their first encounter, and then it was a disappointing one. They saw a little party struggling up the road from the valley and, as they drew nearer, could see that they were eight in number. They were four women, two children—a boy about eight and a girl who looked younger—and two men. They were wheeling two perambulators stacked high with household goods; a saucepan fell off when they were about fifty yards away and rolled away with a clatter. One of the women stooped down wearily to pick it up. The two men, like their womenfolk, looked miserable and scared. One of them was well over fifty; the other, although quite young, was physically weedy.

Pirrie said, "I hardly think there is anything here that will be to our advantage."

He and Roger were standing with John on the road itself, holding their guns. The women and children were resting on a flat-topped stone wall nearby.

John shook his head. "I think you're right. No weapons, either, I should think. One of the kids may have a water pistol."

The approaching party stopped when they caught sight of the three men standing in the road, but after a whispered consultation and a glance backward into the smoldering valley, they came on again. Fear stood on them more markedly now. The older man walked in front and tried to look unconcerned, with poor success. The girl began to cry, and one of the women tugged at her, simultaneously frantic and furtive, as though afraid the noise would in some way betray them.

They stopped a short distance away. The older man said, "We wondered if you was waiting for anything up here—if there was anything we could tell you, maybe."

John's eyes examined him. A manual worker of some kind; the sort of man who would give a lifetime's faithful inefficient service. On his own, under the new conditions, he would have small chance of survival.

"No," John said. "There's nothing you can tell us."

"We was heading across the Pennines," the man went on. "We reckoned it might be quieter over in those parts. We thought we might find a farm or something, out of the way, where they'd let us work and give us some food. We wouldn't want much."

A few months ago the pipe dream had probably been a £75,000 win on the football pools. Their chances of that had been about as good as the chances of their more modest hopes were now. He looked at the four women; they were all bedraggled. The two children had wandered away, in the direction of the wall where Ann and the others were sitting. The boy was wearing canvas tennis shoes which were wet through.

John said harshly, "You'd better get on, then, hadn't you?"

The man persisted, "You think we might find a place like that?"

"You might," John said.

"All this trouble," one of the women said. "It won't last long, will it?"

Roger looked down into the valley. "Only till hell freezes over."

"Where was you thinking of heading?" asked the older man. "Were you thinking of going into Yorkshire as well?"

John said, "No. We've come from there."

"We're not bothered about which way we go, for that matter. We only thought it might be quieter across the Pennines."

"Yes. It might."

The mother of the two children spoke. "What my father means is: Do you think we could go whichever way you're going? It would mean there was more of us, if we ran into any trouble. I mean, you must be looking for a quiet place too. You're respectable people, not like those down there. Respectable folk should stick together at a time like this."

"How long have you been on the road?" John asked her.

She looked puzzled. "We started this morning. We could see fires in Sedbergh, and they were burning the Follins farm, and that's not more than three miles from the village."

"We've had three days' start on you. We aren't respectable any longer. We've killed people on our way here, and we may have to kill more. I think you'd better carry on by yourselves, as you were doing."

They stared at him. The older man said at last, "I suppose you had to. I suppose a man's got to save himself and his family any way he can. If you've got to do things, then you've got to."

John did not reply. At the wall, the two children were playing with the others, scrambling up and along the wall and down in a complicated kind of obstacle race. Ann saw his glance and rose to come toward him.

"Can we go with you?" the man said. "We'll do as you say. I don't mind killing if it's necessary, and we can do our share of the work."

"How many guns have you got?" John asked.

He shook his head. "We haven't got any guns."

"We've got three, to look after six adults and four children. Even that isn't enough. That's why we're waiting here—to find others who've got guns and who will join up with us. I'm sorry, but we can't take passengers."

"We wouldn't be passengers! I can turn my hand to most things. I can shoot, if you can come by another gun. I was a sharpshooter in the Fusiliers."

"If you were by yourself, we might have you. As it is, with four women and two more children —— We can't afford to take on extra handicaps."

The rain had stopped, but the sky remained gray and formless, and it was rather cold. The younger man, who had still not spoken, shivered and pulled his dirty raincoat more tightly round him.

The other man said desperately, "We've got food. In the pram, half a side of bacon."

"We have enough. We killed to get it, and we can kill again."

The mother said, "Don't turn us down. Think of the children. You wouldn't turn us down with the children."

"I'm thinking of my own children," John said. "If I were able to think of any others, there would be millions I could think of. If I were you, I should get moving. If you're going to find your quiet place, you want to find it before the mob does."

They looked at him, understanding what he said, but unwilling to believe that he could be refusing them.

Ann said, close beside him, "We could take them, couldn't we? The children ——" He looked at her. "Yes, I haven't forgotten what I said—about Spooks. I was wrong."

"No," John said. "You were right. There's no place for pity now."

With horror, she said, "Don't say that."

He gestured toward the smoke rising in the valley. "Pity always was a luxury. It's all right if the tragedy's a comfortable distance away—if you can watch it from a seat in the cinema. It's different when you find it on your doorstep—on every doorstep."

Olivia had also come over from the wall. Jane, (*Continued on Page 148*)

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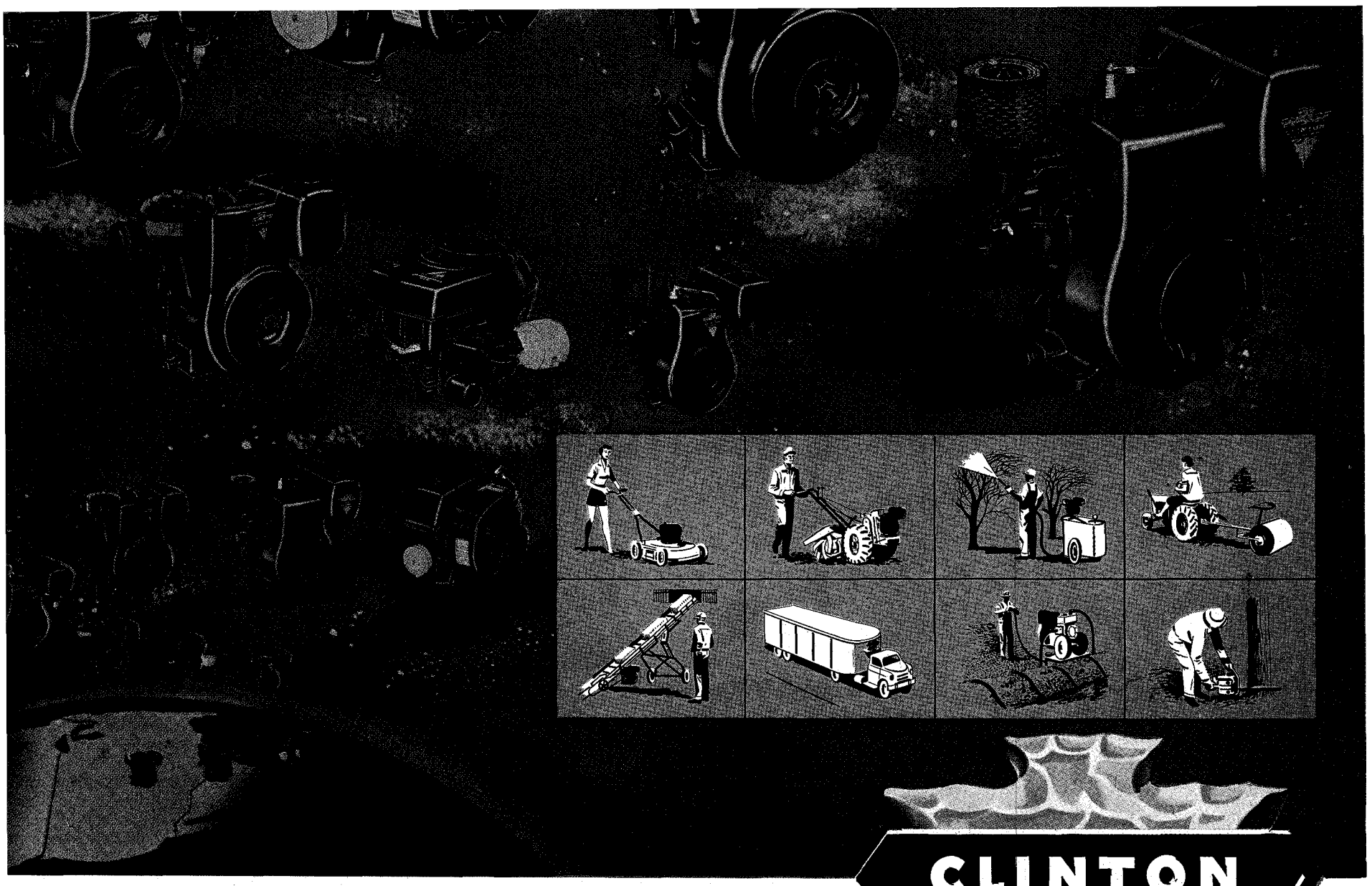

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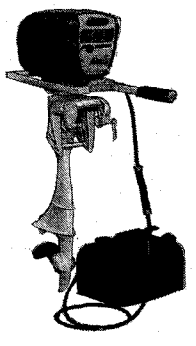

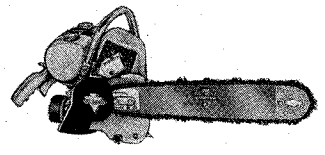

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(*Continued from Page 146*) who had made little response to Olivia, following her morning of walking with Pirrie, also left the wall, but went and stood near Pirrie. He glanced at her, but said nothing.

Olivia said, "I can't see that it would hurt to let them tag along. And they might be some help."

"They let the boy come on the road in tennis shoes," John said, "in this weather. You should have understood by now, Olivia, that it's not only the weakest but the least efficient as well who are going to go to the wall. They couldn't help us; they could hinder."

The boy's mother said, "I told him to put his boots on. We didn't see that he hadn't until we were a couple of miles from the village. And then we daren't go back."

John said wearily, "I know. I'm simply saying that there's no scope for forgetting to notice things any more. If you didn't notice the boy's feet, you might not notice something more important. And every one of us might die as a result. I don't feel like taking the chance. I don't feel like taking any chances."

Olivia said, "Roger ——"

Roger shook his head. "Things have changed in the last three days. When Johnny and I tossed that coin for leadership, I didn't take it seriously. But he's the boss now, isn't he? He's willing to take it all on his conscience, and that lets the rest of us out. He's probably right, anyway."

The newcomers had been following the interchange with fascination. Now the older man, seeing in Roger's acquiescence the failure of their hopes, turned away, shaking his head. The mother of the children was not so easily shaken off.

"We can follow you," she said. "We can stay here till you move and then follow you. You can't stop us doing that."

John said, "You'd better go now. It won't do any good talking."

"No, we'll stay! You can't make us go!"

Pirrie intervened, for the first time. "We cannot make you go, but we can make you stay here after we've gone." He touched his rifle. "I think you would be wiser to go now."

The woman said, but lacking conviction, "You wouldn't do it."

Ann said bitterly, "He would. We depend on him. You'd better go."

The woman looked into both their faces; then she turned and called to her children, "Bessie! Wilf!"

They detached themselves from the others with reluctance. It was like any occasion on which children meet and then, at the whim of their parents, must break away again, their friendship only tentatively begun. Ann watched them come.

She said to John, "Please ——"

He shook his head. "I have to do what's best for us. There are millions of others; these are only the ones we see."

"Charity is for those we see."

"I told you. Charity, pity—they come from a steady income and money to spare. We're all bankrupt now."

Pirrie said, "Custance! Up the road there!"

Between Baugh Fell and Rise Hill, the road ran straight for about three quarters of a mile. There were figures on it, coming down toward them. This was a large party—seven or eight men, with women and some children. They walked with confidence along the crown of the road, and even at that distance they were accompanied by what looked like a glint of guns.

John said with satisfaction, "That's what we want."

Roger said, "If they'll talk. They may be the kind that shoot first. We could get over behind the wall before we try opening the conversation."

"If we did, it might give them reason to shoot first."

"The women and children then."

"Same thing. Their own are out in the open."

The older man of the other party said, "Can we stay with you till these have gone past, then?"

John was on the verge of refusing when Pirrie caught his eye. He nodded his head very slightly. John caught the point: a temporary augmentation, if only in numbers and not in strength, might be a bargaining point.

He said indifferently, "If you like."

They watched the new group approach. Most of the men seemed to be carrying guns. John could eventually make out a couple of army pattern 303 rifles, a Winchester repeater and the inevitable shotguns. With increasing assurance, he thought, *This is it.* This was enough to get them through any kind of chaos to Blind Gill. There only remained the problem of winning them over.

He had hoped they would halt a short distance away, but they had neither suspicion nor doubts of their own ability to meet any challenge, and they came on. Their leader was a burly man with a heavy red face. He wore a leather belt with a revolver stuck in it. As he came abreast of where John's party stood by the side of the road, he glanced at them indifferently. It was another good sign that he did not covet their guns, or not enough, at least, even to contemplate fighting for them.

John called to him, "Just a minute!"

He stopped and looked at John with a deliberation of movement that was impressive. His accent, when he spoke, was thickly Yorkshire. "You wanted summat?"

"My name's John Custance. We're heading for a place I know, up in the hills. My brother's got land there, in a valley that's blocked at one end and only a few feet wide at the other. Once in there, you can keep an army out. Are you interested?"

He considered for a moment. "What are you telling us for?"

John pointed down toward the valley. "Things are nasty down there. Too nasty for a small party like ours. We're looking for recruits."

The man grinned. "Happen we're not looking for a change. We're doin' all right."

"You're doing all right now," John said, "while there are potatoes in the ground and meat to be looted from farmhouses. But it won't be too long before the meat's used up, and there won't be any to follow it. You won't find potatoes in the fields next year either."

"We'll look after that when the time comes."

"I can tell you how. By cannibalism. Are you looking forward to it?"

The man said, "Maybe we'll have the taste for it by then. I don't think as I could fancy you at the moment."

"It's up to you," John said. He looked past him to where the women and children were; there were five women and four children, their ages varying between five and fifteen. "Those who can't find a piece of land which they can hold are going to end up by being savages, if they survive at all. That may suit you. It doesn't suit us."

"I'll tell you what doesn't suit me, mister—a lot of talk. I never had no time for gabbers."

"You won't need to talk at all in a few years," John said. "You'll be back to grunts and sign language. I'm talking because I've got something to tell you, and if you've got any sense you will see it's to your advantage to listen."

"Our advantage, eh? It wouldn't be yours you're thinking about?"

"I'd be a fool if it wasn't. But you stand to get more out of it. We want temporary help so that we can get to my brother's place. We're offering you a place where you can live in something like peace, and rear your children to be something better than wild animals."

The man glanced round at his followers, as though sensing an effect that John's words were having on them. He said, "Still talk. You think we're going to take you on and find ourselves on a wild-goose chase up in the hills?"

"Have you got a better place to go to? Have you got anywhere to go to, for that matter? What harm can it possibly do you to come along with us and find out?"

He stared at John, still hostile, but baffled. At last, he turned to his followers. "What do you reckon of it?" he said to them.

Before anyone spoke, he must have read the answer in their expressions.

"Wouldn't do any harm to go and have a look," a dark, thickset man said. There was a murmur of agreement.

The red-faced man turned back to John. "Right," he said. "You can show us the way to this valley of your brother's. We'll see what we think of it when we get there. Whereabouts is it, anyway?"

Unprepared to reveal the location of Blind Gill or even to name it, John was getting ready an evasive answer, when Pirrie intervened. He said coolly, "That's Mr. Custance's business, not yours. He's in charge here. Do as he tells you, and you will be all right."

John heard a gasp of dismay from Ann. He himself found it hard to see a justification for Pirrie's insolence, both of manner and content; it could only reconfirm the leader of the other group in his hostility. He thought of saying something to take the edge off the remark, but was stopped both by the realization that he wouldn't be likely to mend the situation, and by the trust he had come to have in Pirrie's judgment. Pirrie, undoubtedly, knew what he was doing.

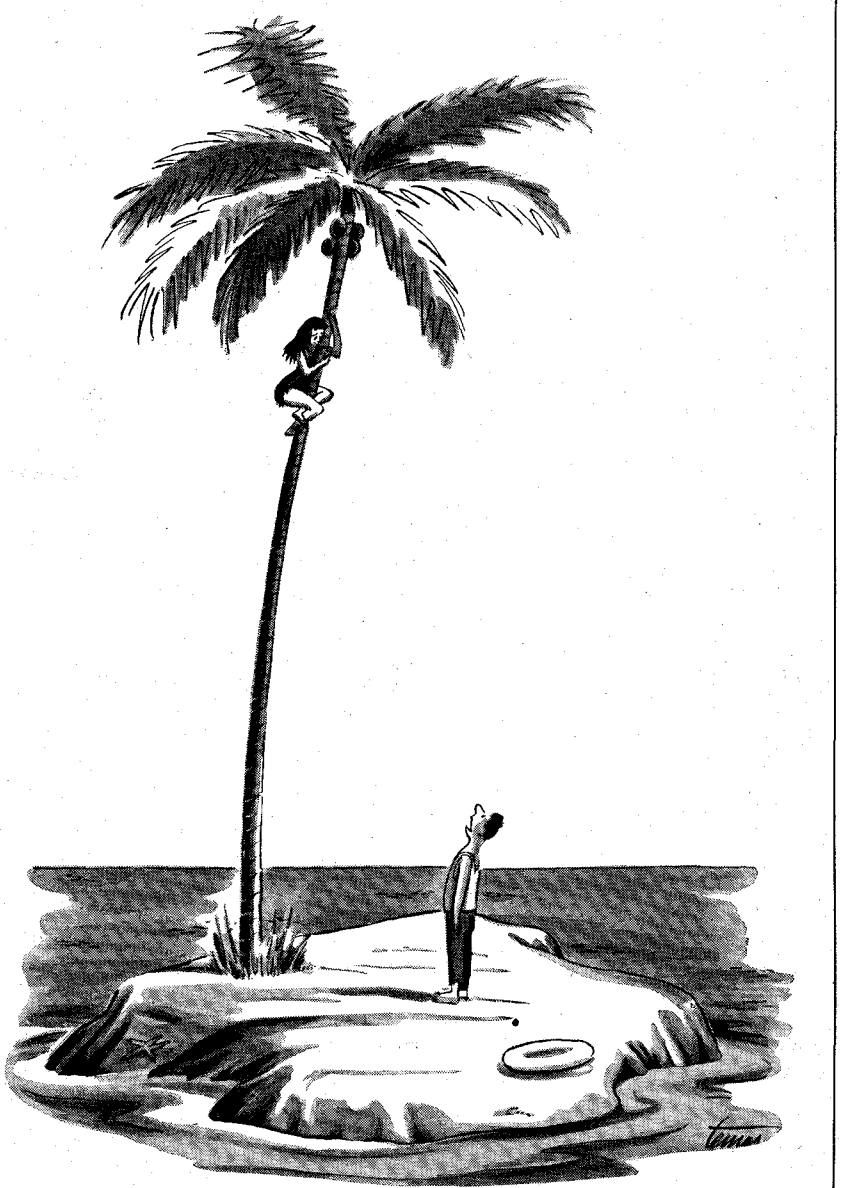
"It's like that, is it?" the man said. "We're to do as Custance tells us? You can think again about that. I do the ordering for my lot, and if you join up with us, the same goes for you."

"You're a big man," Pirrie observed speculatively, "but what the situation needs is brains. And there, I imagine, you fall short."

The red-faced man said with incongruous softness, "I don't take anything from little swine just because they're little. There aren't any policemen round the corner now. I make my own regulations, and one of them is that people round me keep their tongues civil."

Finishing, he tapped the revolver in his belt to emphasize his words. As he did so, Pirrie raised his rifle. The man, in earnest now, began to pull the revolver out. But the muzzle was still inside his belt when Pirrie fired. From that short range, the bullet lifted him and crashed him backward on the road. Pirrie stood in silence, his rifle at the ready.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Well, then, how about throwing me down a coconut?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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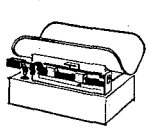

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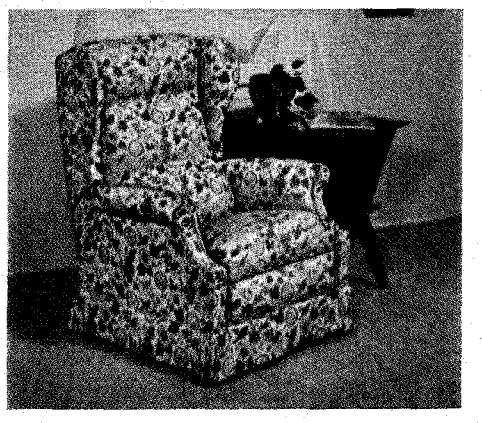

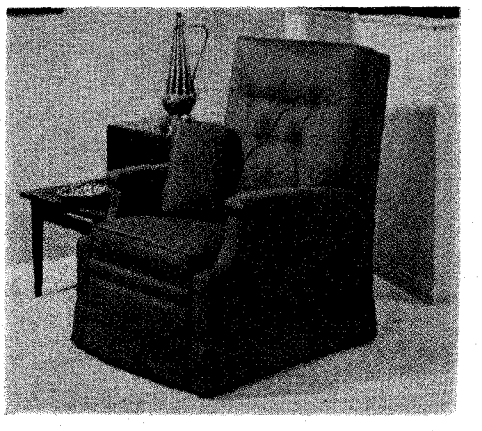

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Big Man on a Red Campus

(Continued from Page 37)

student's progress and the whim of the agency granting the stipend. One thing is certain: science students get much more money per month for going to school than do others, including medical and law students. Peter gets 855 rubles a month for going to the university. The average Russian factory worker gets about 800 rubles a month on which to feed himself and his family.

Peter's annual tuition is about the equivalent of one month's full stipend. His room rent is thirty rubles a month. If he takes all his meals at the university cafeterias, they cost him about 300 rubles a month. Without studying the "methods of mathematics," as Peter did for seven hours a week during his second year, I realized that he could afford a great many beers. What he does with his extra rubles is still his secret.

Peter is up at seven-thirty in the morning, Monday through Saturday. His first act is to turn on the radio fastened to the side of his desk for the latest news and music from the university radio station—Peter's radio has one knob for volume and none for selection. He then makes his toilet in a bathroom and shower room that he shares with another student who has a twin sleep-study room next to his. Although both rooms are singles with private entrances, the two students share the bathroom, shower room, a small hallway and a third entrance to the duplex-type student apartment.

Peter's room at the university is on the fifteenth floor of one of the four towers surrounding the thirty-two-story center tower that dominates Moscow's skyline. From his one window, Peter looks out on the many new housing projects springing up because the university has been built where it is, as every taxi driver readily tells a tourist. The small room is overcrowded with furniture supplied by the school. Its bare walls strike a visitor as the room of a well-cared-for prisoner or a member of a monastic order. Because of Peter's training during the years he spent aboard a minesweeper, his room is spick-and-span, as if he awaited inspection at a moment's notice. The furnishings include a kitchen table and two chairs, a desk and chair, an upright combination dresser and bookcase, two closets built into the walls and an upholstered cot—a couch during the day and a bedstead at night.

Before getting dressed, Peter rolls his mattress and bedding into a neat package and tucks it away in one of the closets, explaining, "This is a trick I learned in the navy." He then dons his wartime naval officer's uniform, minus its lieutenant's epaulets. The uniform still has the neat row of brass buttons and the two campaign ribbons Peter earned in the defense of his nation. "This one on the left," he pointed out, "is for 'Victory over Japan,' and the other is the 'Thirtieth Anniversary of the Red Army,' given to every member of the armed forces who was on active duty at the time of the anniversary."

Peter's classes begin at ten o'clock each day, six days a week. Allowing himself one half hour to get ready, Peter makes it to breakfast at eight o'clock. This gives him plenty of time to bone up for the day's classes, chat with friends, stop off at the library or read Pravda. He has a choice of eating in one of the cafeterias or cooking his own meal and eating it in his room. Three communal kitchens are provided on each dormitory floor for the students. There is also a receptionist who takes messages and buzzes the students' rooms if they have a telephone call at one of the six telephone booths opposite her desk.

As we passed the kitchen closest to Peter's room on our way to the cafeteria, I saw three female science students cooking. "Girls use these kitchens for preparing their meals much more than we do," Peter said, "but we sometimes cook our own meals too." Peter supplies his own pots, pans and utensils. His most important utensil is his tea kettle. Peter usually brews a pot of tea after breakfast and keeps it on his table all day for use when studying or reading.

"What about the girls?" I asked, when we had passed by the kitchen.

"Oh," Peter remarked, "they live here. We all live on the same floor. The girls have this corridor and we have the one around the corner where I live."

We took the elevator down to the cafeteria, which turned out to be just that—a cafeteria. Students stand in line, pick up trays and silverware and pass the food counters. They have their choice of foods, for which they pay cash, or the regular day's fare, for which they turn over a coupon, or meal ticket. We had rolls, butter and coffee *à la carte*, for which we paid one ruble and fifty kopecks—the official rate of exchange for American tourists, admittedly excessive, is four rubles to the dollar. Thus, for this quick breakfast, I paid thirty-seven and one half cents. Breakfast on the meal ticket costs three rubles, or seventy-five cents.

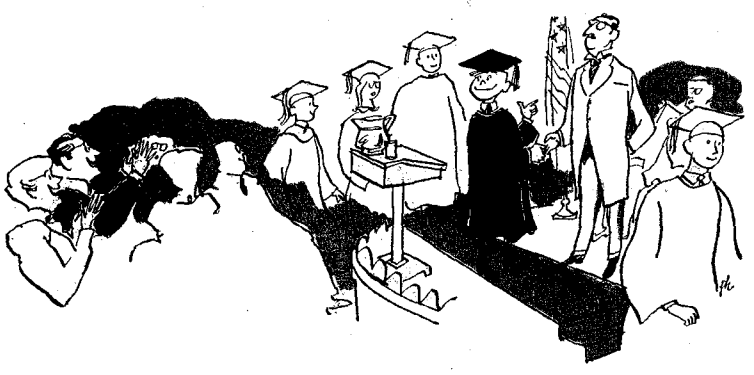
After breakfast we walked up to the main floor of the university, where Peter bought his Pravda at one of the many kiosks. We took the elevator up to Peter's room. This was Thursday and Peter had only two two-hour classes, the first in oceanography and the second in nuclear physics.

Peter buckled down to study his notes for oceanography. Once, he went to his bookcase for a textbook. "Textbooks are free in Russia," he said. "The students get them at the beginning of the school year from the library and must return them at the end of the year." Peter, unlike the majority of Russian students, himself owns an impressive collection of scientific texts and reference books, including an English-Russian dictionary.

"Oh, that," he remarked, when I pointed to the English-Russian dictionary. "I have just started to study your language. My first foreign language is German. I understand very little English and don't speak any, but it is important that I am able to translate it."

Peter proudly showed me his English homework. He was translating an article on the formation of ice, his special interest, from a December, 1950, copy of the Transactions of the American Geophysical Union.

At twenty minutes to ten, armed with Pravda, his notebook and his naval officer's coat, we again took the elevator downstairs. Before starting to his class, in the same massive building as his room, Peter had to check his coat at a cloakroom near one of the entrances to the university building. An institution in Russia these days is the no-tipping-allowed cloakroom found in all govern-



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

The high-school board felt that Howard's grades did not entitle him to graduate. They refrained from acting, however, to save him and his parents from embarrassment. Howard was informed that he failed, but was permitted to participate in the graduation exercises with the other seniors. Then the board formally voted against issuing him a diploma. His infuriated parents sued the board.

"You can't change your mind about a thing like this," they stormed. "Letting Howard take part in the graduation exercises constituted graduating him, and you can't withhold his diploma now."

"We permitted Howard to join in the exercises just to save you and the boy from humiliation," the board replied. "Our formal vote later decided the matter. His grades just weren't good enough."

If you were the judge, would you give Howard a diploma?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Howard lost. The court said that "mere permission to take part in the ceremonies, with the understanding that it was to save him and his family from humiliation, does not, to our mind, entitle him to a certificate of graduation. A graduate is one who has honorably passed through the prescribed course of study. . . ." *Based upon a 1915 Iowa case.*

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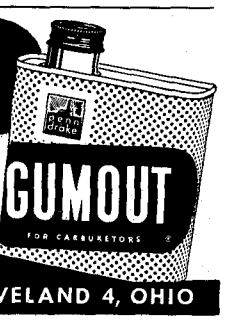

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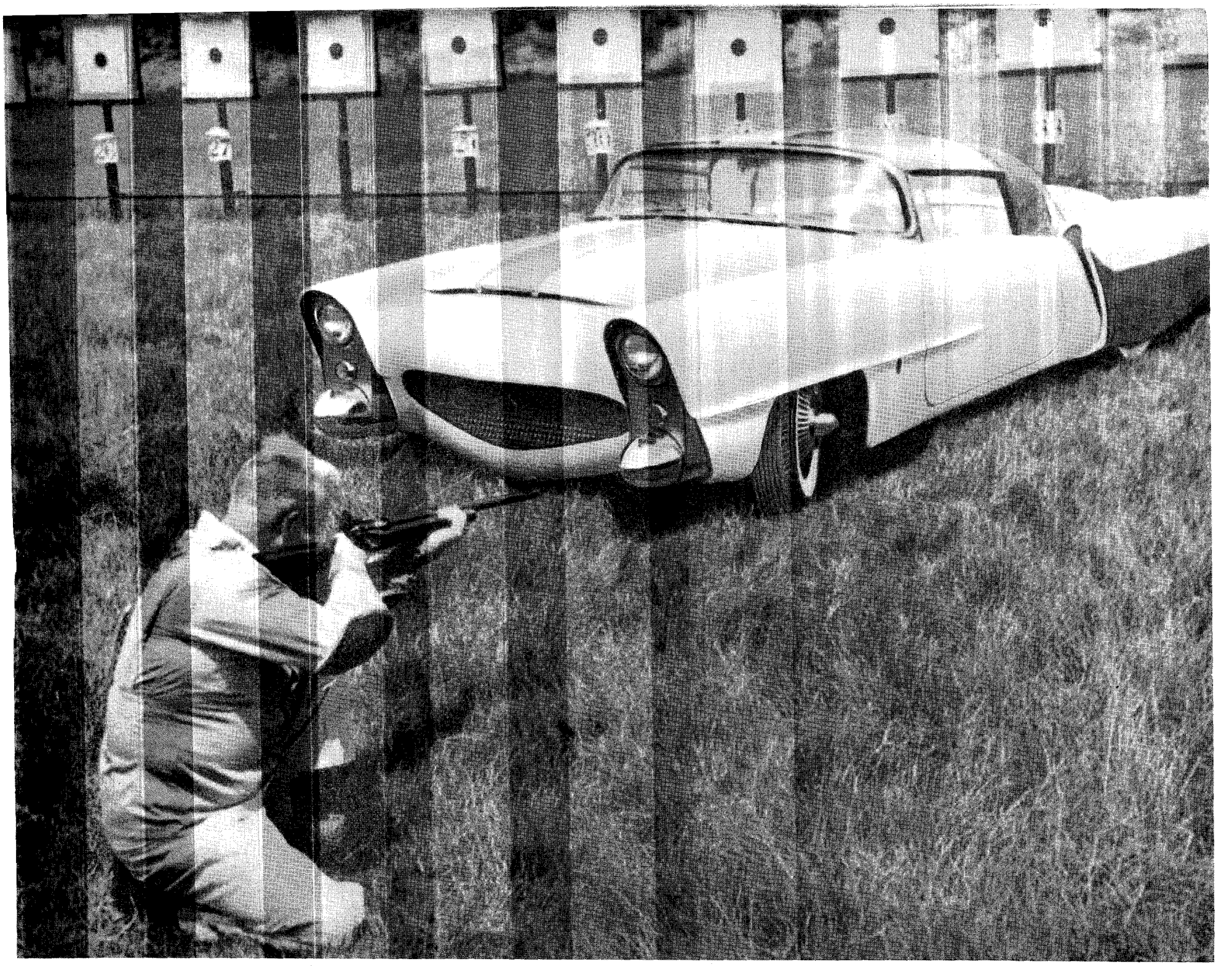

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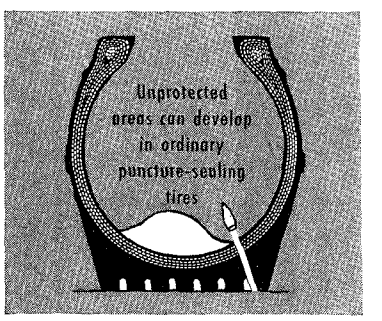

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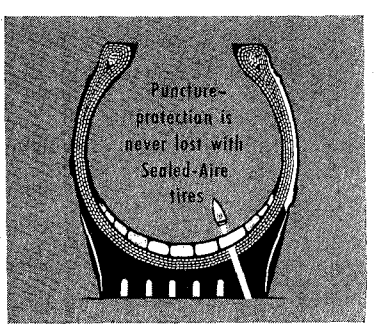

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(*Continued from Page 152*) the meal, Peter bought two jelly doughnuts from a pastry counter that is operated on the honor system. The luncheon coupon that Peter used to pay for his meal was worth three rubles and fifty kopecks, or eighty-seven and one half cents.

After lunch, Peter is free to do as he thinks best. On some days he naps for a while and then goes to the movies or into downtown Moscow. On other days, he either does extra work in the laboratory or studies for the next day's classes.

On this particular Thursday he had decided to spend an hour or two in the laboratory and then study. Before heading for the lab in the Physics Building, however, Peter attended to some extra-curricular business. First he stopped to check some bulletin boards just outside the cafeteria. Here he made note of some of the forthcoming events for the student body. He wanted, for instance, to be sure and get a date for a dance sponsored by the Komsomol, an organization for young Communists. Peter is not a member of the Communist Party and is too old to be an active member in the Komsomol, which is limited to the 14–26 age bracket. He does like to dance, however.

"Every sailor should dance," Peter reminded me, as he wrote the particulars down in a notebook. "I don't have a girl," he said, and smiled, "but I have many girls."

After checking the coming week's events, Peter went to a box office and bought a ticket for the soccer match to be held on Sunday at Moscow's Dynamo Stadium.

"Football," Peter pointed out, "is my favorite sport to watch, and we have the world's best here. This game on Sunday will be very good, it is between the Red Army team and the Dynamo team."

On our way back to Peter's room to pick up some notes, he stopped off at the university butcher shop and grocery to buy some food. While doing this, he remarked, "A student never has to leave here. About fifty-one per cent of the students here in the university complex are from outside Moscow, the rest live in Moscow and commute daily. But for those of us here there is more than enough to do, and all the conveniences of a small city. We have a hospital, a tailor shop, a watch repair, these stores for all kinds of food, a bake shop, stores in which both boys and girls can buy clothes and the like, a post office and a telegraph. We also have movies, theater, opera, the Palace of Culture and sports events."

Together with his sausages, bread, cheese and a bunch of grapes, Peter returned to his room, put the food on his window sill, picked up his notes and we were off again to the Physics Building. Peter is interested in two areas of specialization in sea physics. One is hydro-acoustics and the other is the dynamics of the sea. He does not have to make his choice until the beginning of his fifth year, which will be devoted almost entirely to seminars in his specialty. This coming summer he will receive practical work, however, by returning to the sea, not as a naval officer but as a student of the sea.

"It will be much different than last summer, which I spent in the Caucasus at the university's sanatorium there," he told me. "I had a breakdown, partly due to a wartime injury suffered in action, a concussion, and to the fact that I worked so hard last year to keep up. I am older than most of the students and have to work harder to make good grades."

Peter's schedule this year calls for him to be in the laboratory from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon each Tuesday, but he finds it necessary to spend additional time in the lab working on his experiments. Next year he will have to spend fifteen hours weekly in the lab and devote them all to a specific problem posed by a professor teaching his specialty. This is required of all fifth-year students in physics and the results of the year-long experiment are written up by the student. This scientific paper, the student's first, is a prerequisite to graduation and to certification as a scientist in the Soviet Union.

When Peter felt that he had put in enough extra time, we returned to his room. Peter set the table with the food we had bought earlier and we had supper. Peter told me that normally he eats in the cafeteria at eight o'clock and his evening meal ticket is worth two rubles and fifty kopecks—sixty-two and one-half cents. After supper, Peter is free again to do as he chooses. He can study, go to a movie, a lecture, a play, or a musical or sit in one of the recreation rooms and kibitz a chess game or chat with his friends. Sports, he said, even after the two-year mandatory program, play an important role in the life of the Russian student and he himself manages to swim an hour or two in the university pool on Saturdays. Sunday is his day to sleep late—his only class-free day. He does not attend church. His bedtime is about midnight each night, Monday through Sunday.

"Off that hood!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After supper the conversation turned to the United States, of which Peter had very limited knowledge, but an insatiable thirst for information. He asked me almost the same questions that I had put to him concerning his student life at the University of Moscow. I tried to point out the similarities of student life and the differences. One sticker, for example, was how our private colleges and universities, such as Columbia and Harvard, could exist without being financially supported by the state. Then, too, he couldn't understand how our students could afford to go to college without help from the state. The fact that a great number of our students, including young physicists like himself, can have part-time jobs while going to school amazed Peter. Fraternities were almost totally inexplicable.

Finally, I took my leave of Peter, who had some studying to do before unrolling his bed clothes and going to sleep. Peter Zablotsky has come a long way from his home town of Kansk, Siberia, to Moscow, but he is no exception. From the steppes of Central Asia to the wheatfields of the Ukraine, bright and promising students are being channeled into science careers with the determination, efficiency and organization of an American baseball team farm-club system.

As I left the university I looked back on the massive structure situated on a little knoll of the Lenin Hills. It was truly a "city within a city," but to me it was more than that. It was the world's largest factory for the mass production of scientific manpower and womanpower, and the best example of Russia's determination to become the world's leading scientific and technological power. This is, of course, an effort that is motivated by a desire to wrest that control from the United States.

Russia's scientific fortress, the university, is an impressive showplace for both the citizens of the Soviet Union and tourists. It occupies 600 acres of the Lenin Hills suburbs and is actually a complex of thirty-seven buildings, housing, feeding and servicing 18,200 undergraduates and 1600 graduate students. The campus is mothered by the thirty-two-story center-tower structure that rises almost 786 feet into the sky. Opened on September 1, 1953, it is the seat of six scientific faculties: biology, chemistry, physics, mechanics, mathematics and geology-geography. There is a total of 20,000 rooms and halls in the complex of buildings, including 1693 laboratories, 21 auditoriums, 141 recitation rooms, 6000 dormitory rooms for students and 184 apartments for the faculty. The university library has more than 1,200,000 volumes.

The university students are well prepared for their task. To gain entrance, they have had to pass a stiff entrance examination or have won medals at secondary schools. From age seven, when they entered the primary-school grades, to age eleven, when they entered secondary school, they spent 30 per cent of their schooltime studying scientific subjects. In their secondary schools, they spent 40 per cent of their time in science courses. This was true whether they wanted to become scientists or ditchdiggers.

There can be no doubt that the Russians have instituted a crash program for turning out scientists like automobiles. But as badly as the Russians want to win supremacy over the United States in scientific manpower, they are not going about their crash program haphazardly. Students admitted to the University of Moscow are let in under the rules of a uniquely Russian quota system, "dictated by the needs of the people's economy." Although Citizen Olhavsky, assistant dean of the university's physics faculty, told me, "We do not have enough students to satisfy our needs," every qualified student is not admitted. The numbers in any given specialty, in any given year, are rigidly controlled by the Ministry of Higher Education. If Peter's specialty of sea physics had met its quota when he had applied in 1953, for example, he would have been turned down and then would have had the choice of reapplying in another specialty like nuclear physics, reapplying the following year or becoming something else in Soviet society.

Once in the university, however, the student finds the road to becoming a scientist long and hard. The Russians use the stipend, upon which each student depends to continue his education, to keep students toeing the mark. To create competition between Peter and his classmates, the Russians boost the rubles per month for the best students and cut the allowances for those who fall behind.

For those who survive, the rewards of becoming a scientist in today's Russia are more than desirable. They will be better paid than most citizens of the U.S.S.R., including doctors and lawyers, and they will be freer from the restraints of party and police doctrine than most. Peter, who will graduate in January, 1959, told me that he expects to earn from 1200 to 1500 rubles on his first job. In ten years' time, he said, he hopes to earn from 3000 to 6000 rubles a month or almost four to eight times what the average factory worker earns a month. Peter's first job will be given to him by the government. He has no choice. Unlike our own science graduates, Peter is told where he is to work, whether it be Moscow or Siberia, and told what research he is to perform. Just before graduation, the university receives from the Ministry of Higher Education a list of institutes and jobs where certain qualified graduates are needed. The faculty at the university reviews the job requests and the students and fits round pegs into round holes. The student must then remain at his assigned post for three years at least, and longer, if needed.

Peter told me, "It does not matter where they send me to work when I finish my studies; there is important research going on at the institutes here and in all the major seaport cities."

Peter Zablotsky, though still an unfinished product on Russia's scientific assembly line, is a flesh-and-blood example of thousands upon thousands more like him. He represents perhaps the most important and dangerous weapon the Communists possess, and, as such, he represents a future threat to the well-being of the average American.

Peter is a diamond in the rough, but let there be no mistake, he is a diamond—mined, safeguarded and handled like a diamond. He is now being cut and polished to shine and be set exactly the way his owners want him to be. But carrying the analogy a bit further, like all diamonds, Peter can possess a flaw and crack under hard and miscalculated cutting.

THE END

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Keeping Posted

New Man on the Staff

Not long ago, Clay Blair, Jr., sold the Post the first short story he ever wrote, and soon afterward he was astonished to find himself an associate editor of the Post. Some biographical explaining seems in order.

Blair joined the Navy in '43 when he became eighteen, volunteered for submarine service, and on the illustrious old pigboat, U.S.S. Guardfish, made two war patrols versus Japan. Back in civvies, Blair had a go at engineering at Tulane University, but switched to Columbia to wrestle with writing, which he did with such effect that presently he became a Washington correspondent for Time and Life magazines. Having evolved into a specialist on military affairs, last year Blair took an overnight trip on the atomic submarine Nautilus and while on board he evolved the plot that unfolds on page 32. Meanwhile, the Post was thinking of him as a fine man to fill a position on its Washington staff, giving the whole affair a sort of psychic touch.

Blair, whose first Post article, The Case of Colonel Nickerson, ran last week, reports, "Our family life centers around raising three children—need I say more?" Not on that subject. For recreation, papa Blair uses water; he spearfishes, and he skis on it. So the water around Washington is murky and spiked with sea nettles—isn't that the way things go?

The Blairs, including Clay D. III, Joseph Devereux and Marie Louise.

No Stranger to Disaster

The man who on page 25 analyzes the theoretical disaster of an H-bomb attack once had an awfully close call in a different kind of disaster. Don Robinson, while on a mid-East magazine assignment, and his wife, Kitty, were caught in Cairo's famous Shepheard's Hotel during the deadly Black Saturday riots in 1952—"For hours we were between fires burning on three sides of us and a berserk mob trying to get at us. People were torn to shreds before our eyes." Finally, the U. S. Embassy effected the Robinsons' escape, but all their belongings were left to the flames, including precious interview notes.

Nowadays, the Robinsons divide their home time between a Manhattan apartment and a house on top of a Vermont mountain—when Don has time to be home.

Come in and Browse

If you like enthralling books, run your eye through these freshly published titles: John Christopher's No Blade of Grass (Simon and Schuster), now being serialized on page 53 and soon to become an M-G-M movie; William Faulkner's The Town (Random House), excerpted as The Waifs in the May 4th Post; Robert Washburn's Gallery on the Green (Ives, Washburn), excerpted as Success Almost Killed Us, in the Dec. 1st, '56, Post; Helen and Frank Schreider's 20,000 Miles South (Doubleday), serialized in January and February as We Made the "Impossible" Tour; Leslie Ford's The Girl From the Mimosa Club (Scribner's) serialized in January-March Post; Hannah Lees' How to Help Your Husband Stay Alive (Appleton-Century-Crofts), excerpts in Feb. 2nd, Feb. 16th Post; and Robert Paul Smith's Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing. (Norton), excerpted in Feb. 9th Post as What Happened to the Magic of Childhood?

Luncheon With Water

After Mrs. Jane Muskie and Roul Tunley sold their page 26 piece about life in a governor's mansion, Maine's First Lady wrote Tunley that she had just given a legislative luncheon and that as she started upstairs after the affair, a distraught gentleman who didn't recognize her exclaimed, "If you're going up there, watch yourself!" Presently she discovered that from the second floor her youthful daughter, Ellen, had been sharpshooting bald pates with a water pistol.

Tunley, ex-magazine editor turned free lance, had worked in forty-seven states, but never in Maine; so Governor Muskie sent his wife with Tunley on a sight-seeing plane ride. The picture purports to show Mrs. M., who doesn't much like flying, being hauled aboard by her intrepid collaborator.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"She Will Do Anything for Publicity"

This lady loves to see her picture in the papers. She's that "dumb blonde"—Jayne Mansfield—but when you read about her, you'll find she's smarter than you think.

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